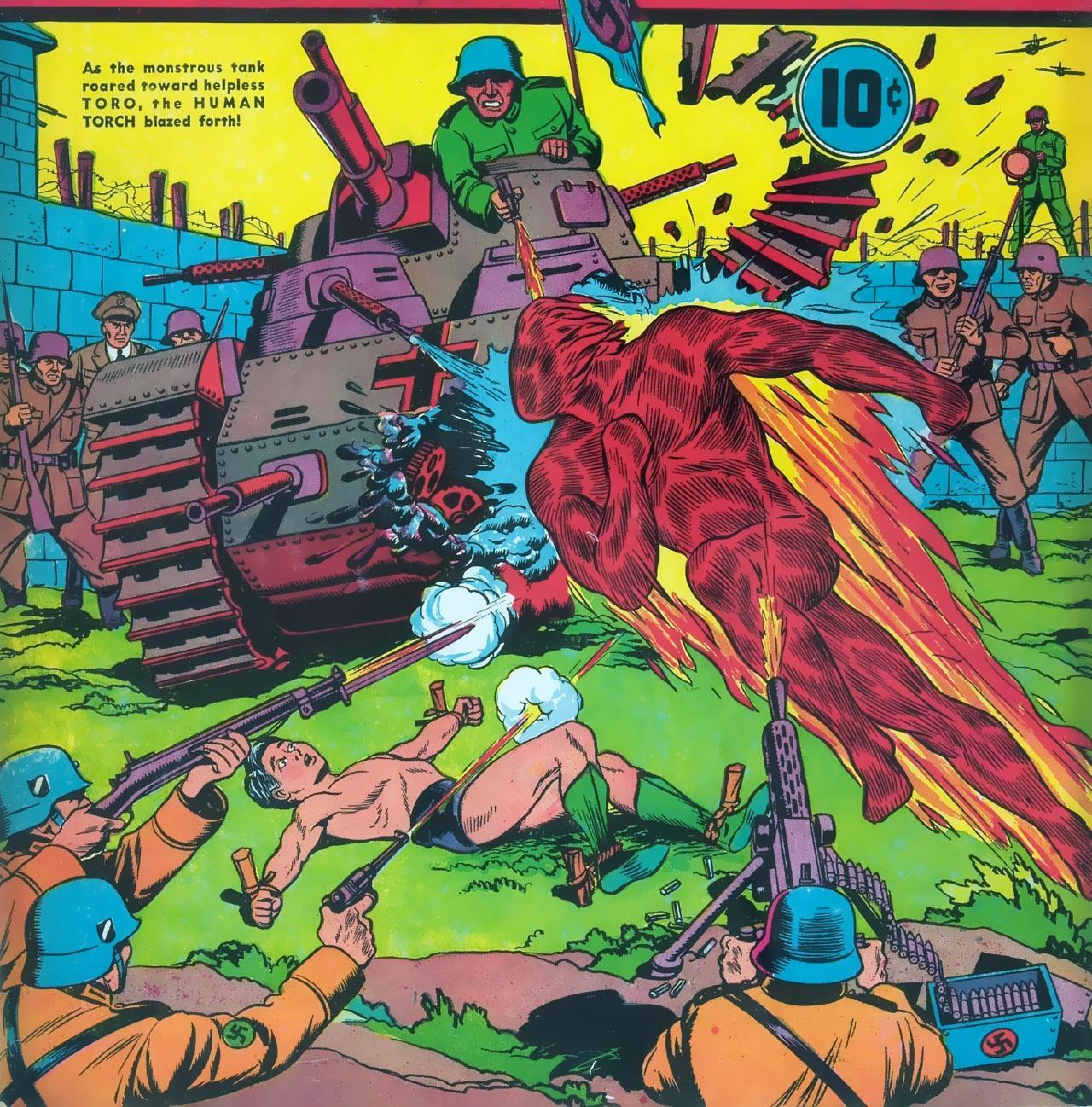
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

JANUARY

No 27



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10¢

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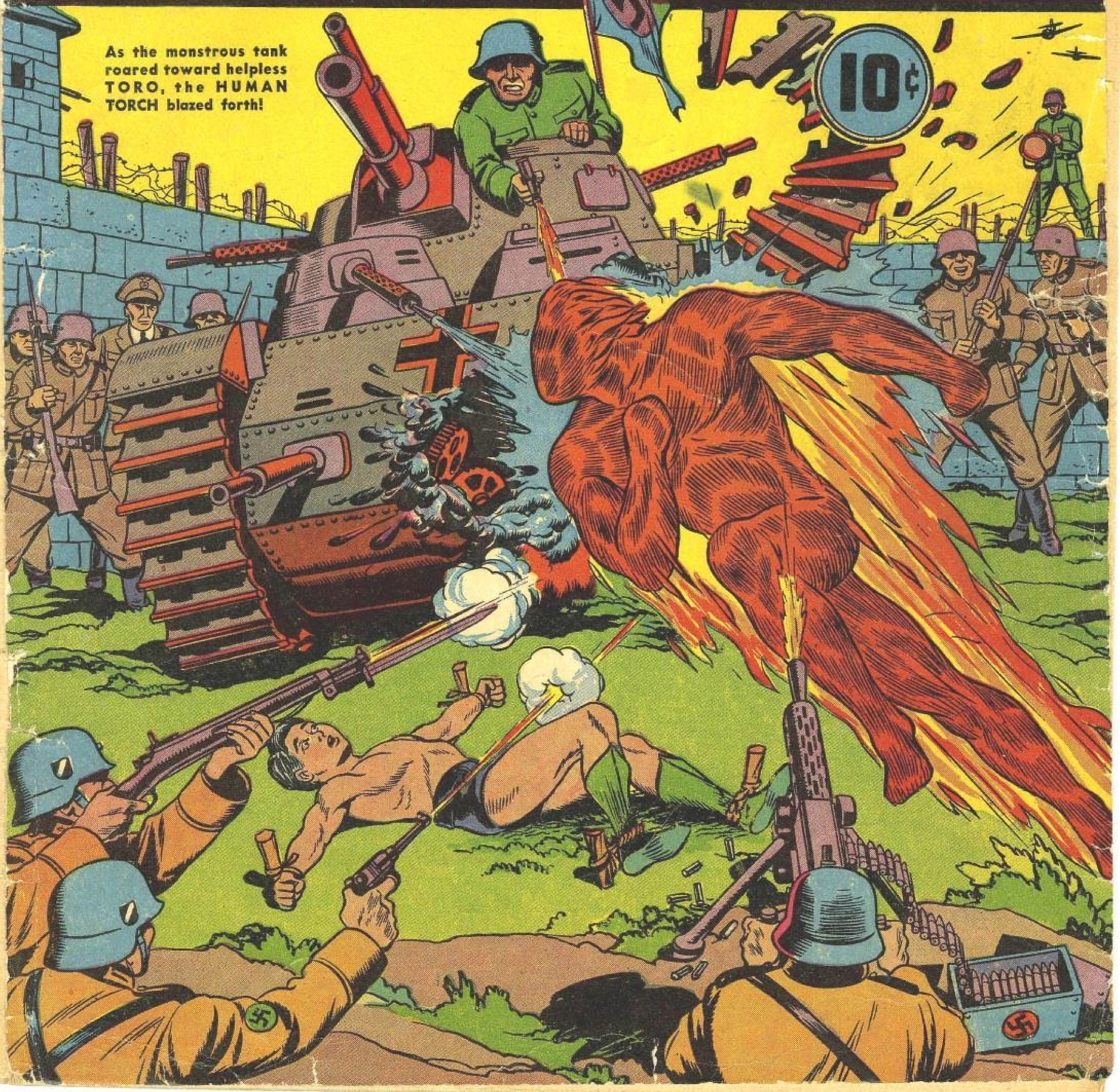
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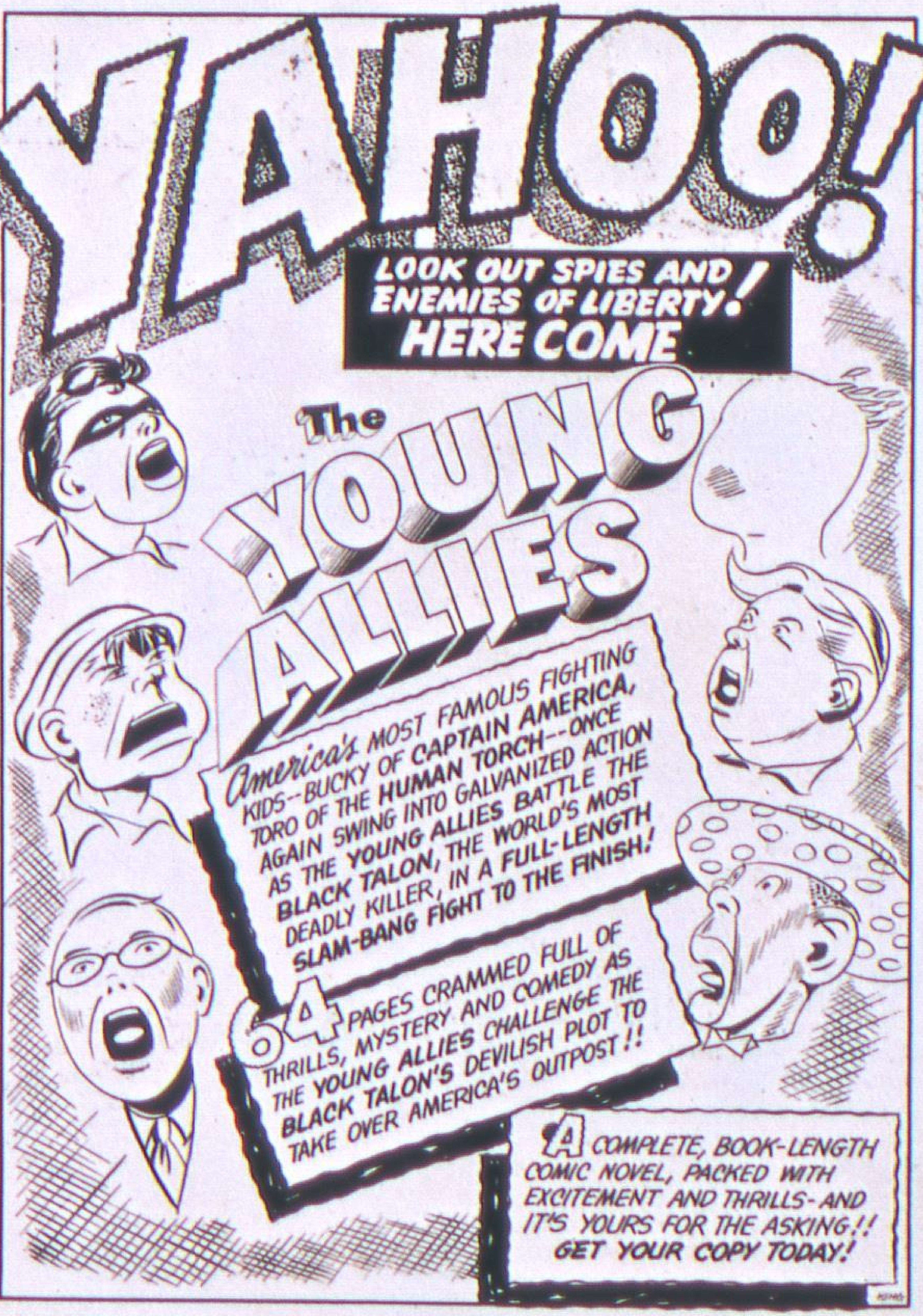
YAHOO!
LOOK OUT SPIES AND ENEMIES OF LIBERTY! HERE COME
The YOUNG ALLIES

America's MOST FAMOUS FIGHTING KIDS--BUCKY OF CAPTAIN AMERICA, TORO OF THE HUMAN TORCH--ONCE AGAIN SWING INTO GALVANIZED ACTION AS THE YOUNG ALLIES BATTLE THE BLACK TALON, THE WORLD'S MOST DEADLY KILLER, IN A FULL-LENGTH SLAM-BANG FIGHT TO THE FINISH!

64 PAGES CRAMMED FULL OF THRILLS, MYSTERY AND COMEDY AS THE YOUNG ALLIES CHALLENGE THE BLACK TALON'S DEVILISH PLOT TO TAKE OVER AMERICA'S OUTPOST!!

A COMPLETE, BOOK-LENGTH COMIC NOVEL, PACKED WITH EXCITEMENT AND THRILLS- AND IT'S YOURS FOR THE ASKING!! GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

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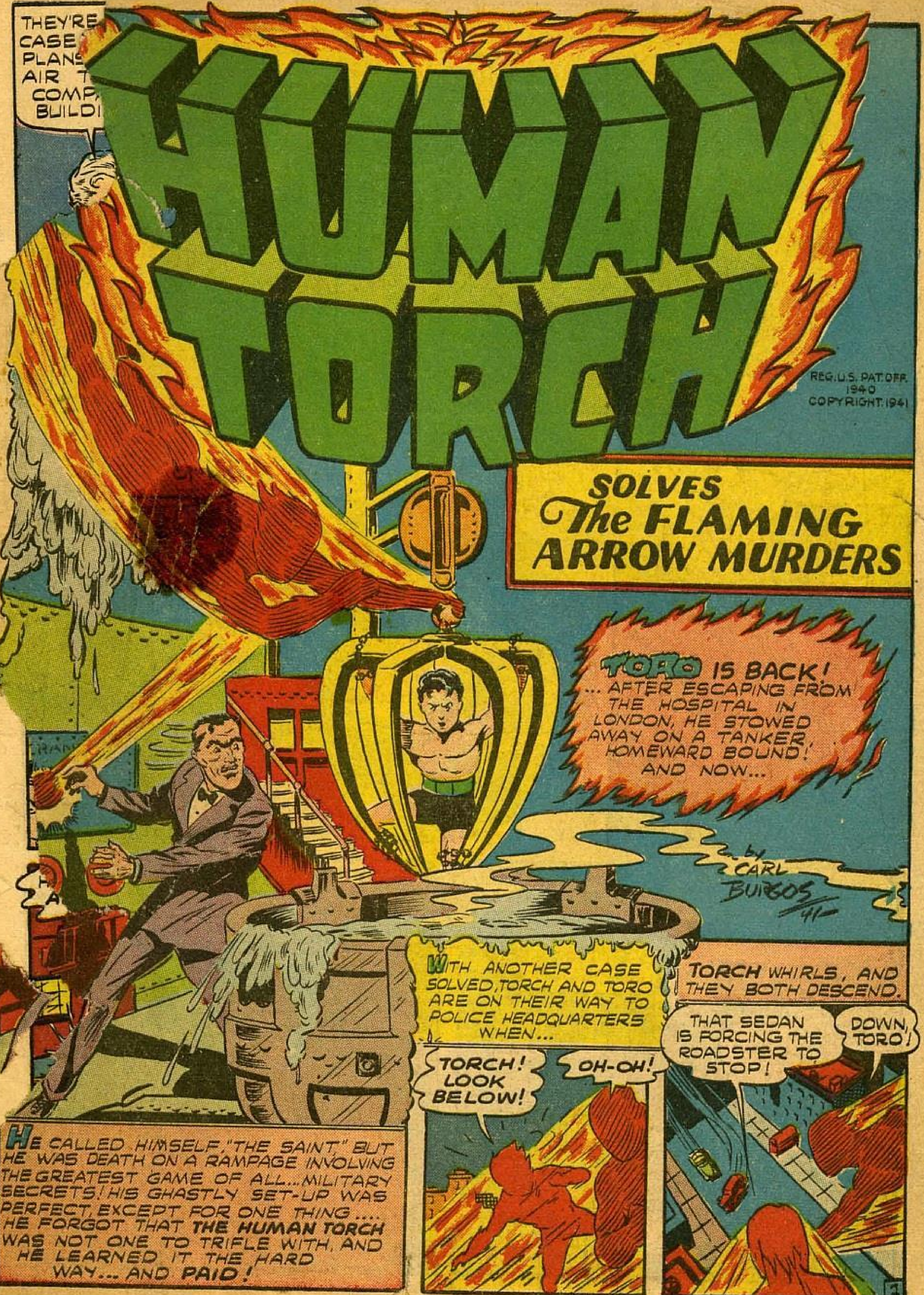
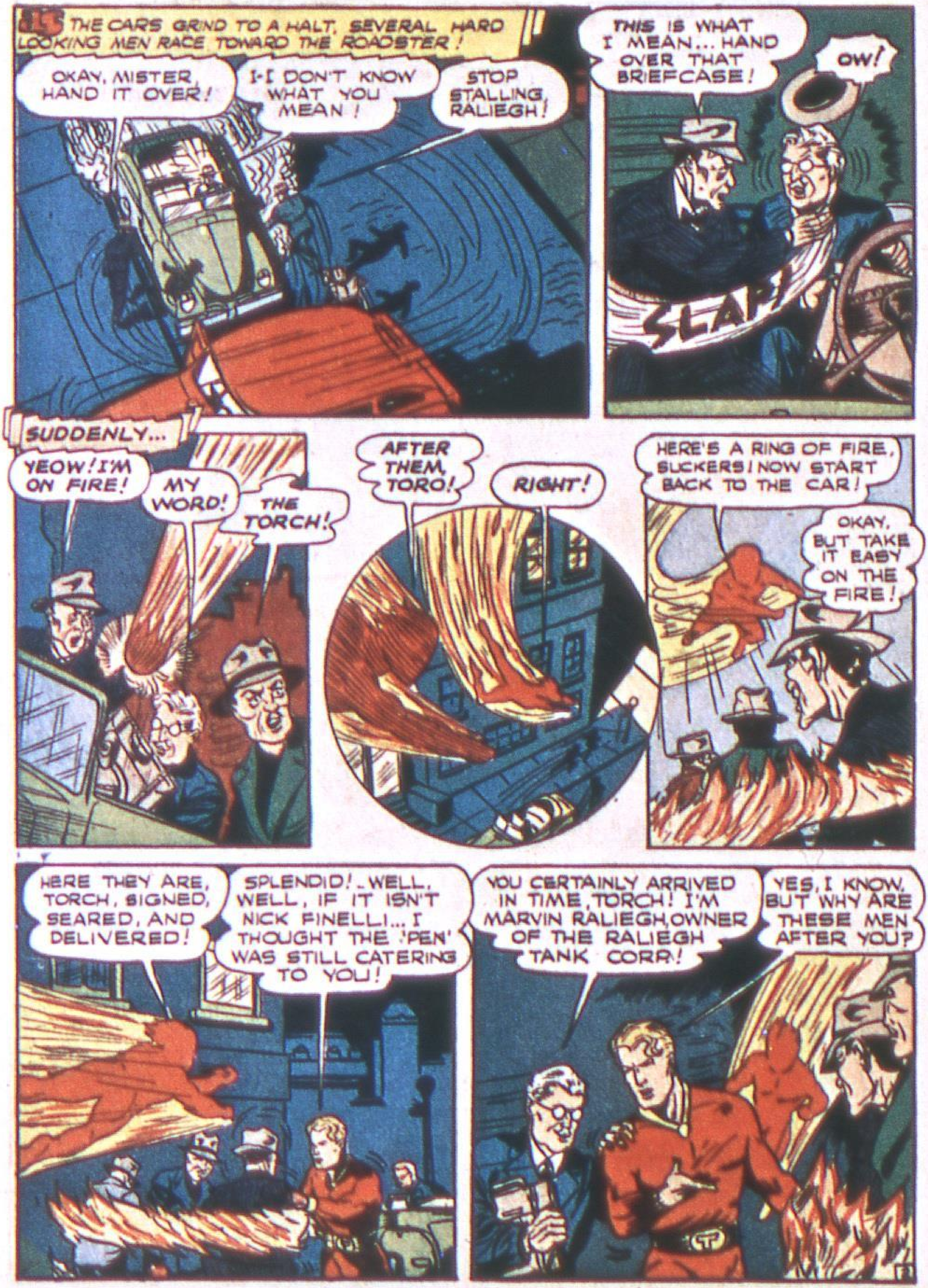
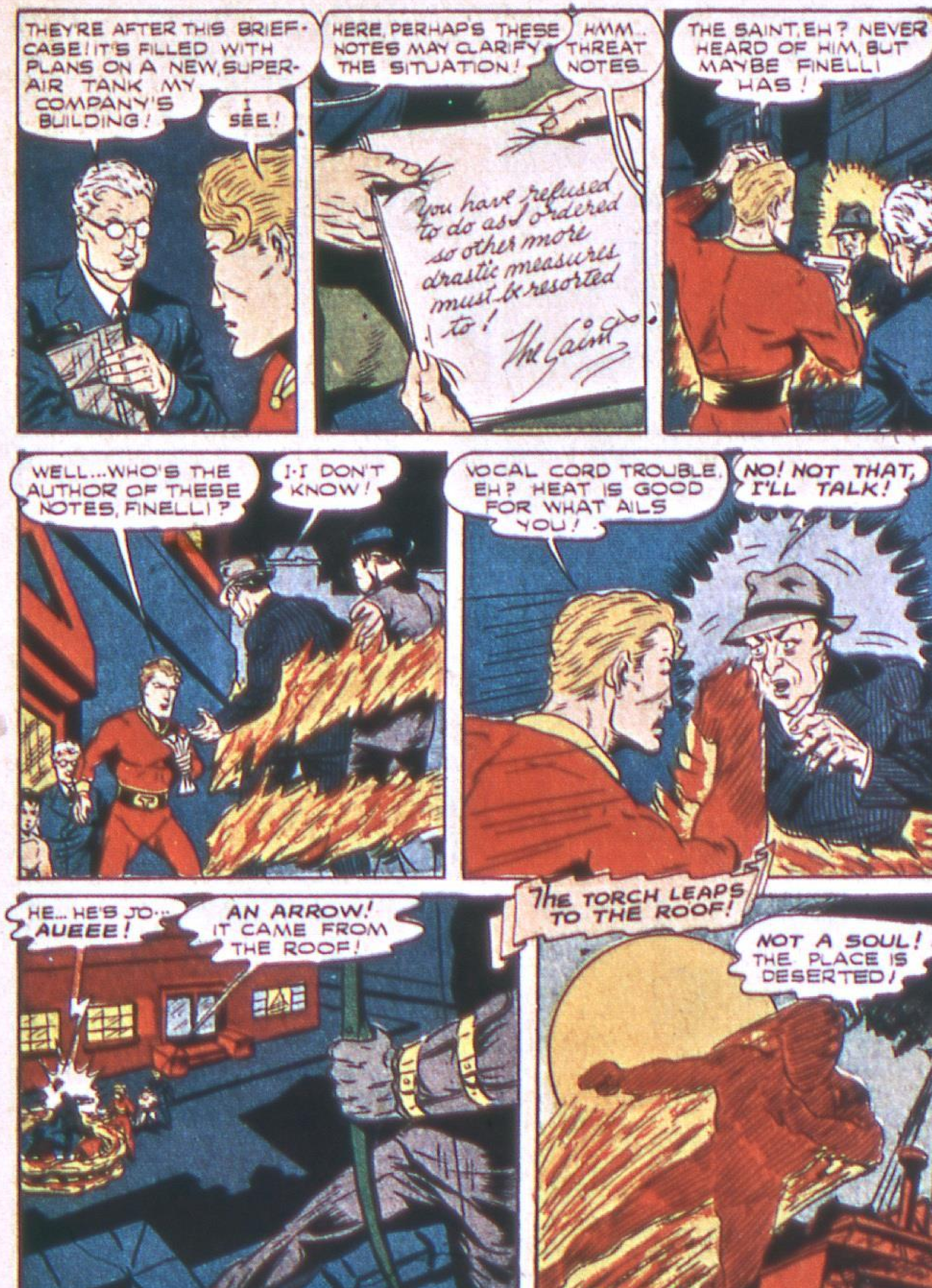
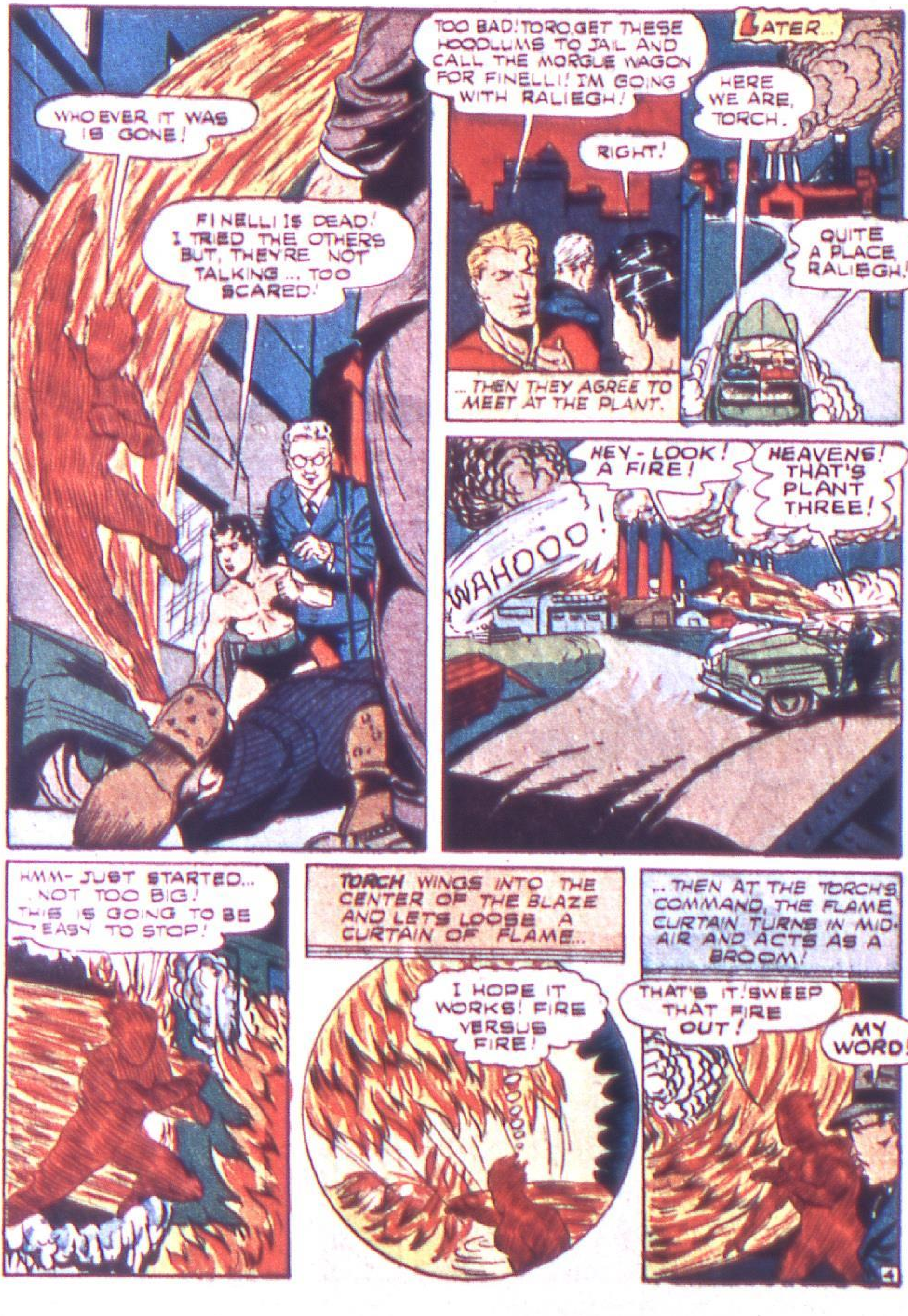
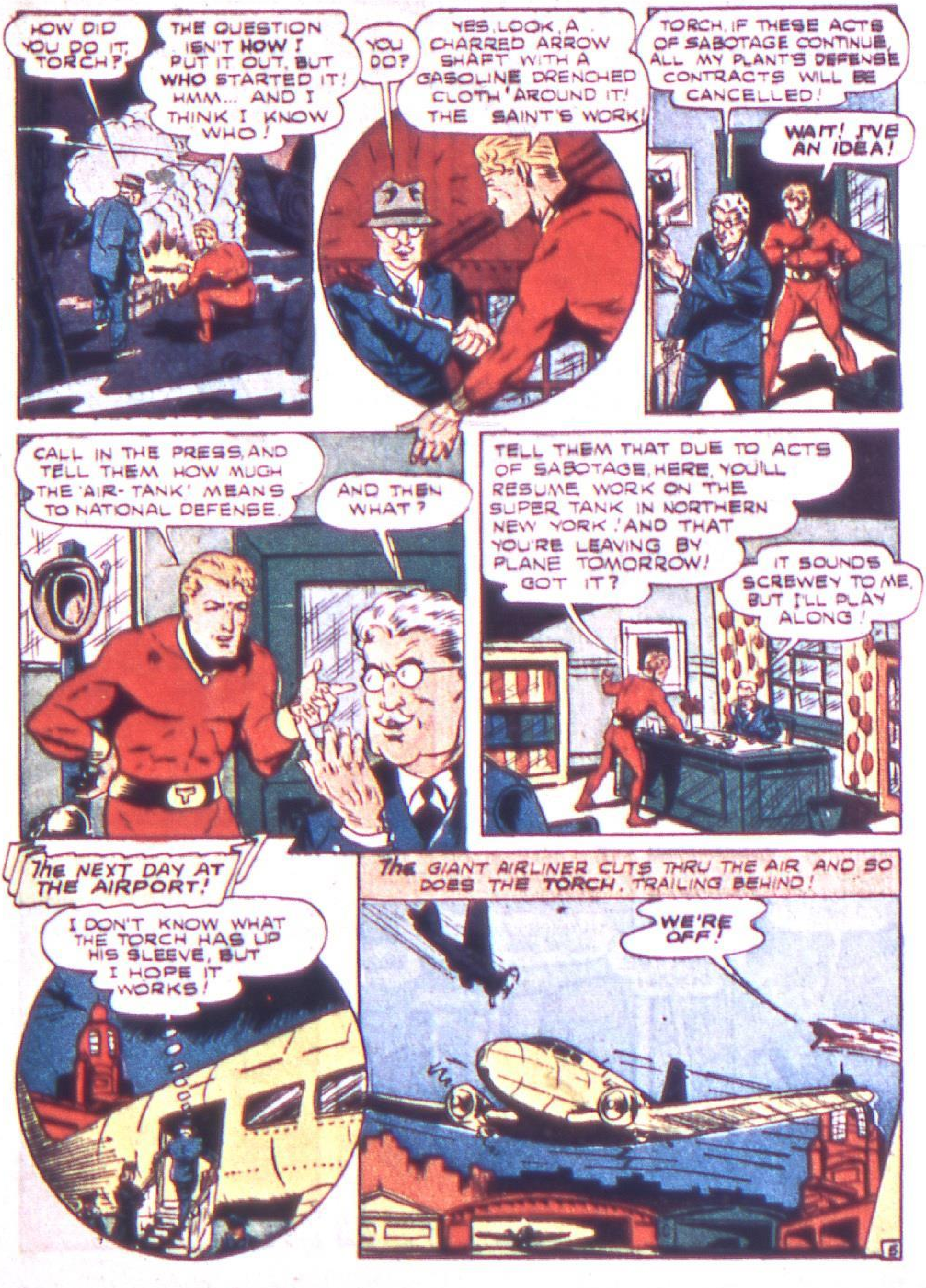
MARVEL COMICS No. 22-27

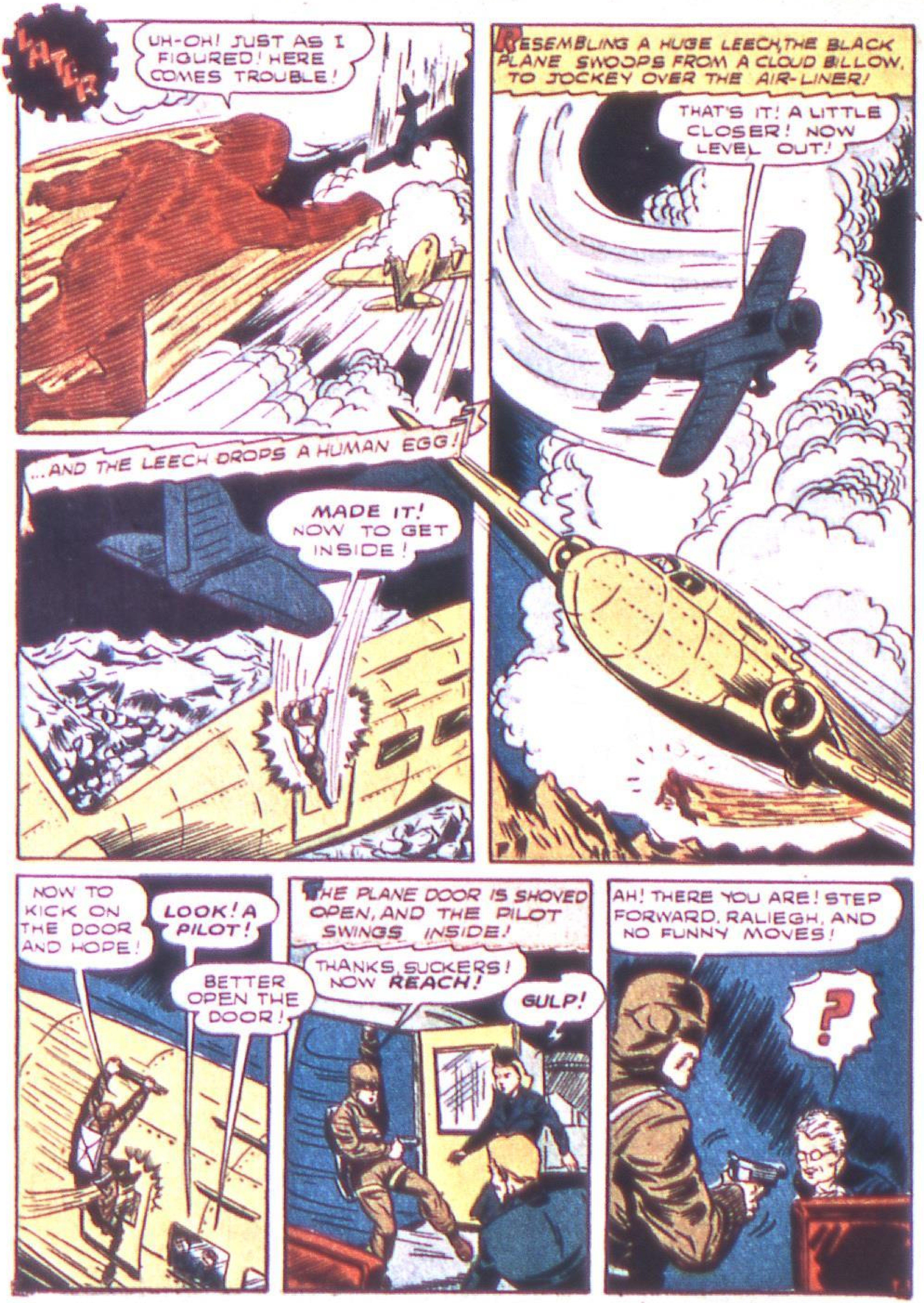

THEY'RE
CASE
PLANS
AIR T
COMP
BUILDI
HUMAN TORCH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
COPYRIGHT 1941
SOLVES The FLAMING ARROW MURDERS
TORO IS BACK! ... AFTER ESCAPING FROM THE HOSPITAL IN LONDON, HE STOWED AWAY ON A TANKER, HOMEWARD BOUND! AND NOW...
by CARL BURGOS '41
HE CALLED HIMSELF "THE SAINT," BUT HE WAS DEATH ON A RAMPAGE INVOLVING THE GREATEST GAME OF ALL... MILITARY SECRETS! HIS GHASTLY SET-UP WAS PERFECT, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING.... HE FORGOT THAT THE HUMAN TORCH WAS NOT ONE TO TRIFLE WITH, AND HE LEARNED IT THE HARD WAY... AND PAID!
WITH ANOTHER CASE SOLVED, TORCH AND TORO ARE ON THEIR WAY TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS WHEN...
TORCH! LOOK BELOW!
OH-OH!
TORCH WHIRLS, AND THEY BOTH DESCEND.
THAT SEDAN IS FORCING THE ROADSTER TO STOP!
DOWN, TORO!

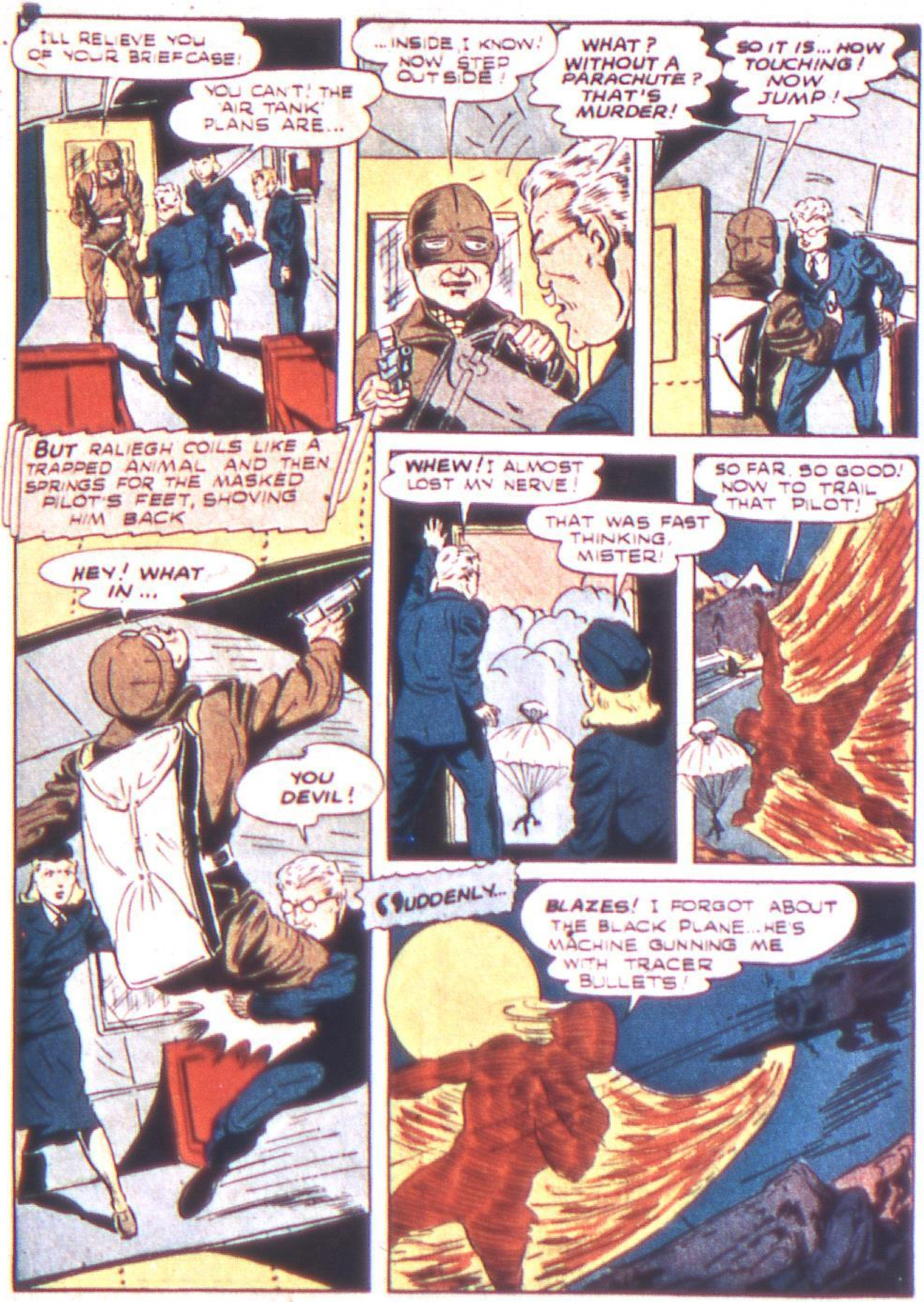

AS THE CARS GRIND TO A HALT, SEVERAL HARD LOOKING MEN RACE TOWARD THE ROADSTER!
OKAY, MISTER, HAND IT OVER!
I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN!
STOP STALLING, RALIEGH!
THIS IS WHAT I MEAN... HAND OVER THAT BRIEFCASE!
OW!
SLAP!
SUDDENLY...
YEOW! I'M ON FIRE!
MY WORD!
THE TORCH!
AFTER THEM, TORO!
RIGHT!
HERE'S A RING OF FIRE, SUCKERS! NOW START BACK TO THE CAR!
OKAY, BUT TAKE IT EASY ON THE FIRE!
HERE THEY ARE, TORCH, SIGNED, SEARED, AND DELIVERED!
SPLENDID! ..WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T NICK FINELLI... I THOUGHT THE 'PEN' WAS STILL CATERING TO YOU!
YOU CERTAINLY ARRIVED IN TIME, TORCH! I'M MARVIN RALIEGH, OWNER OF THE RALIEGH TANK CORP.!
YES, I KNOW, BUT WHY ARE THESE MEN AFTER YOU?

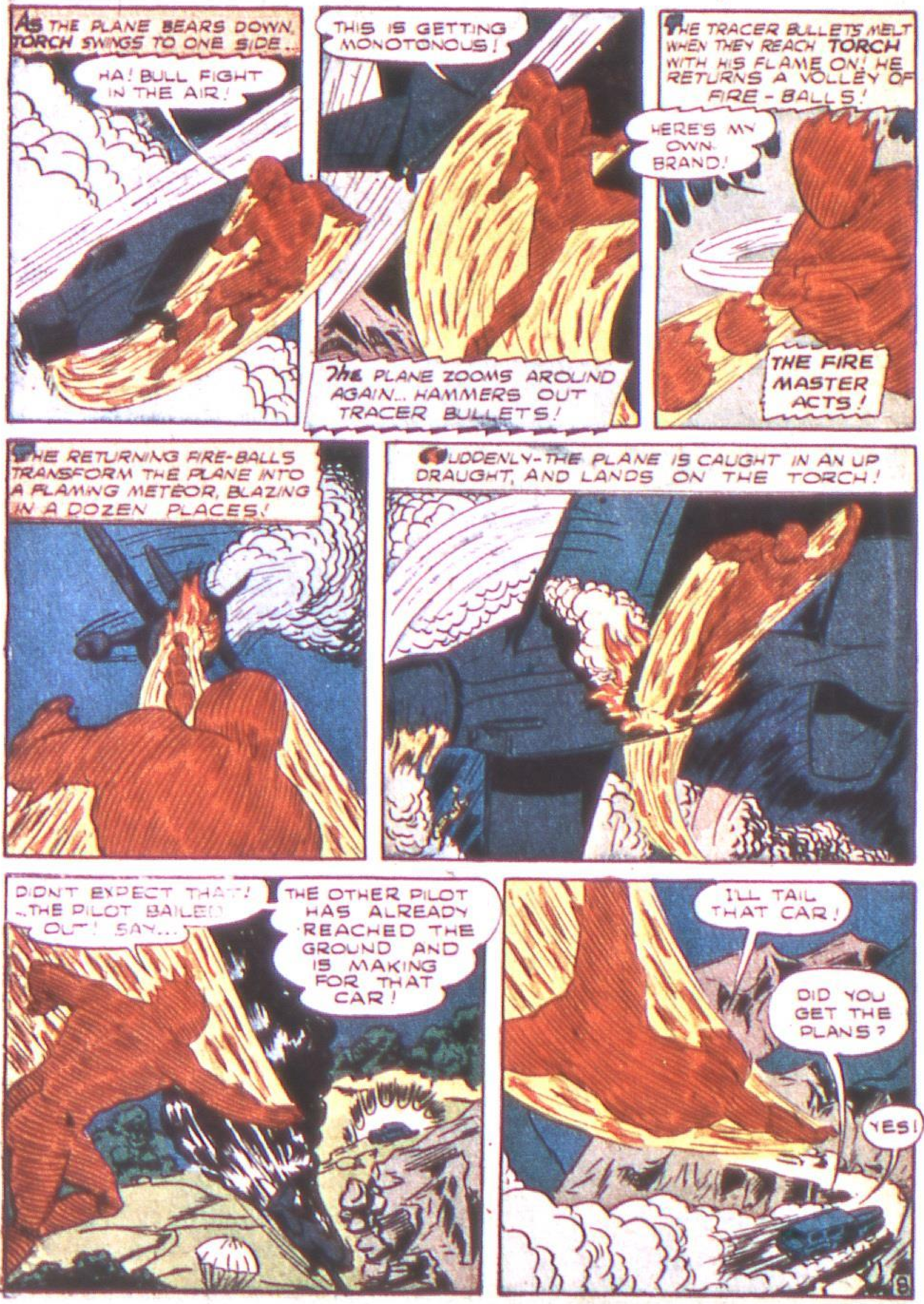

THEY'RE AFTER THIS BRIEFCASE! IT'S FILLED WITH PLANS ON A NEW, SUPER-AIR TANK MY COMPANY'S BUILDING!
I SEE!
HERE, PERHAPS THESE NOTES MAY CLARIFY THE SITUATION!
HMM.. THREAT NOTES..
You have refused to do as I ordered so other more drastic measures must be resorted to!
The Saint
THE SAINT, EH? NEVER HEARD OF HIM, BUT MAYBE FINELLI HAS!
WELL...WHO'S THE AUTHOR OF THESE NOTES, FINELLI?
I-I DON'T KNOW!
VOCAL CORD TROUBLE, EH? HEAT IS GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU!
NO! NOT THAT, I'LL TALK!
HE... HE'S JO... AUEEE!
AN ARROW! IT CAME FROM THE ROOF!
THE TORCH LEAPS TO THE ROOF!
NOT A SOUL! THE PLACE IS DESERTED!

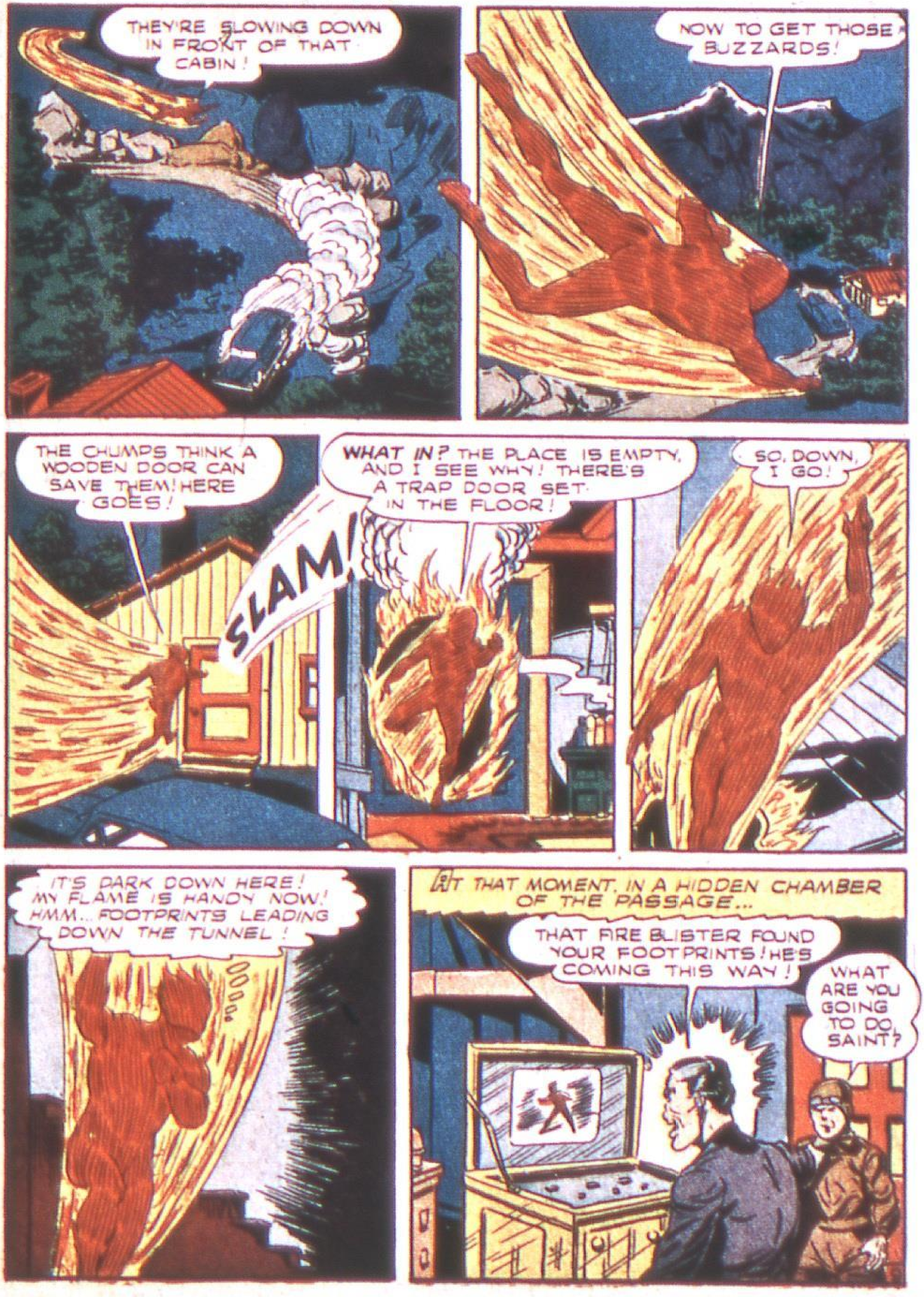

WHO EVER IT WAS IS GONE!
FINELLI IS DEAD! I TRIED THE OTHERS BUT, THEYRE NOT TALKING ... TOO SCARED!
TOO BAD! TORO, GET THESE HOODLUMS TO JAIL AND CALL THE MORGUE WAGON FOR FINELLI! I'M GOING WITH RALIEGH!
RIGHT!
...THEN THEY AGREE TO MEET AT THE PLANT.
LATER...
HERE WE ARE, TORCH.
QUITE A PLACE, RALIEGH!
HEY - LOOK! A FIRE!
HEAVENS! THAT'S PLANT THREE!
WAHOOO!
HMM- JUST STARTED... NOT TOO BIG! THIS IS GOING TO BE EASY TO STOP!
TORCH WINGS INTO THE CENTER OF THE BLAZE AND LETS LOOSE A CURTAIN OF FLAME...
I HOPE IT WORKS! FIRE VERSUS FIRE!
...THEN AT THE TORCH'S COMMAND, THE FLAME CURTAIN TURNS IN MID-AIR AND ACTS AS A BROOM!
THAT'S IT! SWEEP THAT FIRE OUT!
MY WORD!
4

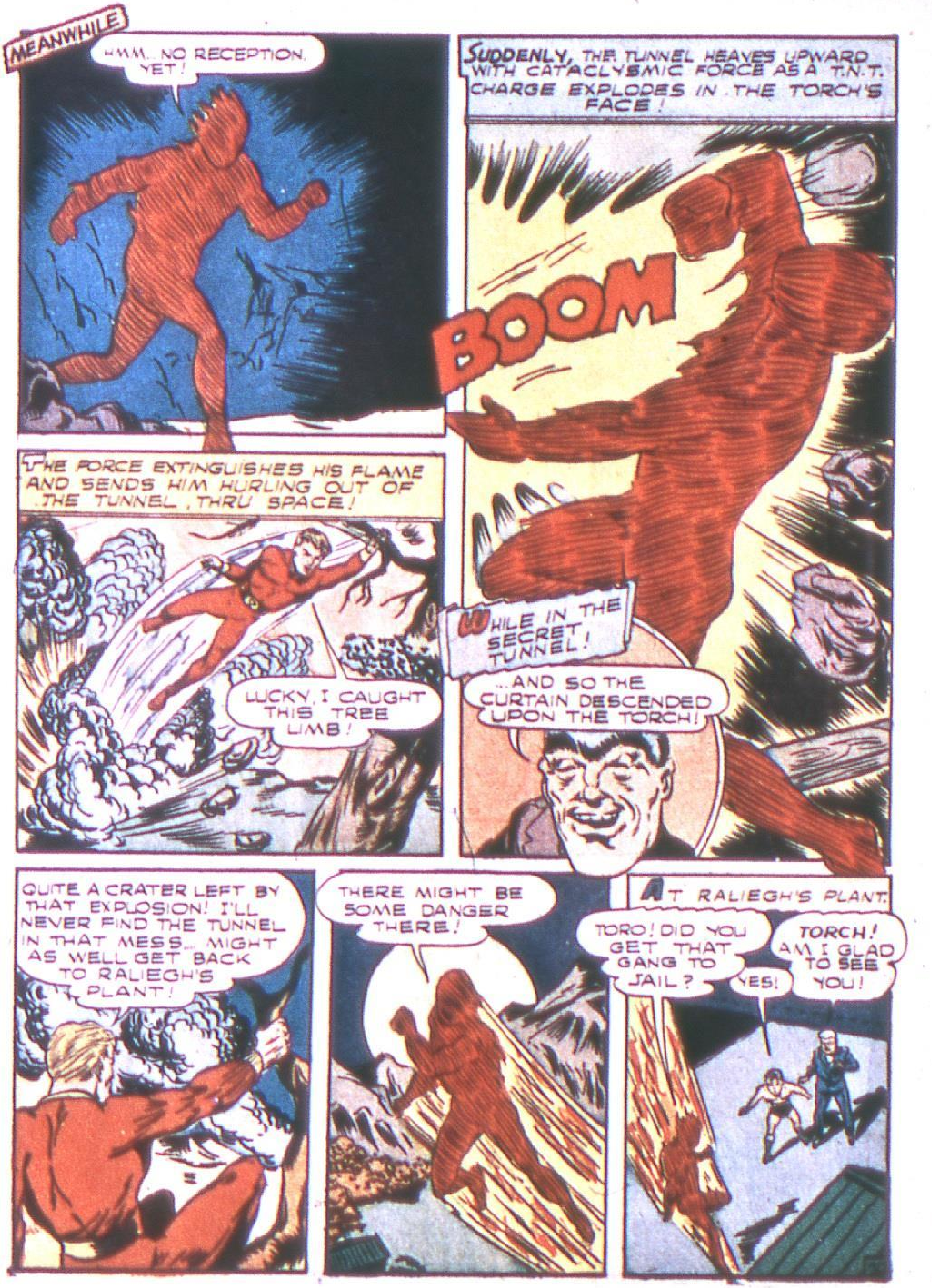

HOW DID YOU DO IT, TORCH?
THE QUESTION ISN'T HOW I PUT IT OUT, BUT WHO STARTED IT! HMM... AND I THINK I KNOW WHO!
YOU DO?
YES, LOOK, A CHARRED ARROW SHAFT WITH A GASOLINE DRENCHED CLOTH AROUND IT! THE SAINT'S WORK!
TORCH, IF THESE ACTS OF SABOTAGE CONTINUE, ALL MY PLANT'S DEFENSE CONTRACTS WILL BE CANCELLED!
WAIT! I'VE AN IDEA!
CALL IN THE PRESS, AND TELL THEM HOW MUCH THE 'AIR-TANK' MEANS TO NATIONAL DEFENSE.
AND THEN WHAT?
TELL THEM THAT DUE TO ACTS OF SABOTAGE, HERE, YOU'LL RESUME WORK ON THE SUPER TANK IN NORTHERN NEW YORK! AND THAT YOU'RE LEAVING BY PLANE TOMORROW! GOT IT?
IT SOUNDS SCREWEY TO ME, BUT I'LL PLAY ALONG!
The NEXT DAY AT THE AIRPORT!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE TORCH HAS UP HIS SLEEVE, BUT I HOPE IT WORKS!
The GIANT AIRLINER CUTS THRU THE AIR AND SO DOES THE TORCH, TRAILING BEHIND!
WE'RE OFF!

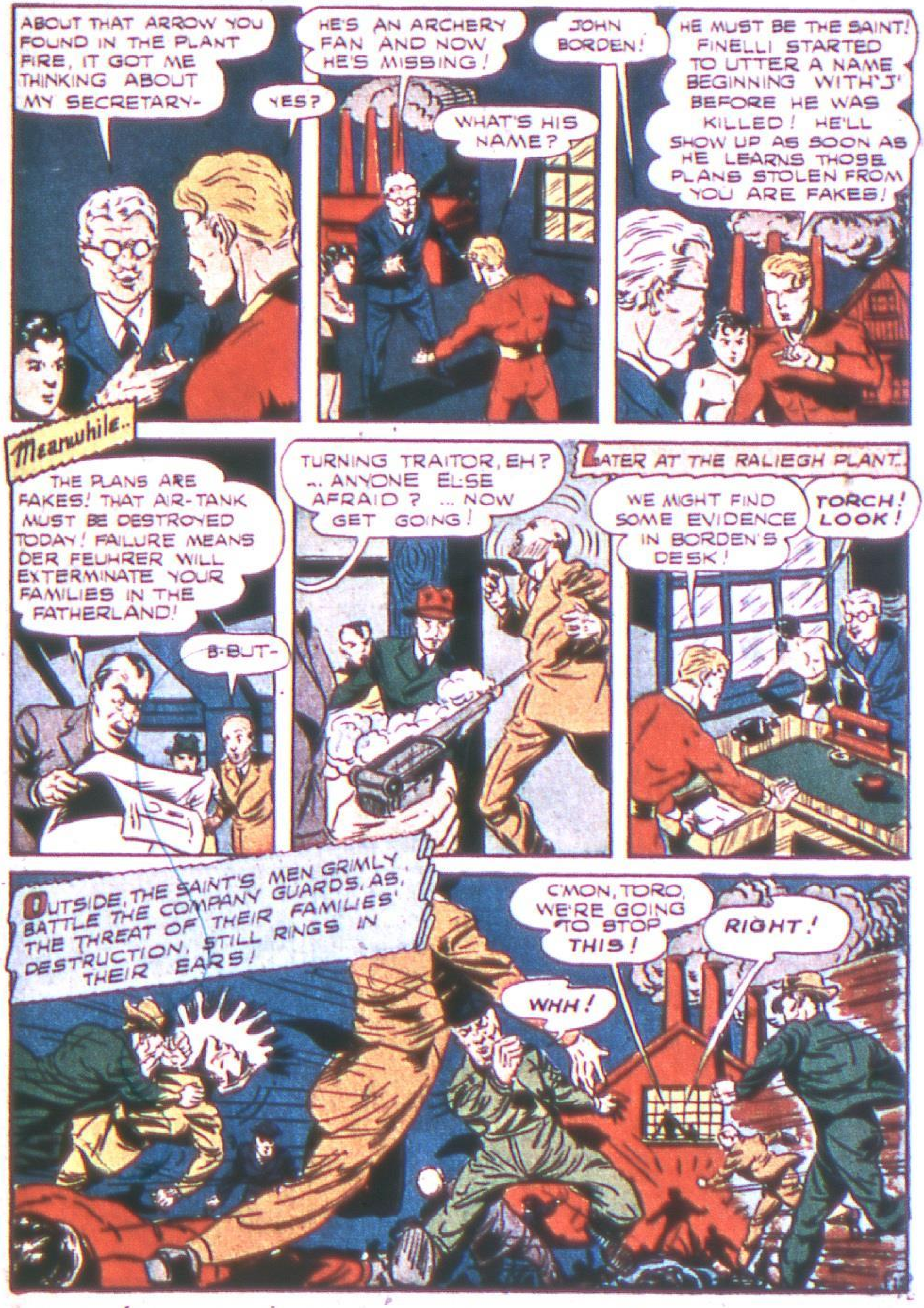

LATER
UH-OH! JUST AS I FIGURED! HERE COMES TROUBLE!
RESEMBLING A HUGE LEECH, THE BLACK PLANE SWOOPS FROM A CLOUD BILLOW, TO JOCKEY OVER THE AIR-LINER!
THAT'S IT! A LITTLE CLOSER! NOW LEVEL OUT!
...AND THE LEECH DROPS A HUMAN EGG!
MADE IT! NOW TO GET INSIDE!
NOW TO KICK ON THE DOOR AND HOPE!
LOOK! A PILOT!
BETTER OPEN THE DOOR!
THE PLANE DOOR IS SHOVED OPEN, AND THE PILOT SWINGS INSIDE!
THANKS, SUCKERS! NOW REACH!
GULP!
AH! THERE YOU ARE! STEP FORWARD, RALIEGH, AND NO FUNNY MOVES!
?

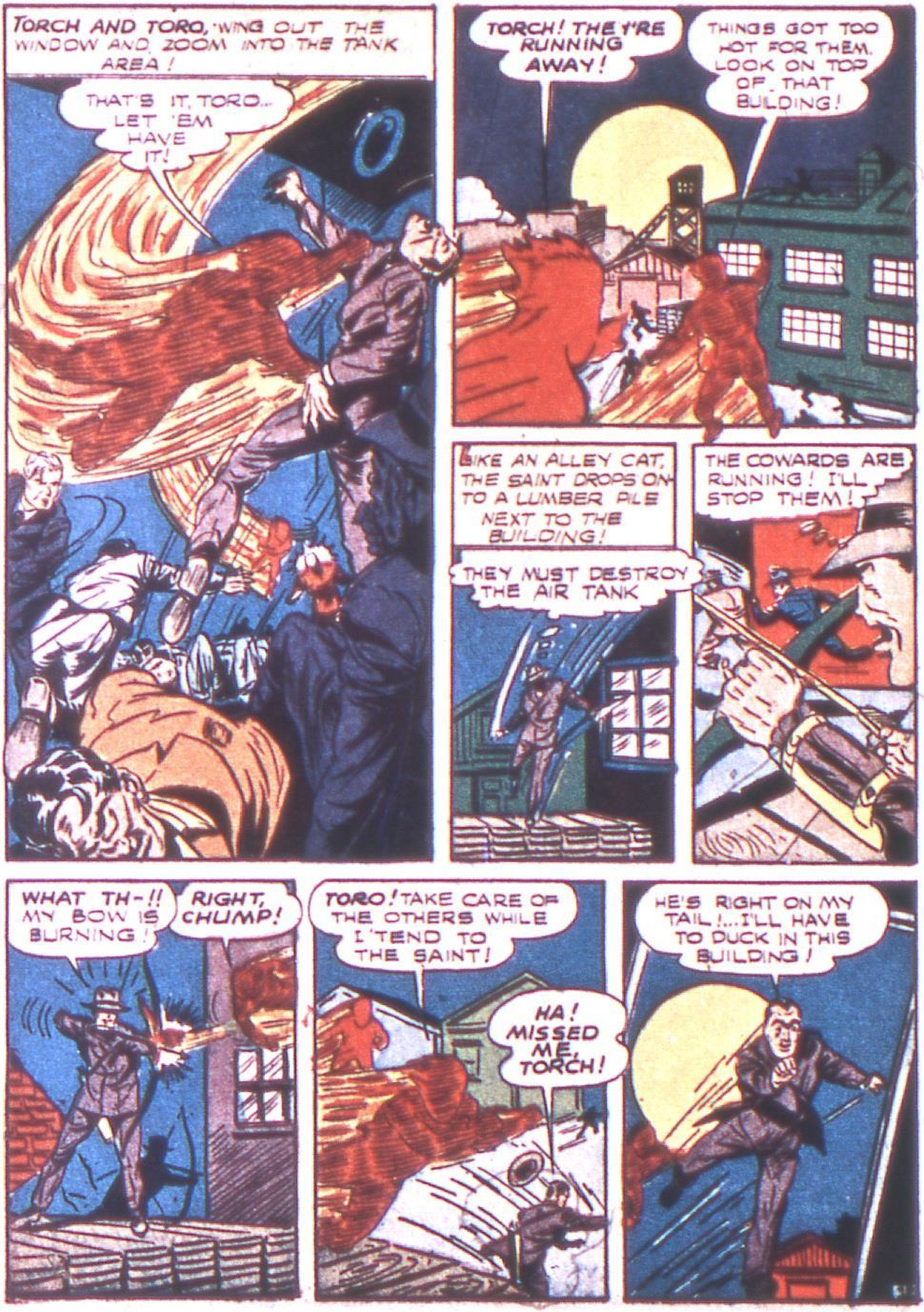

I'LL RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR BRIEFCASE!
YOU CAN'T! THE 'AIR TANK' PLANS ARE...
...INSIDE, I KNOW! NOW STEP OUTSIDE!
WHAT? WITHOUT A PARACHUTE? THAT'S MURDER!
SO IT IS... HOW TOUCHING! NOW JUMP!
BUT RALIEGH COILS LIKE A TRAPPED ANIMAL AND THEN SPRINGS FOR THE MASKED PILOT'S FEET, SHOVING HIM BACK
HEY! WHAT IN...
YOU DEVIL!
WHEW! I ALMOST LOST MY NERVE!
THAT WAS FAST THINKING, MISTER!
SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW TO TRAIL THAT PILOT!
SUDDENLY...
BLAZES! I FORGOT ABOUT THE BLACK PLANE... HE'S MACHINE GUNNING ME WITH TRACER BULLETS!

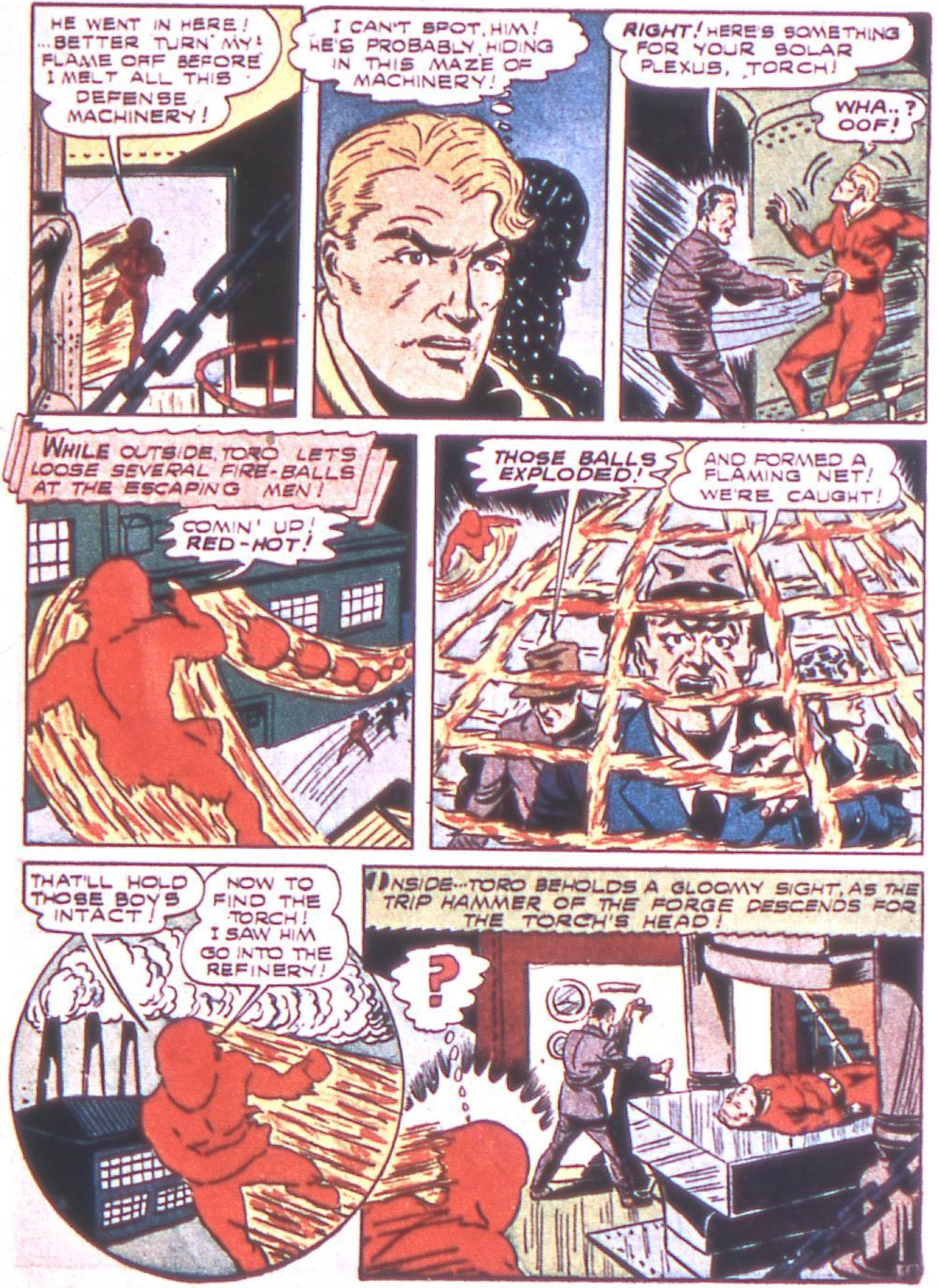

AS THE PLANE BEARS DOWN, TORCH SWINGS TO ONE SIDE...
HA! BULL FIGHT IN THE AIR!
THIS IS GETTING MONOTONOUS!
THE PLANE ZOOMS AROUND AGAIN... HAMMERS OUT TRACER BULLETS!
THE TRACER BULLETS MELT WHEN THEY REACH TORCH WITH HIS FLAME ON! HE RETURNS A VOLLEY OF FIRE-BALLS!
HERE'S MY OWN BRAND!
THE FIRE MASTER ACTS!
THE RETURNING FIRE-BALLS TRANSFORM THE PLANE INTO A FLAMING METEOR, BLAZING IN A DOZEN PLACES!
SUDDENLY-THE PLANE IS CAUGHT IN AN UP DRAUGHT, AND LANDS ON THE TORCH!
DIDN'T EXPECT THAT! ..THE PILOT BAILED OUT! SAY...
THE OTHER PILOT HAS ALREADY REACHED THE GROUND AND IS MAKING FOR THAT CAR!
I'LL TAIL THAT CAR!
DID YOU GET THE PLANS?
YES!


THEY'RE SLOWING DOWN IN FRONT OF THAT CABIN!
NOW TO GET THOSE BUZZARDS!
THE CHUMPS THINK A WOODEN DOOR CAN SAVE THEM! HERE GOES!
SLAM!
WHAT IN? THE PLACE IS EMPTY, AND I SEE WHY! THERE'S A TRAP DOOR SET IN THE FLOOR!
SO, DOWN, I GO!
IT'S DARK DOWN HERE! MY FLAME IS HANDY NOW! HMM... FOOTPRINTS LEADING DOWN THE TUNNEL!
AT THAT MOMENT, IN A HIDDEN CHAMBER OF THE PASSAGE...
THAT FIRE BLISTER FOUND YOUR FOOTPRINTS! HE'S COMING THIS WAY!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, SAINT?


MEANWHILE
HMM.. NO RECEPTION YET!
SUDDENLY, THE TUNNEL HEAVES UPWARD WITH CATACLYSMIC FORCE AS A T.N.T. CHARGE EXPLODES IN THE TORCH'S FACE!
BOOM
THE FORCE EXTINGUISHES HIS FLAME AND SENDS HIM HURLING OUT OF THE TUNNEL, THRU SPACE!
LUCKY, I CAUGHT THIS TREE LIMB!
WHILE IN THE SECRET TUNNEL!
..AND SO THE CURTAIN DESCENDED UPON THE TORCH!
QUITE A CRATER LEFT BY THAT EXPLOSION! I'LL NEVER FIND THE TUNNEL IN THAT MESS... MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK TO RALIEGH'S PLANT!
THERE MIGHT BE SOME DANGER THERE!
AT RALIEGH'S PLANT.
TORO! DID YOU GET THAT GANG TO JAIL?
YES!
TORCH! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!


ABOUT THAT ARROW YOU FOUND IN THE PLANT FIRE, IT GOT ME THINKING ABOUT MY SECRETARY-
YES?
HE'S AN ARCHERY FAN AND NOW HE'S MISSING!
WHAT'S HIS NAME?
JOHN BORDEN!
HE MUST BE THE SAINT! FINELLI STARTED TO UTTER A NAME BEGINNING WITH 'J' BEFORE HE WAS KILLED! HE'LL SHOW UP AS SOON AS HE LEARNS THOSE PLANS STOLEN FROM YOU ARE FAKES!
Meanwhile..
THE PLANS ARE FAKES! THAT AIR-TANK MUST BE DESTROYED TODAY! FAILURE MEANS DER FEUHRER WILL EXTERMINATE YOUR FAMILIES IN THE FATHERLAND!
B-BUT-
TURNING TRAITOR, EH? .. ANYONE ELSE AFRAID? ... NOW GET GOING!
LATER AT THE RALIEGH PLANT..
WE MIGHT FIND SOME EVIDENCE IN BORDEN'S DESK!
TORCH! LOOK!
OUTSIDE, THE SAINT'S MEN GRIMLY BATTLE THE COMPANY GUARDS, AS, THE THREAT OF THEIR FAMILIES' DESTRUCTION, STILL RINGS IN THEIR EARS!
C'MON, TORO, WE'RE GOING TO STOP THIS!
RIGHT!
WHH!


TORCH AND TORO, WING OUT THE WINDOW AND ZOOM INTO THE TANK AREA!
THAT'S IT, TORO... LET 'EM HAVE IT!
TORCH! THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY!
THINGS GOT TOO HOT FOR THEM. LOOK ON TOP OF THAT BUILDING!
LIKE AN ALLEY CAT, THE SAINT DROPS ON TO A LUMBER PILE NEXT TO THE BUILDING!
THEY MUST DESTROY THE AIR TANK
THE COWARDS ARE RUNNING! I'LL STOP THEM!
WHAT TH-!! MY BOW IS BURNING!
RIGHT, CHUMP!
TORO! TAKE CARE OF THE OTHERS WHILE I TEND TO THE SAINT!
HA! MISSED ME, TORCH!
HE'S RIGHT ON MY TAIL!...I'LL HAVE TO DUCK IN THIS BUILDING!


HE WENT IN HERE! ...BETTER TURN MY FLAME OFF BEFORE I MELT ALL THIS DEFENSE MACHINERY!
I CAN'T SPOT HIM! HE'S PROBABLY HIDING IN THIS MAZE OF MACHINERY!
RIGHT! HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOUR SOLAR PLEXUS, TORCH!
WHA..? OOF!
WHILE OUTSIDE, TORO LETS LOOSE SEVERAL FIRE-BALLS AT THE ESCAPING MEN!
COMIN' UP! RED-HOT!
THOSE BALLS EXPLODED!
AND FORMED A FLAMING NET! WE'RE CAUGHT!
THAT'LL HOLD THOSE BOYS INTACT!
NOW TO FIND THE TORCH! I SAW HIM GO INTO THE REFINERY!
INSIDE...TORO BEHOLDS A GLOOMY SIGHT, AS THE TRIP HAMMER OF THE FORGE DESCENDS FOR THE TORCH'S HEAD!
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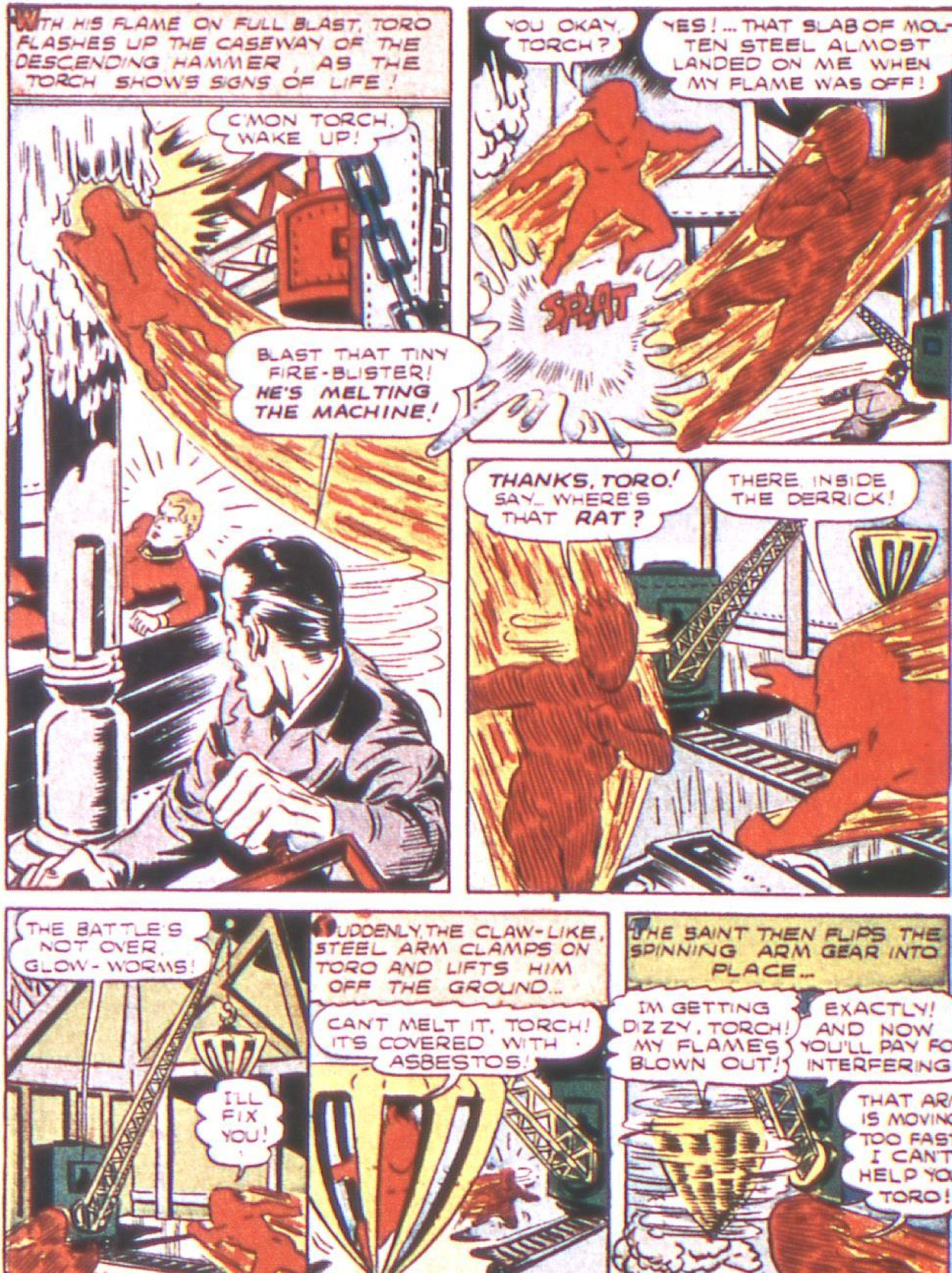
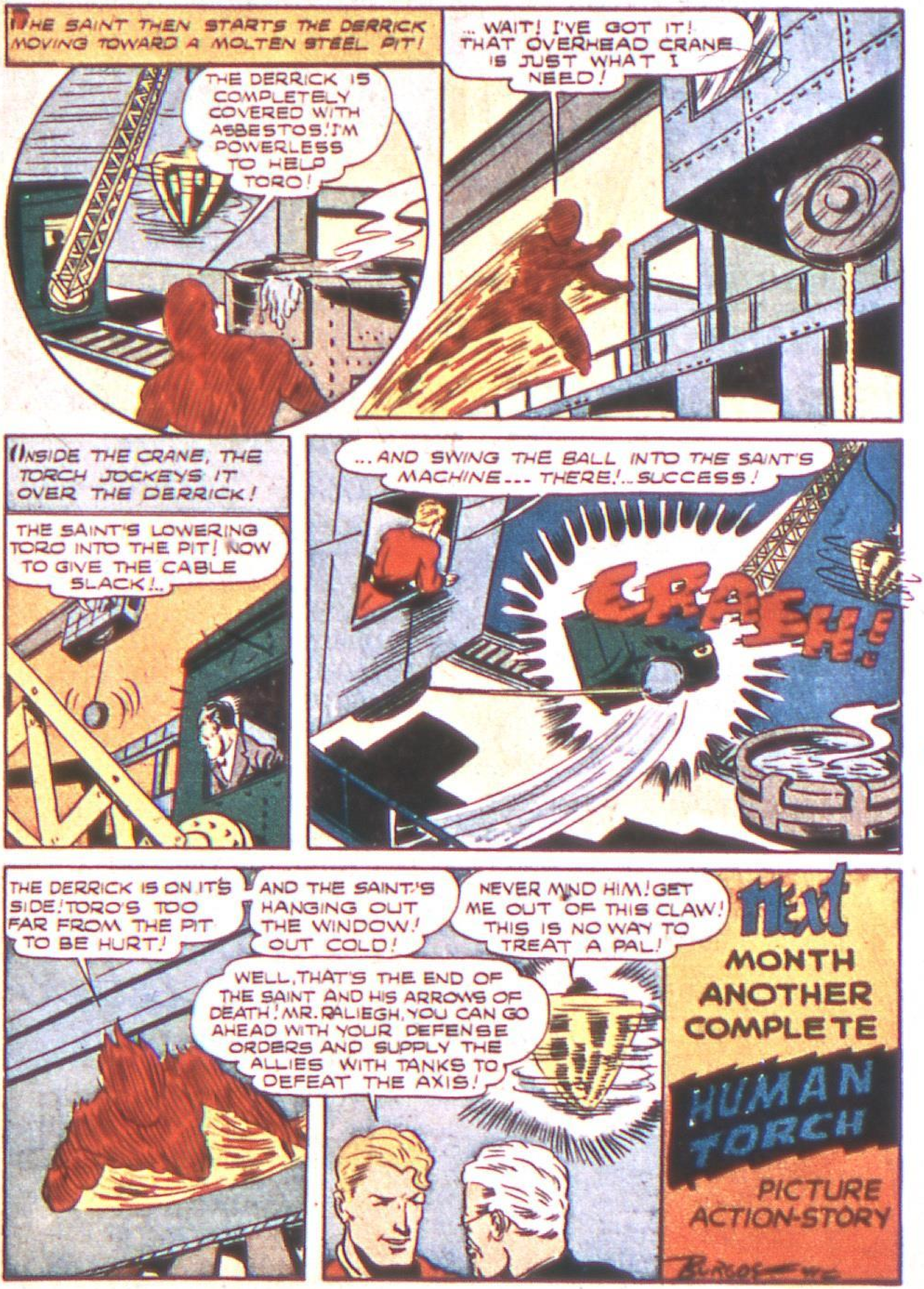

WITH HIS FLAME ON FULL BLAST, TORO FLASHES UP THE CASEWAY OF THE DESCENDING HAMMER, AS THE TORCH SHOWS SIGNS OF LIFE!
C'MON TORCH, WAKE UP!
BLAST THAT TINY FIRE-BLISTER! HE'S MELTING THE MACHINE!
YOU OKAY, TORCH?
YES!... THAT SLAB OF MOLTEN STEEL ALMOST LANDED ON ME WHEN MY FLAME WAS OFF!
SPLAT
THANKS, TORO! SAY... WHERE'S THAT RAT?
THERE, INSIDE THE DERRICK!
THE BATTLE'S NOT OVER, GLOW-WORMS!
I'LL FIX YOU!
SUDDENLY, THE CLAW-LIKE, STEEL ARM CLAMPS ON TORO AND LIFTS HIM OFF THE GROUND...
CAN'T MELT IT, TORCH! IT'S COVERED WITH ASBESTOS!
THE SAINT THEN FLIPS THE SPINNING ARM GEAR INTO PLACE...
IM GETTING DIZZY, TORCH! MY FLAMES BLOWN OUT!
EXACTLY! AND NOW YOU'LL PAY FOR INTERFERING!
THAT ARM IS MOVING TOO FAST! I CAN'T HELP YOU, TORO!


THE SAINT THEN STARTS THE DERRICK MOVING TOWARD A MOLTEN STEEL PIT!
THE DERRICK IS COMPLETELY COVERED WITH ASBESTOS! I'M POWERLESS TO HELP TORO!
... WAIT! I'VE GOT IT! THAT OVERHEAD CRANE IS JUST WHAT I NEED!
INSIDE THE CRANE, THE TORCH JOCKEYS IT OVER THE DERRICK!
THE SAINT'S LOWERING TORO INTO THE PIT! NOW TO GIVE THE CABLE SLACK!..
... AND SWING THE BALL INTO THE SAINT'S MACHINE... THERE!.. SUCCESS!
CRASH!
THE DERRICK IS ON IT'S SIDE! TORO'S TOO FAR FROM THE PIT TO BE HURT!
AND THE SAINT'S HANGING OUT THE WINDOW! OUT COLD!
NEVER MIND HIM! GET ME OUT OF THIS CLAW! THIS IS NO WAY TO TREAT A PAL!
WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THE SAINT AND HIS ARROWS OF DEATH! MR. RALIEGH, YOU CAN GO AHEAD WITH YOUR DEFENSE ORDERS AND SUPPLY THE ALLIES WITH TANKS TO DEFEAT THE AXIS!
NEXT MONTH ANOTHER COMPLETE HUMAN TORCH PICTURE ACTION-STORY
BURGOS

YOU ARE OLD ENOUGH TO

OFFICIAL BALLOT

Vote

X

AND HAVE SOMETHING

TO SAY

ABOUT WHAT GOES INTO YOUR ***MARVEL*** COMICS BOOK.

HUMAN TORCH.. ○

SUB-MARINER.. ○

THE VISION..... ○

TERRY VANCE.. ○

THE ANGEL...... ○

THE PATRIOT.. ○

KA-ZAR......... ○

Write a separate letter telling us why you like, or do not like these characters,

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Select the numerals below -Cut out and paste in circles, in numerical order, your favorites as they have entertained you.

① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦

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ELECTION DEC. 30.

GET YOUR LETTER IN BEFORE DEC. 20.

WHO WILL WIN THE ELECTION?

WHO WILL WIN THE PRIZES?

Write letter

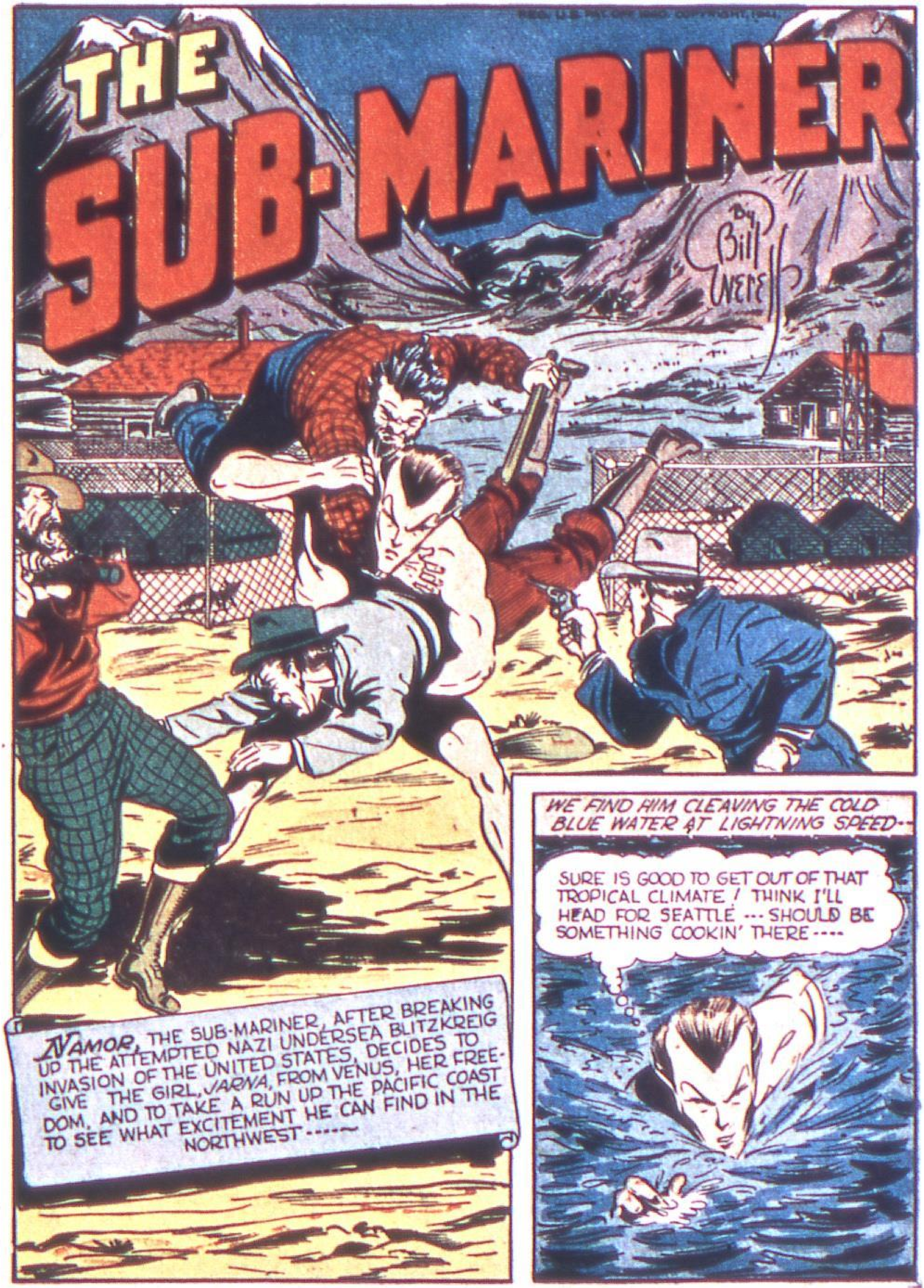
NOW, TO

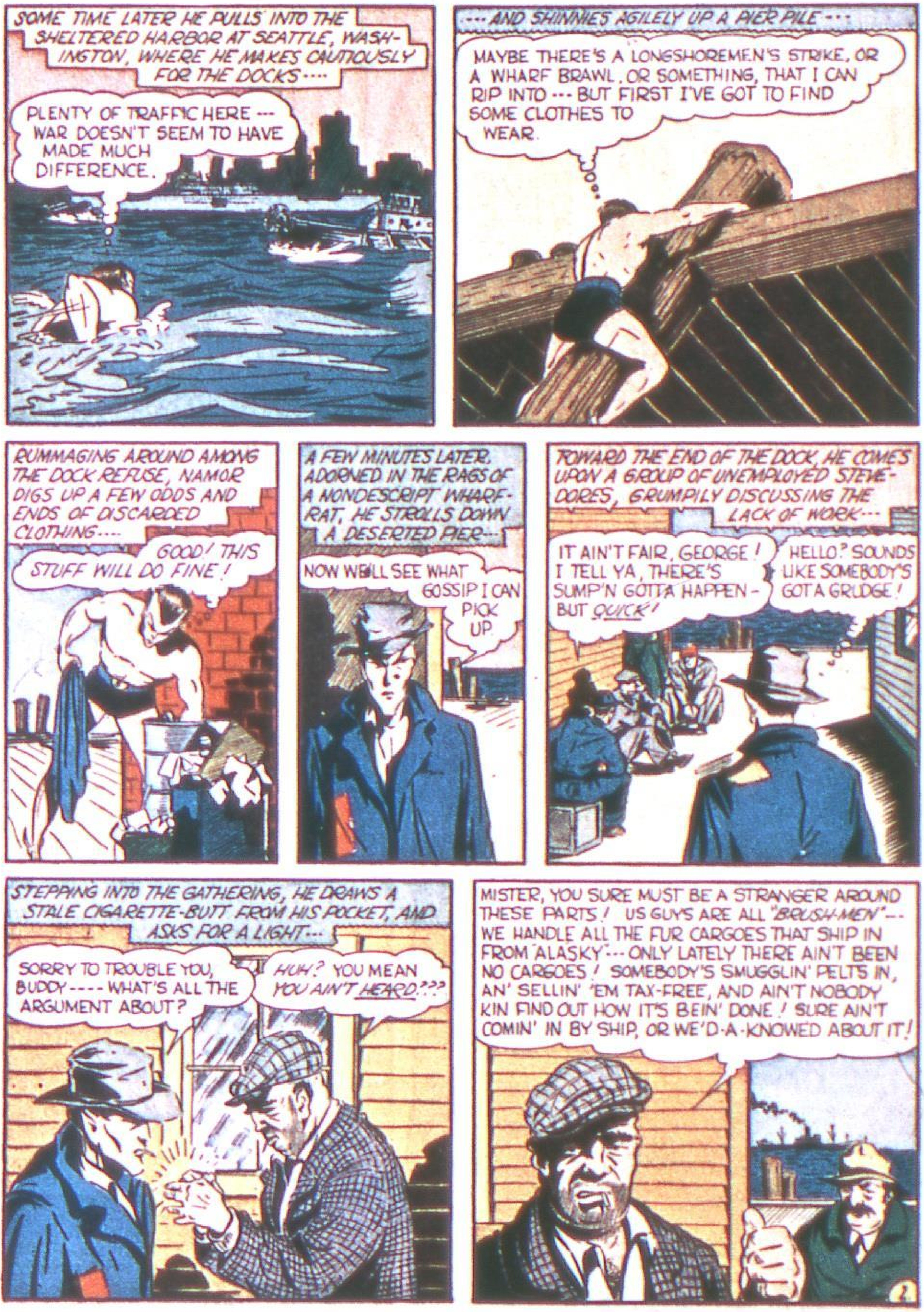
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

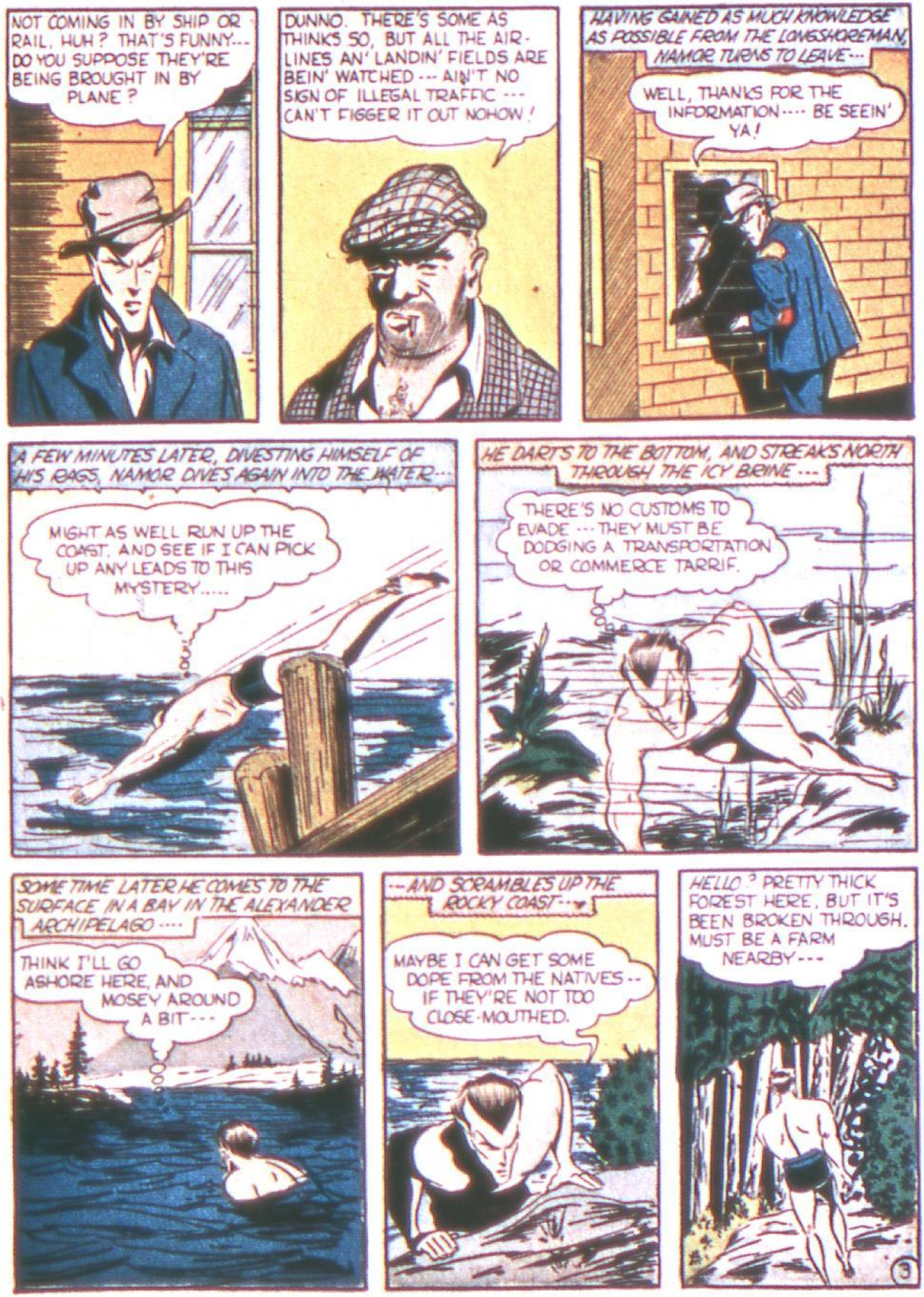
330 WEST 42ND ST.

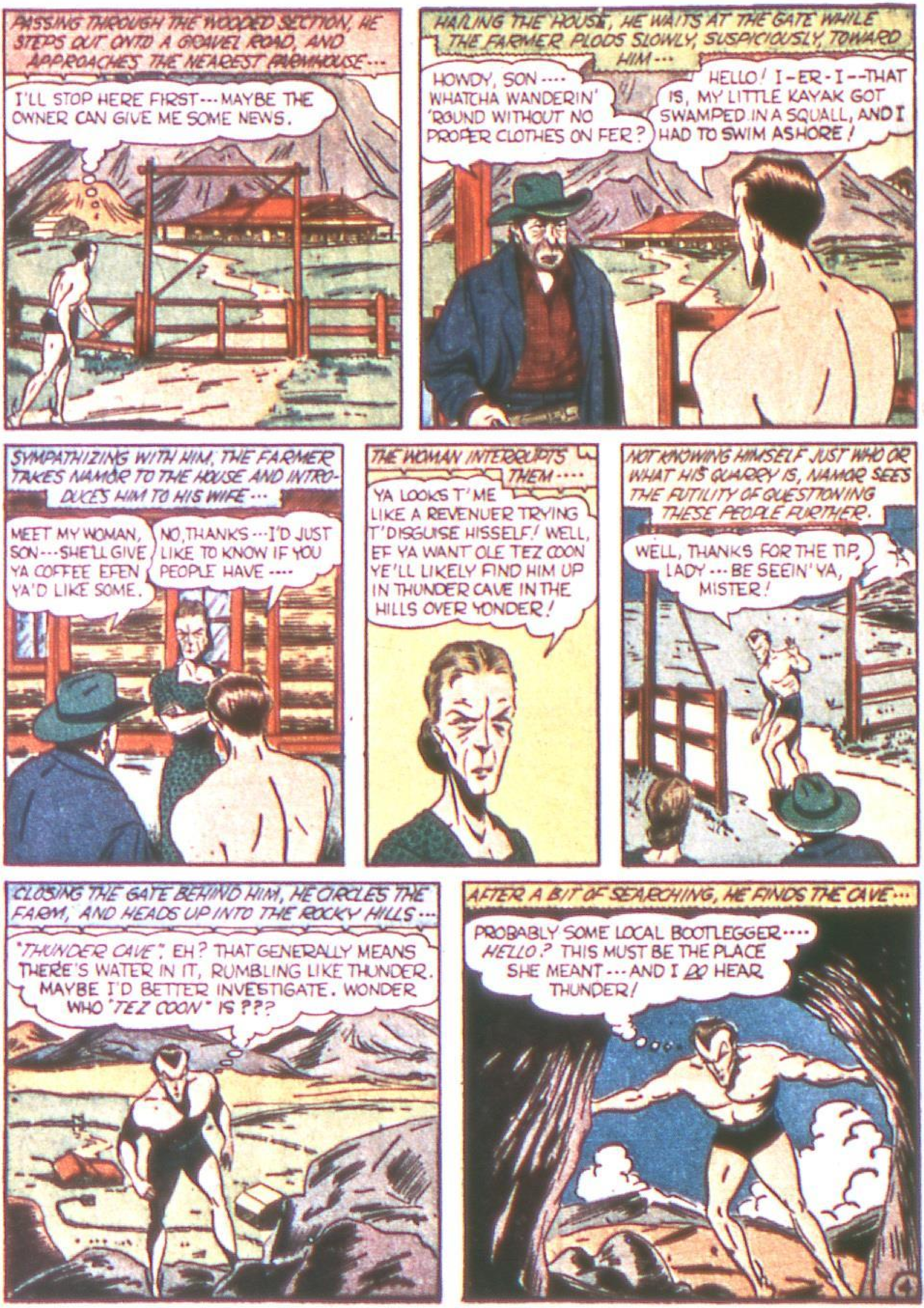
BE SURE TO SIGN YOUR ***NAME*** AND PUT YOUR ***ADDRESS*** ON THE LETTER.

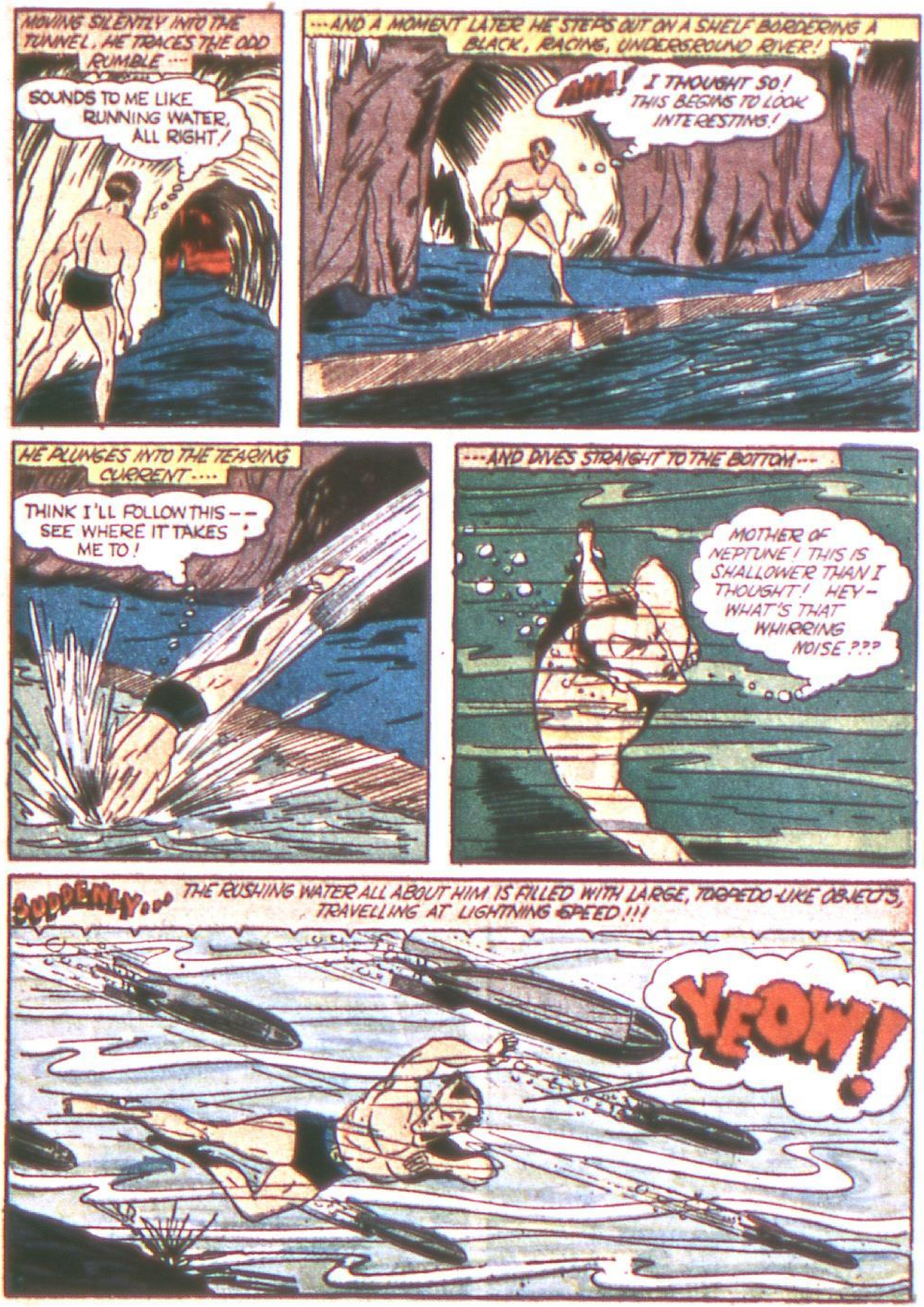
THE SUB-MARINER

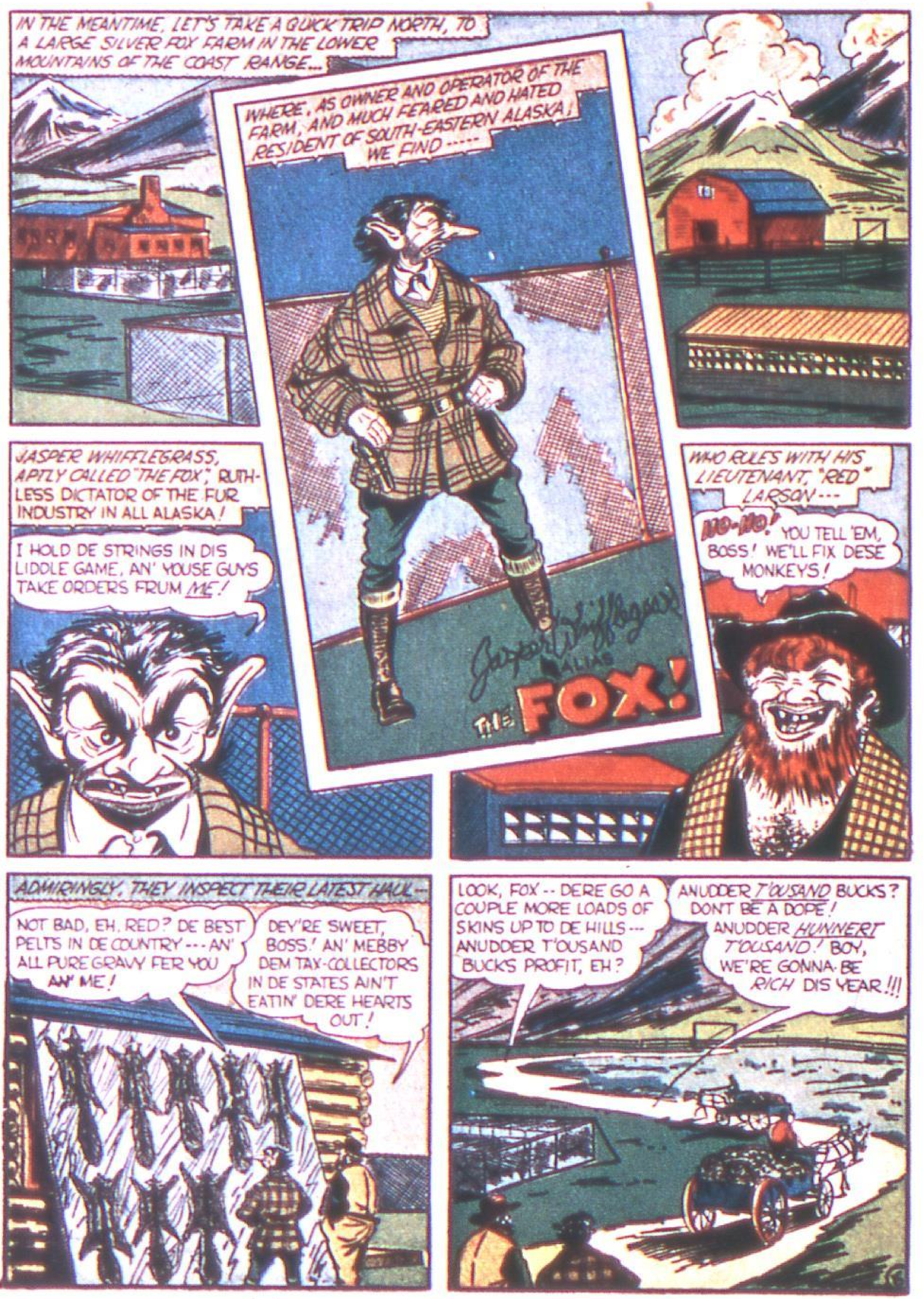

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. AND COPYRIGHT, 1941
THE SUB-MARINER
By Bill Everett
NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER, AFTER BREAKING UP THE ATTEMPTED NAZI UNDERSEA BLITZKREIG INVASION OF THE UNITED STATES, DECIDES TO GIVE THE GIRL, JARNA, FROM VENUS, HER FREEDOM, AND TO TAKE A RUN UP THE PACIFIC COAST TO SEE WHAT EXCITEMENT HE CAN FIND IN THE NORTHWEST----
WE FIND HIM CLEAVING THE COLD BLUE WATER AT LIGHTNING SPEED--
SURE IS GOOD TO GET OUT OF THAT TROPICAL CLIMATE! THINK I'LL HEAD FOR SEATTLE --- SHOULD BE SOMETHING COOKIN' THERE ----

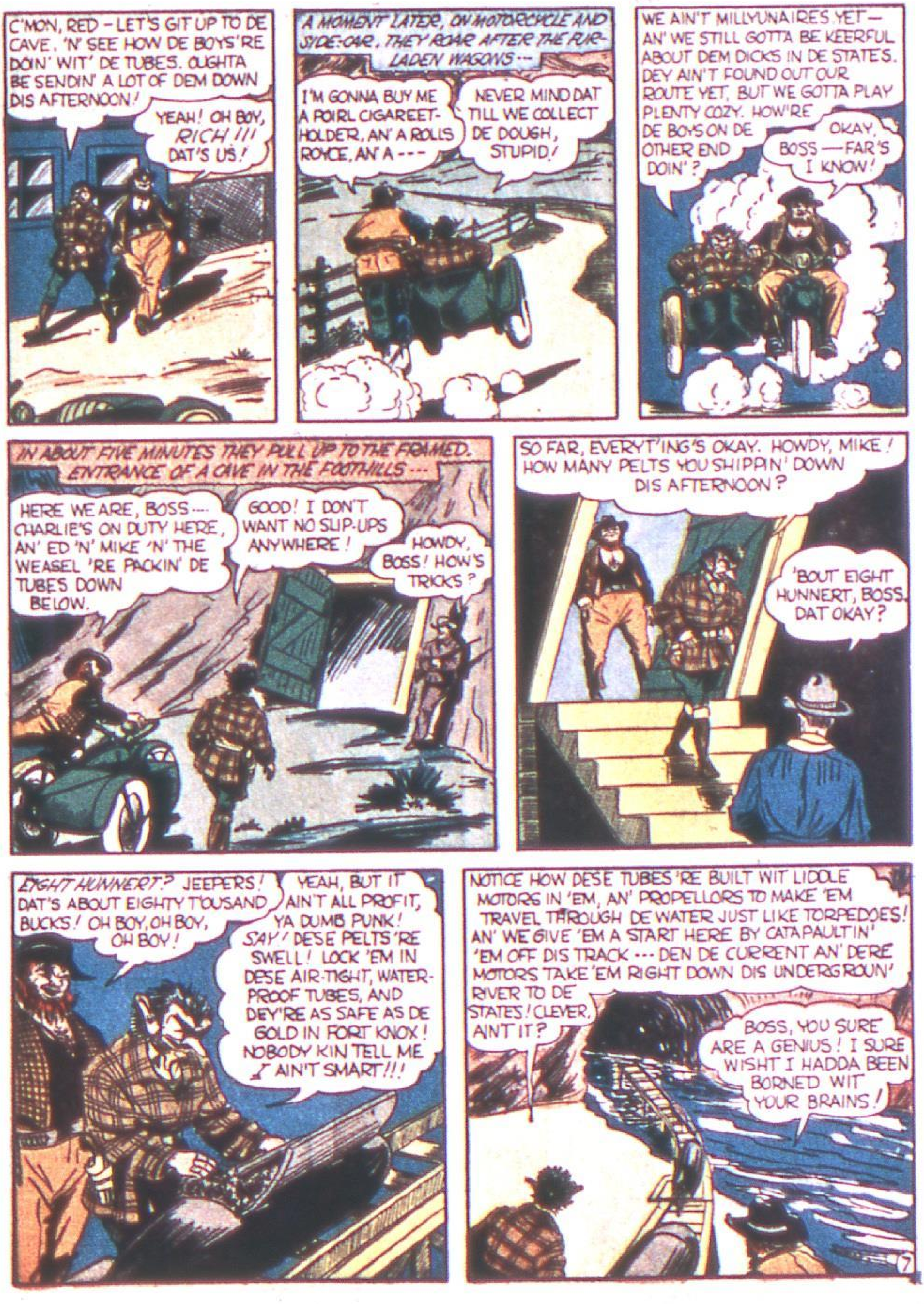

SOME TIME LATER HE PULLS INTO THE SHELTERED HARBOR AT SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, WHERE HE MAKES CAUTIOUSLY FOR THE DOCKS....
PLENTY OF TRAFFIC HERE --- WAR DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE MADE MUCH DIFFERENCE.
--- AND SHINNIES AGILELY UP A PIER PILE ---
MAYBE THERE'S A LONGSHOREMEN'S STRIKE, OR A WHARF BRAWL, OR SOMETHING, THAT I CAN RIP INTO --- BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME CLOTHES TO WEAR.
RUMMAGING AROUND AMONG THE DOCK REFUSE, NAMOR DIGS UP A FEW ODDS AND ENDS OF DISCARDED CLOTHING....
GOOD! THIS STUFF WILL DO FINE!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, ADORNED IN THE RAGS OF A NONDESCRIPT WHARF-RAT, HE STROLLS DOWN A DESERTED PIER--
NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT GOSSIP I CAN PICK UP.
TOWARD THE END OF THE DOCK, HE COMES UPON A GROUP OF UNEMPLOYED STEVEDORES, GRUMPILY DISCUSSING THE LACK OF WORK---
IT AIN'T FAIR, GEORGE! I TELL YA, THERE'S SUMP'N GOTTA HAPPEN - BUT QUICK!
HELLO? SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY'S GOT A GRUDGE!
STEPPING INTO THE GATHERING, HE DRAWS A STALE CIGARETTE-BUTT FROM HIS POCKET, AND ASKS FOR A LIGHT---
SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, BUDDY---- WHAT'S ALL THE ARGUMENT ABOUT?
HUH? YOU MEAN YOU AIN'T HEARD???
MISTER, YOU SURE MUST BE A STRANGER AROUND THESE PARTS! US GUYS ARE ALL "BRUSH-MEN"-- WE HANDLE ALL THE FUR CARGOES THAT SHIP IN FROM "ALASKY"--- ONLY LATELY THERE AIN'T BEEN NO CARGOES! SOMEBODY'S SMUGGLIN' PELTS IN, AN' SELLIN' 'EM TAX-FREE, AND AIN'T NOBODY KIN FIND OUT HOW IT'S BEIN' DONE! SURE AIN'T COMIN' IN BY SHIP, OR WE'D-A-KNOWED ABOUT IT!

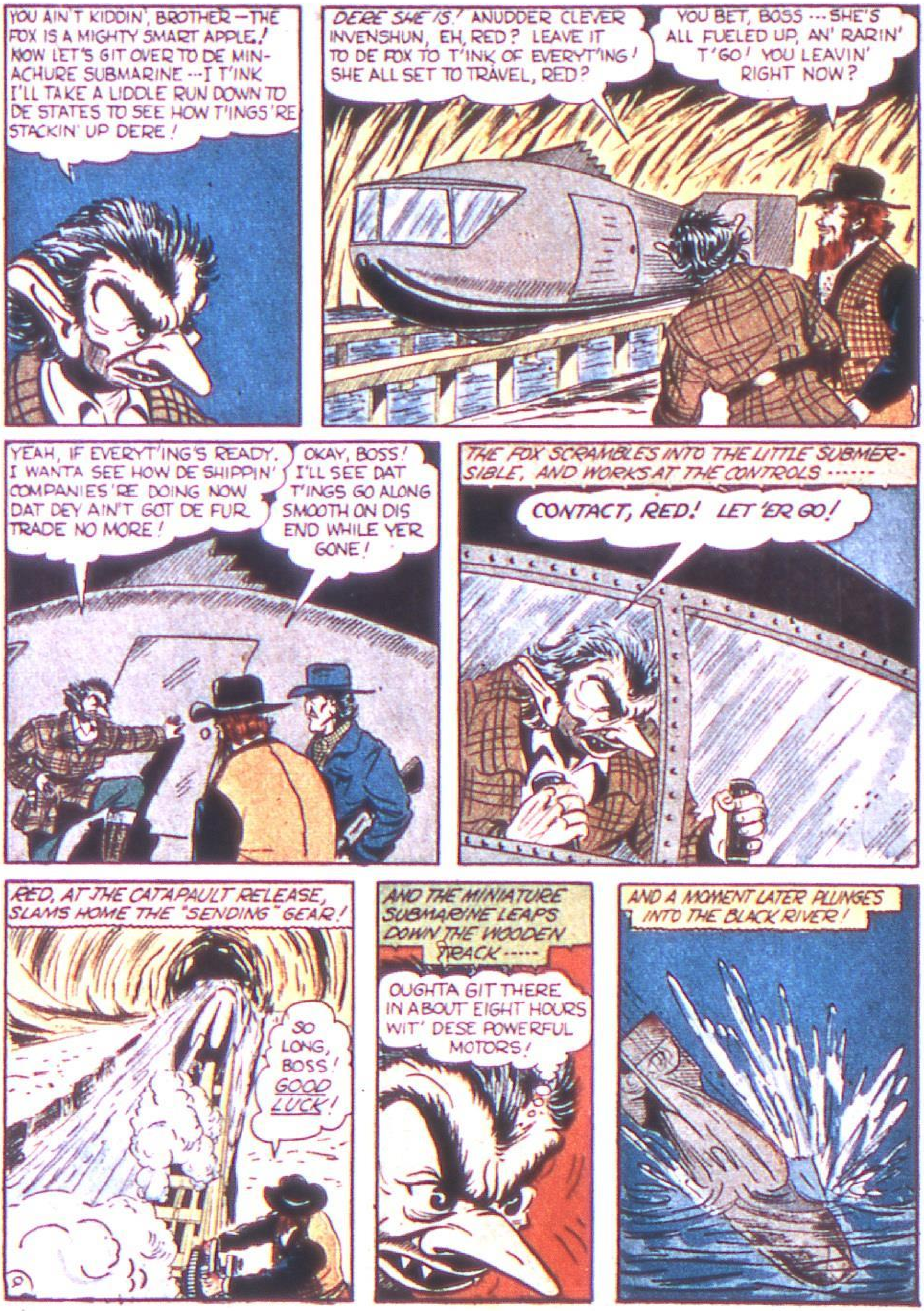

NOT COMING IN BY SHIP OR RAIL, HUH? THAT'S FUNNY--- DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY'RE BEING BROUGHT IN BY PLANE?
DUNNO. THERE'S SOME AS THINKS SO, BUT ALL THE AIR-LINES AN' LANDIN' FIELDS ARE BEIN' WATCHED --- AIN'T NO SIGN OF ILLEGAL TRAFFIC --- CAN'T FIGGER IT OUT NOHOW!
HAVING GAINED AS MUCH KNOWLEDGE AS POSSIBLE FROM THE LONGSHOREMAN, NAMOR TURNS TO LEAVE---
WELL, THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION---- BE SEEIN' YA!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, DIVESTING HIMSELF OF HIS RAGS, NAMOR DIVES AGAIN INTO THE WATER---
MIGHT AS WELL RUN UP THE COAST, AND SEE IF I CAN PICK UP ANY LEADS TO THIS MYSTERY.....
HE DARTS TO THE BOTTOM, AND STREAKS NORTH THROUGH THE ICY BRINE---
THERE'S NO CUSTOMS TO EVADE --- THEY MUST BE DODGING A TRANSPORTATION OR COMMERCE TARRIF.
SOME TIME LATER HE COMES TO THE SURFACE IN A BAY IN THE ALEXANDER ARCHIPELAGO ----
THINK I'LL GO ASHORE HERE, AND MOSEY AROUND A BIT---
--AND SCRAMBLES UP THE ROCKY COAST--
MAYBE I CAN GET SOME DOPE FROM THE NATIVES -- IF THEY'RE NOT TOO CLOSE-MOUTHED.
HELLO? PRETTY THICK FOREST HERE, BUT IT'S BEEN BROKEN THROUGH. MUST BE A FARM NEARBY---

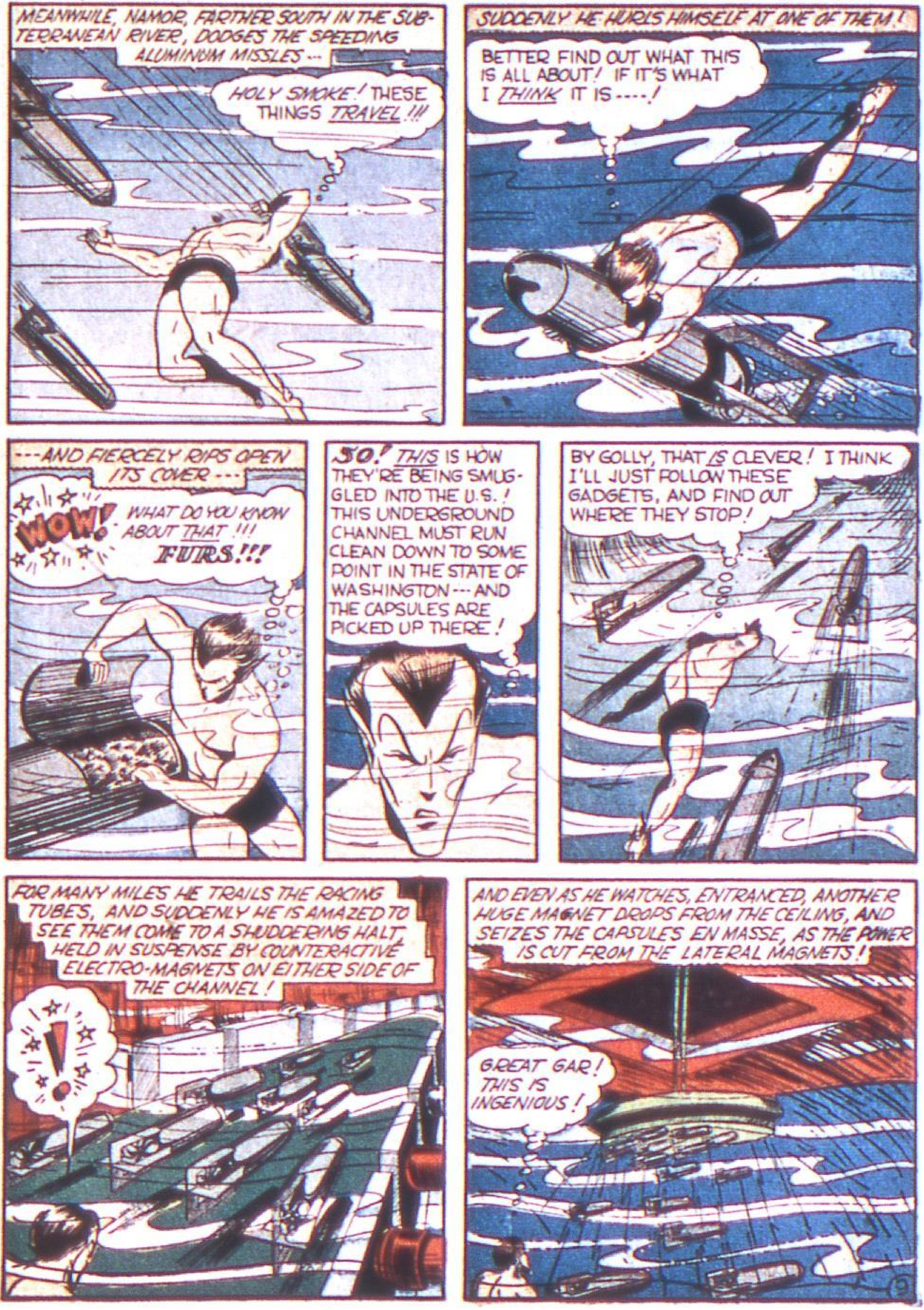

PASSING THROUGH THE WOODED SECTION, HE STEPS OUT ONTO A GRAVEL ROAD, AND APPROACHES THE NEAREST FARMHOUSE...
I'LL STOP HERE FIRST---MAYBE THE OWNER CAN GIVE ME SOME NEWS.
HAILING THE HOUSE, HE WAITS AT THE GATE WHILE THE FARMER PLODS SLOWLY, SUSPICIOUSLY, TOWARD HIM...
HOWDY, SON.... WHATCHA WANDERIN' 'ROUND WITHOUT NO PROPER CLOTHES ON FER?
HELLO! I-ER-I--THAT IS, MY LITTLE KAYAK GOT SWAMPED IN A SQUALL, AND I HAD TO SWIM ASHORE!
SYMPATHIZING WITH HIM, THE FARMER TAKES NAMOR TO THE HOUSE AND INTRODUCES HIM TO HIS WIFE...
MEET MY WOMAN, SON---SHE'LL GIVE YA COFFEE EFEN YA'D LIKE SOME.
NO, THANKS---I'D JUST LIKE TO KNOW IF YOU PEOPLE HAVE ----
THE WOMAN INTERRUPTS THEM....
YA LOOKS T'ME LIKE A REVENUER TRYING T'DISGUISE HISSELF! WELL, EF YA WANT OLE TEZ COON YE'LL LIKELY FIND HIM UP IN THUNDER CAVE IN THE HILLS OVER YONDER!
NOT KNOWING HIMSELF JUST WHO OR WHAT HIS QUARRY IS, NAMOR SEES THE FUTILITY OF QUESTIONING THESE PEOPLE FURTHER.
WELL, THANKS FOR THE TIP, LADY---BE SEEIN' YA, MISTER!
CLOSING THE GATE BEHIND HIM, HE CIRCLES THE FARM, AND HEADS UP INTO THE ROCKY HILLS...
"THUNDER CAVE", EH? THAT GENERALLY MEANS THERE'S WATER IN IT, RUMBLING LIKE THUNDER. MAYBE I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE. WONDER WHO "TEZ COON" IS???
AFTER A BIT OF SEARCHING, HE FINDS THE CAVE...
PROBABLY SOME LOCAL BOOTLEGGER.... HELLO? THIS MUST BE THE PLACE SHE MEANT---AND I DO HEAR THUNDER!
4

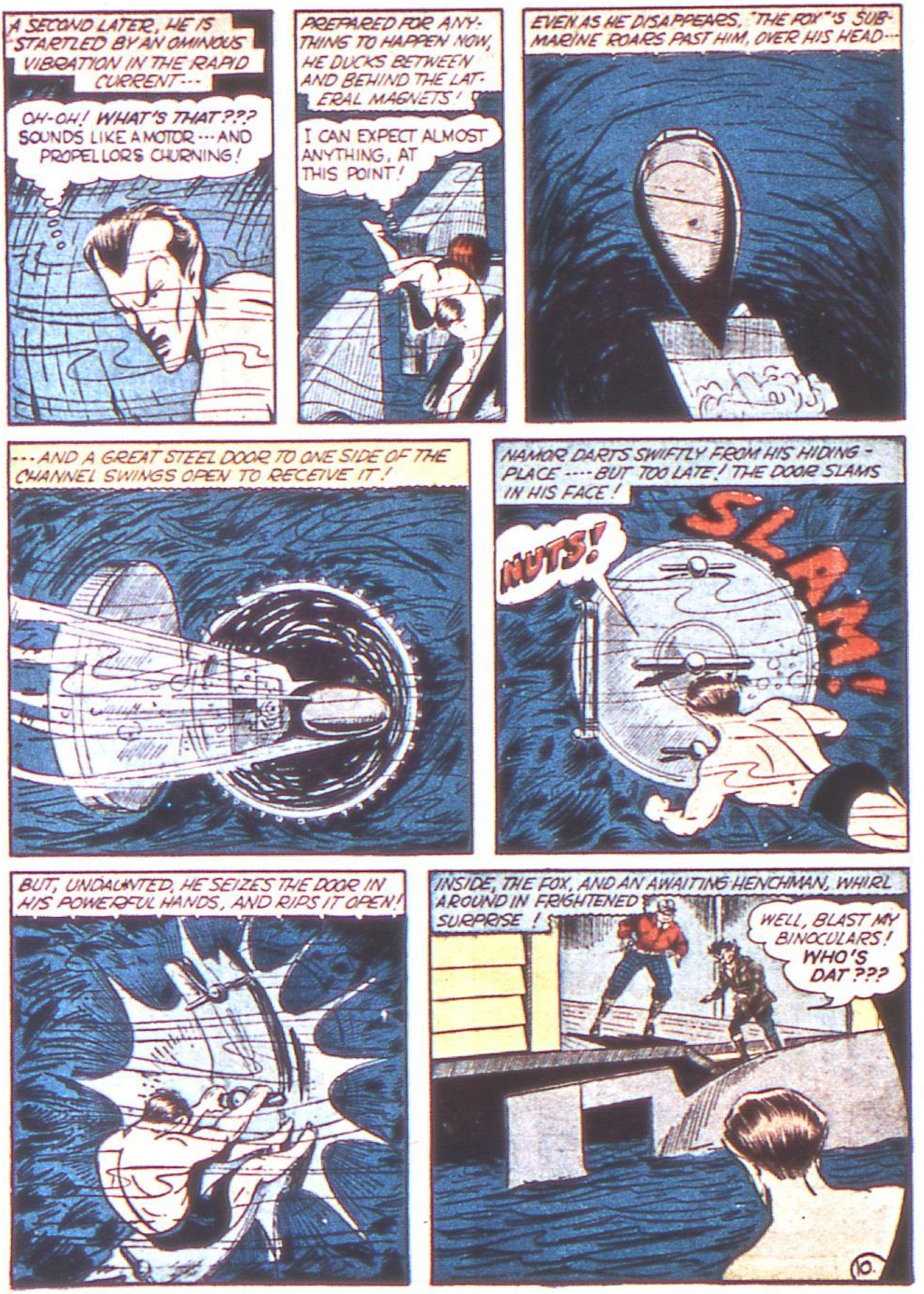

MOVING SILENTLY INTO THE TUNNEL, HE TRACES THE ODD RUMBLE....
SOUNDS TO ME LIKE RUNNING WATER, ALL RIGHT!
---AND A MOMENT LATER HE STEPS OUT ON A SHELF BORDERING A BLACK, RACING, UNDERGROUND RIVER!
AHA! I THOUGHT SO! THIS BEGINS TO LOOK INTERESTING!
HE PLUNGES INTO THE TEARING CURRENT....
THINK I'LL FOLLOW THIS--- SEE WHERE IT TAKES ME TO!
---AND DIVES STRAIGHT TO THE BOTTOM--
MOTHER OF NEPTUNE! THIS IS SHALLOWER THAN I THOUGHT! HEY- WHAT'S THAT WHIRRING NOISE???
SUDDENLY... THE RUSHING WATER ALL ABOUT HIM IS FILLED WITH LARGE, TORPEDO-LIKE OBJECTS, TRAVELLING AT LIGHTNING SPEED!!!
YEOW!

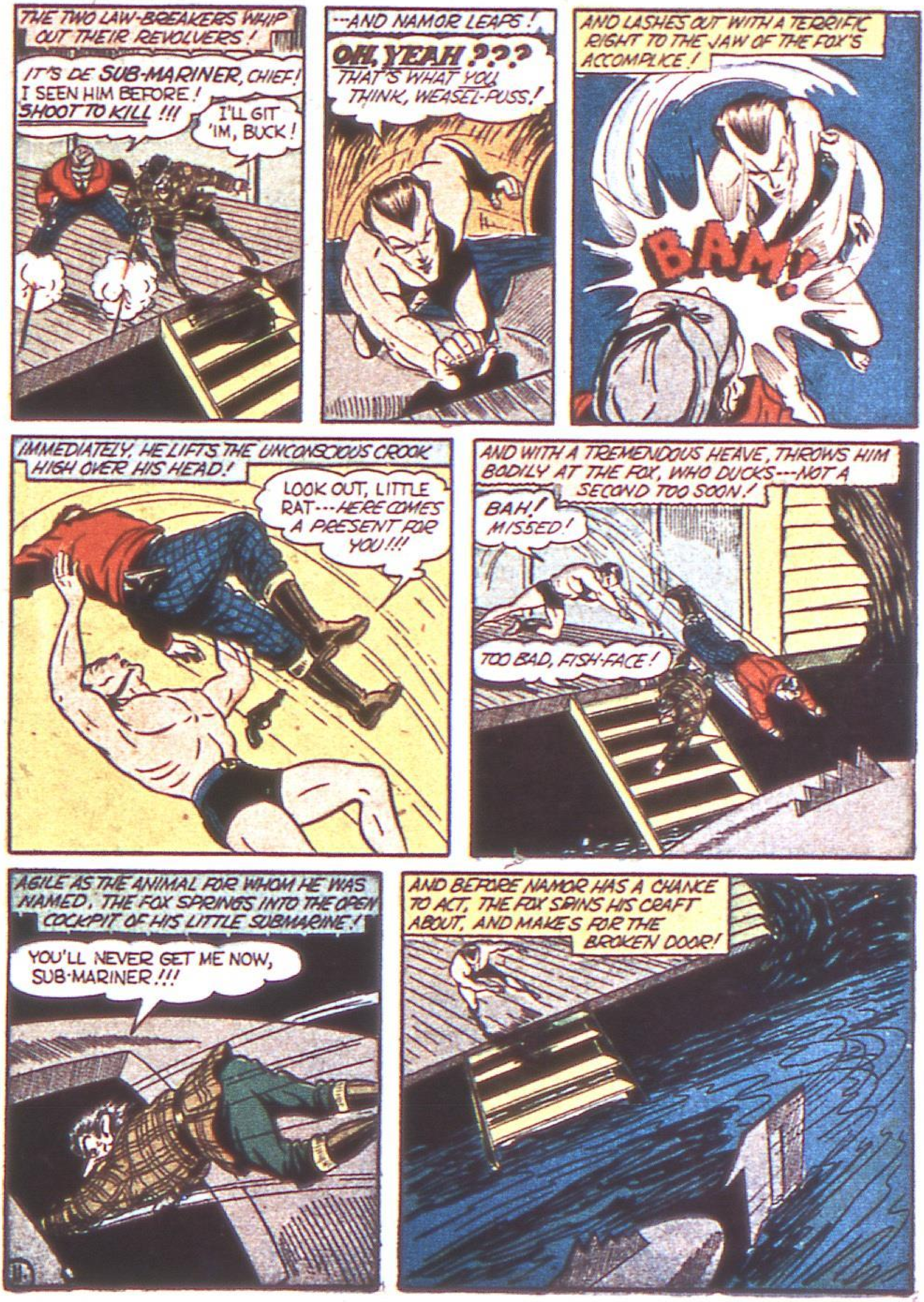

IN THE MEANTIME, LET'S TAKE A QUICK TRIP NORTH, TO A LARGE SILVER FOX FARM IN THE LOWER MOUNTAINS OF THE COAST RANGE...
WHERE, AS OWNER AND OPERATOR OF THE FARM, AND MUCH FEARED AND HATED RESIDENT OF SOUTH-EASTERN ALASKA, WE FIND -----
Jasper Whifflegrass ALIAS THE FOX!
JASPER WHIFFLEGRASS, APTLY CALLED "THE FOX", RUTHLESS DICTATOR OF THE FUR INDUSTRY IN ALL ALASKA!
I HOLD DE STRINGS IN DIS LIDDLE GAME, AN' YOUSE GUYS TAKE ORDERS FRUM ME!
WHO RULES WITH HIS LIEUTENANT, "RED" LARSON ---
HO-HO! YOU TELL 'EM, BOSS! WE'LL FIX DESE MONKEYS!
ADMIRINGLY, THEY INSPECT THEIR LATEST HAUL --
NOT BAD, EH, RED? DE BEST PELTS IN DE COUNTRY --- AN' ALL PURE GRAVY FER YOU AN' ME!
DEY'RE SWEET, BOSS! AN' MEBBY DEM TAX-COLLECTORS IN DE STATES AIN'T EATIN' DERE HEARTS OUT!
LOOK, FOX -- DERE GO A COUPLE MORE LOADS OF SKINS UP TO DE HILLS --- ANUDDER T'OUSAND BUCKS PROFIT, EH?
ANUDDER T'OUSAND BUCKS? DON'T BE A DOPE! ANUDDER HUNNERT T'OUSAND! BOY, WE'RE GONNA BE RICH DIS YEAR!!!

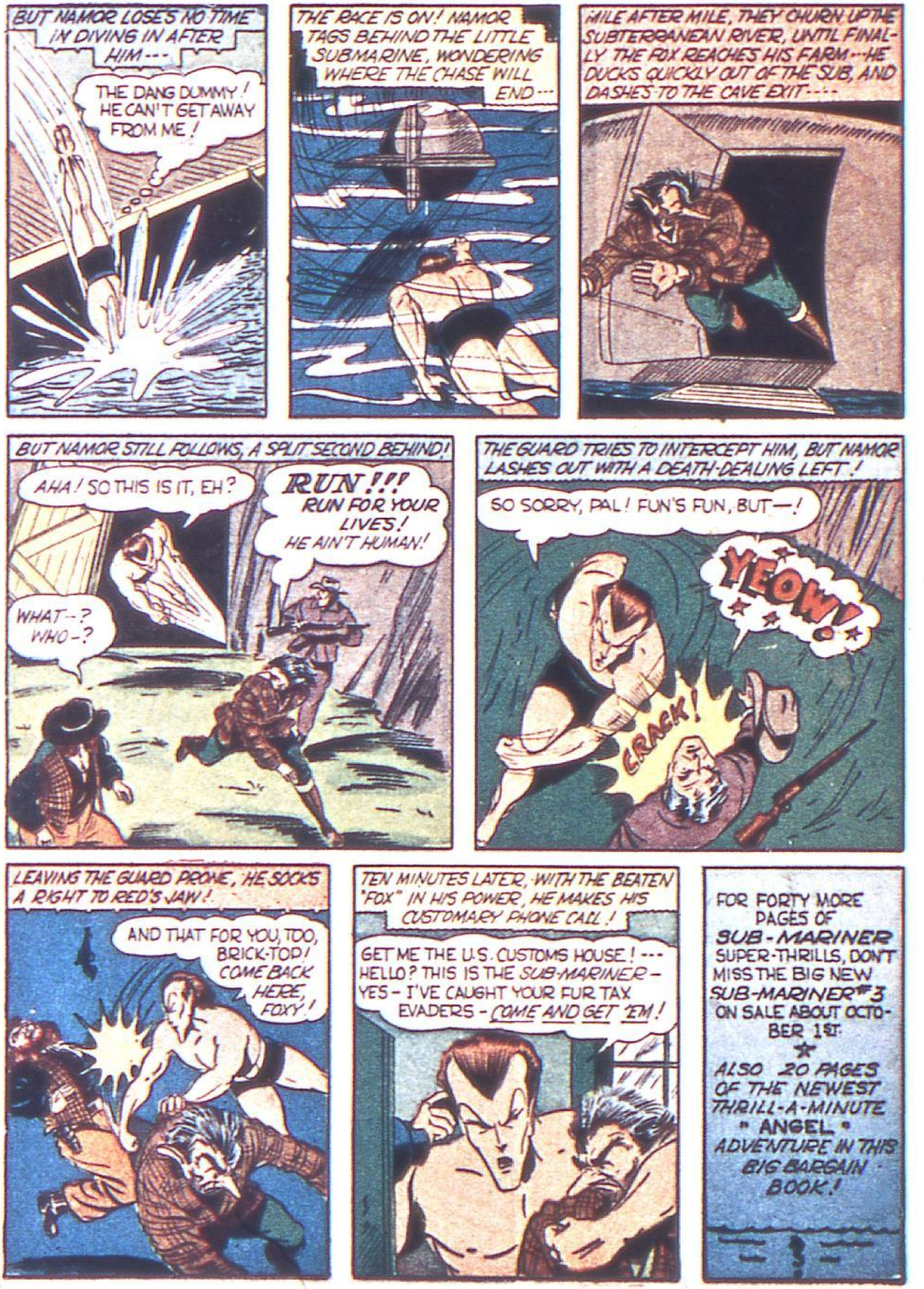

C'MON, RED - LET'S GIT UP TO DE CAVE, 'N' SEE HOW DE BOYS'RE DOIN' WIT' DE TUBES. OUGHTA BE SENDIN' A LOT OF DEM DOWN DIS AFTERNOON!
YEAH! OH BOY, RICH!!! DAT'S US!
A MOMENT LATER, ON MOTORCYCLE AND SIDE-CAR, THEY ROAR AFTER THE FUR-LADEN WAGONS ---
I'M GONNA BUY ME A POIRL CIGAREET-HOLDER, AN' A ROLLS ROYCE, AN' A ---
NEVER MIND DAT TILL WE COLLECT DE DOUGH, STUPID!
WE AIN'T MILLYUNAIRES YET - AN' WE STILL GOTTA BE KEERFUL ABOUT DEM DICKS IN DE STATES. DEY AIN'T FOUND OUT OUR ROUTE YET, BUT WE GOTTA PLAY PLENTY COZY. HOW'RE DE BOYS ON DE OTHER END DOIN'?
OKAY, BOSS — FAR'S I KNOW!
IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES THEY PULL UP TO THE FRAMED ENTRANCE OF A CAVE IN THE FOOTHILLS ---
HERE WE ARE, BOSS --- CHARLIE'S ON DUTY HERE, AN' ED 'N' MIKE 'N' THE WEASEL 'RE PACKIN' DE TUBES DOWN BELOW.
GOOD! I DON'T WANT NO SLIP-UPS ANYWHERE!
HOWDY, BOSS! HOW'S TRICKS?
SO FAR, EVERYT'ING'S OKAY. HOWDY, MIKE! HOW MANY PELTS YOU SHIPPIN' DOWN DIS AFTERNOON?
'BOUT EIGHT HUNNERT, BOSS. DAT OKAY?
EIGHT HUNNERT? JEEPERS! DAT'S ABOUT EIGHTY T'OUSAND BUCKS! OH BOY, OH BOY, OH BOY!
YEAH, BUT IT AIN'T ALL PROFIT, YA DUMB PUNK! SAY! DESE PELTS 'RE SWELL! LOCK 'EM IN DESE AIR-TIGHT, WATER-PROOF TUBES, AND DEY'RE AS SAFE AS DE GOLD IN FORT KNOX! NOBODY KIN TELL ME I AIN'T SMART!!!
NOTICE HOW DESE TUBES 'RE BUILT WIT LIDDLE MOTORS IN 'EM, AN' PROPELLORS TO MAKE 'EM TRAVEL THROUGH DE WATER JUST LIKE TORPEDOES! AN' WE GIVE 'EM A START HERE BY CATAPAULTIN' 'EM OFF DIS TRACK --- DEN DE CURRENT AN' DERE MOTORS TAKE 'EM RIGHT DOWN DIS UNDERGROUN' RIVER TO DE STATES! CLEVER, AIN'T IT?
BOSS, YOU SURE ARE A GENIUS! I SURE WISHT I HADDA BEEN BORNED WIT YOUR BRAINS!

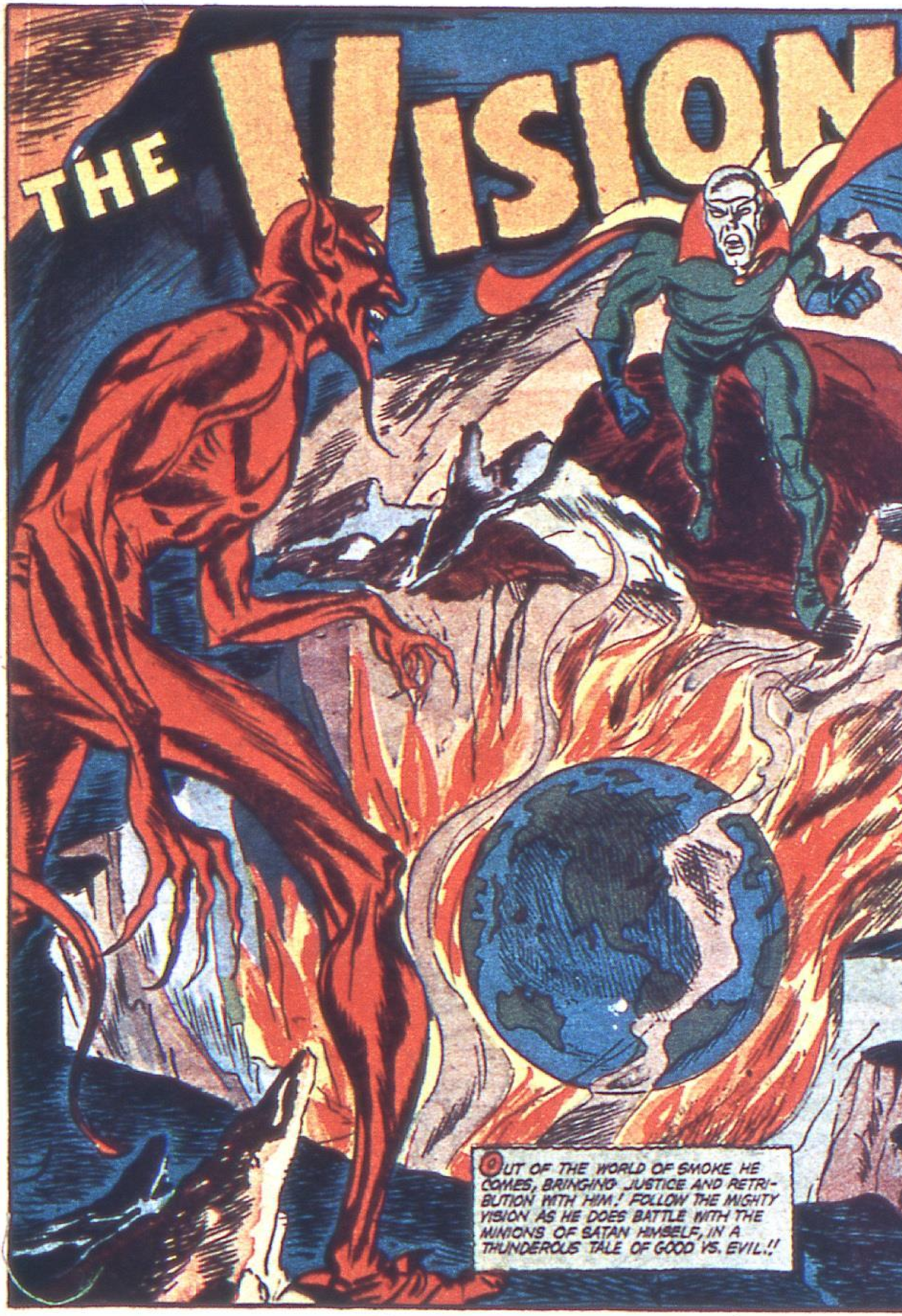

YOU AIN'T KIDDIN', BROTHER—THE FOX IS A MIGHTY SMART APPLE! NOW LET'S GIT OVER TO DE MIN-ACHURE SUBMARINE---I T'INK I'LL TAKE A LIDDLE RUN DOWN TO DE STATES TO SEE HOW T'INGS'RE STACKIN' UP DERE!
DERE SHE IS! ANUDDER CLEVER INVENSHUN, EH, RED? LEAVE IT TO DE FOX TO T'INK OF EVERYT'ING! SHE ALL SET TO TRAVEL, RED?
YOU BET, BOSS---SHE'S ALL FUELED UP, AN' RARIN' T'GO! YOU LEAVIN' RIGHT NOW?
YEAH, IF EVERYT'ING'S READY. I WANTA SEE HOW DE SHIPPIN' COMPANIES'RE DOING NOW DAT DEY AIN'T GOT DE FUR TRADE NO MORE!
OKAY, BOSS! I'LL SEE DAT T'INGS GO ALONG SMOOTH ON DIS END WHILE YER GONE!
THE FOX SCRAMBLES INTO THE LITTLE SUBMERSIBLE, AND WORKS AT THE CONTROLS ......
CONTACT, RED! LET 'ER GO!
RED, AT THE CATAPAULT RELEASE, SLAMS HOME THE "SENDING" GEAR!
SO LONG, BOSS! GOOD LUCK!
AND THE MINIATURE SUBMARINE LEAPS DOWN THE WOODEN TRACK.....
OUGHTA GIT THERE IN ABOUT EIGHT HOURS WIT' DESE POWERFUL MOTORS!
AND A MOMENT LATER PLUNGES INTO THE BLACK RIVER!

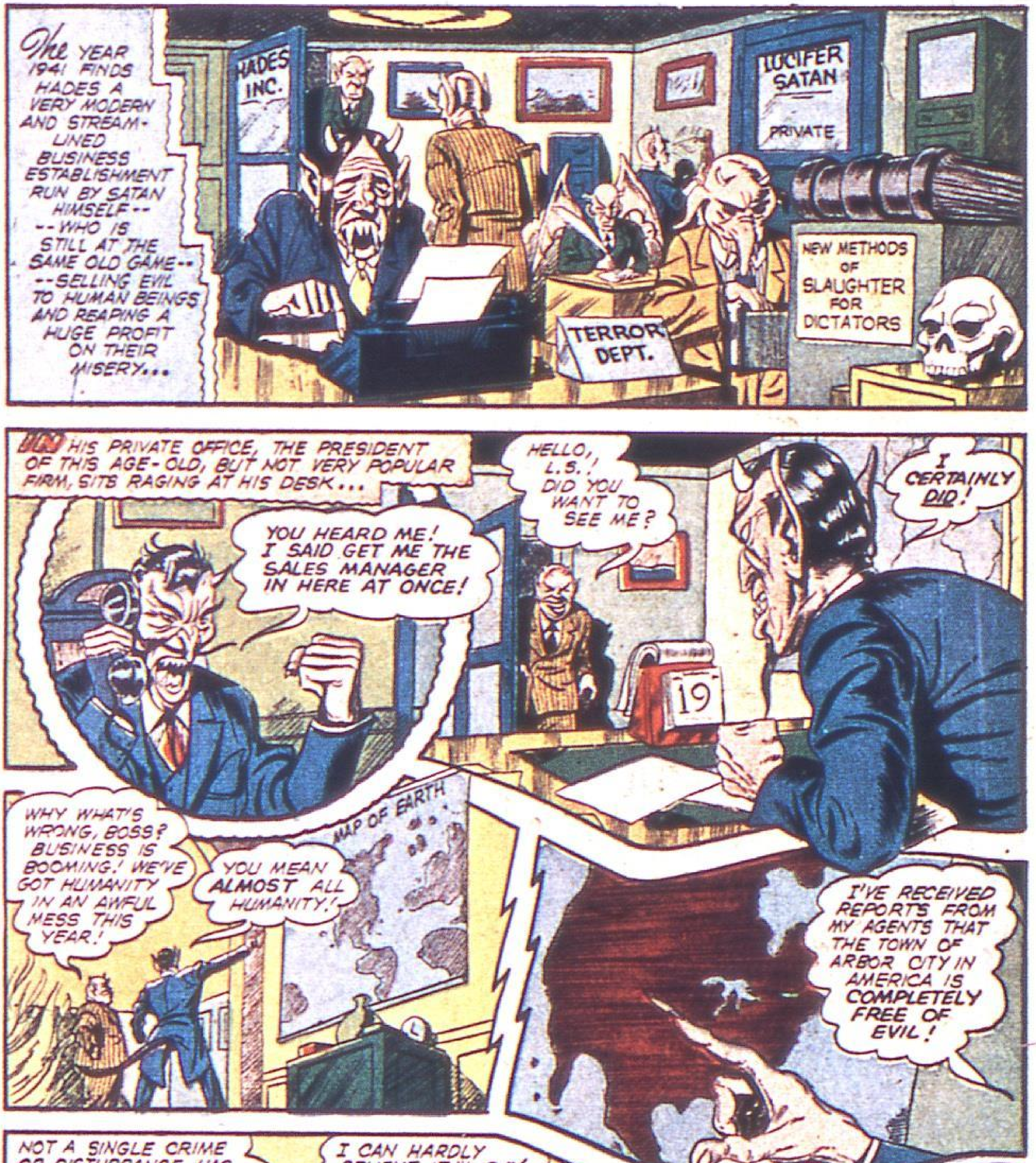

MEANWHILE, NAMOR, FARTHER SOUTH IN THE SUBTERRANEAN RIVER, DODGES THE SPEEDING ALUMINUM MISSLES ---
HOLY SMOKE! THESE THINGS *TRAVEL*!!!
SUDDENLY HE HURLS HIMSELF AT ONE OF THEM!
BETTER FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! IF IT'S WHAT I *THINK* IT IS ----!
---AND FIERCELY RIPS OPEN ITS COVER ---
WOW!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT *THAT*!!! FURS!!!
SO! *THIS* IS HOW THEY'RE BEING SMUGGLED INTO THE U.S.! THIS UNDERGROUND CHANNEL MUST RUN CLEAN DOWN TO SOME POINT IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON --- AND THE CAPSULES ARE PICKED UP THERE!
BY GOLLY, THAT *IS* CLEVER! I THINK I'LL JUST FOLLOW THESE GADGETS, AND FIND OUT WHERE THEY STOP!
FOR MANY MILES HE TRAILS THE RACING TUBES, AND SUDDENLY HE IS AMAZED TO SEE THEM COME TO A SHUDDERING HALT, HELD IN SUSPENSE BY COUNTERACTIVE ELECTRO-MAGNETS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE CHANNEL!
!
AND EVEN AS HE WATCHES, ENTRANCED, ANOTHER HUGE MAGNET DROPS FROM THE CEILING, AND SEIZES THE CAPSULES EN MASSE, AS THE POWER IS CUT FROM THE LATERAL MAGNETS!
GREAT GAR! THIS IS INGENIOUS!

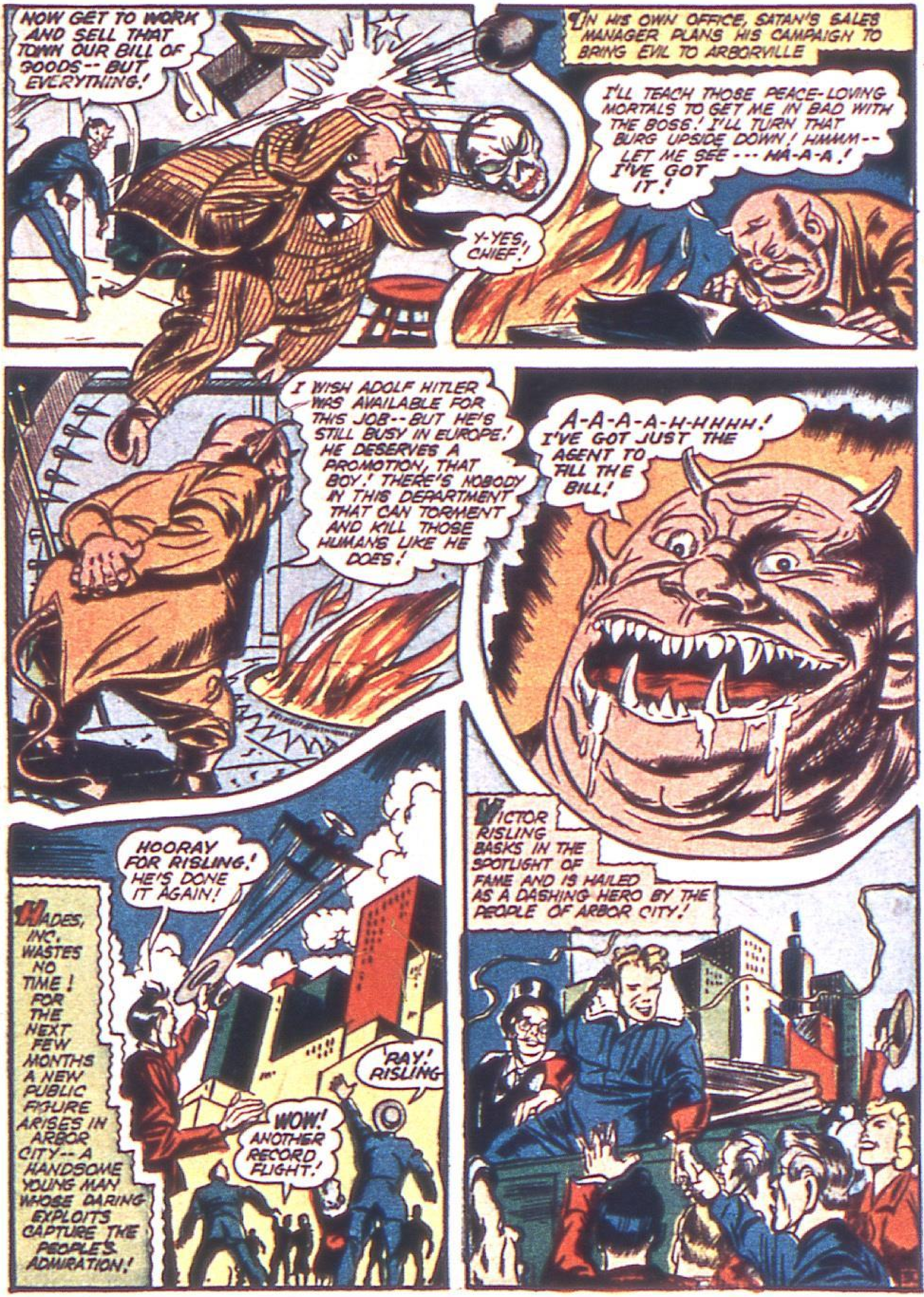

A SECOND LATER, HE IS STARTLED BY AN OMINOUS VIBRATION IN THE RAPID CURRENT---
OH-OH! WHAT'S THAT??? SOUNDS LIKE A MOTOR --- AND PROPELLORS CHURNING!
PREPARED FOR ANYTHING TO HAPPEN NOW, HE DUCKS BETWEEN AND BEHIND THE LATERAL MAGNETS!
I CAN EXPECT ALMOST ANYTHING, AT THIS POINT!
EVEN AS HE DISAPPEARS, "THE FOX"'S SUBMARINE ROARS PAST HIM, OVER HIS HEAD---
---AND A GREAT STEEL DOOR TO ONE SIDE OF THE CHANNEL SWINGS OPEN TO RECEIVE IT!
NAMOR DARTS SWIFTLY FROM HIS HIDING-PLACE ---- BUT TOO LATE! THE DOOR SLAMS IN HIS FACE!
NUTS!
SLAM!
BUT, UNDAUNTED, HE SEIZES THE DOOR IN HIS POWERFUL HANDS, AND RIPS IT OPEN!
INSIDE, THE FOX, AND AN AWAITING HENCHMAN, WHIRL AROUND IN FRIGHTENED SURPRISE!
WELL, BLAST MY BINOCULARS! WHO'S DAT???
10.

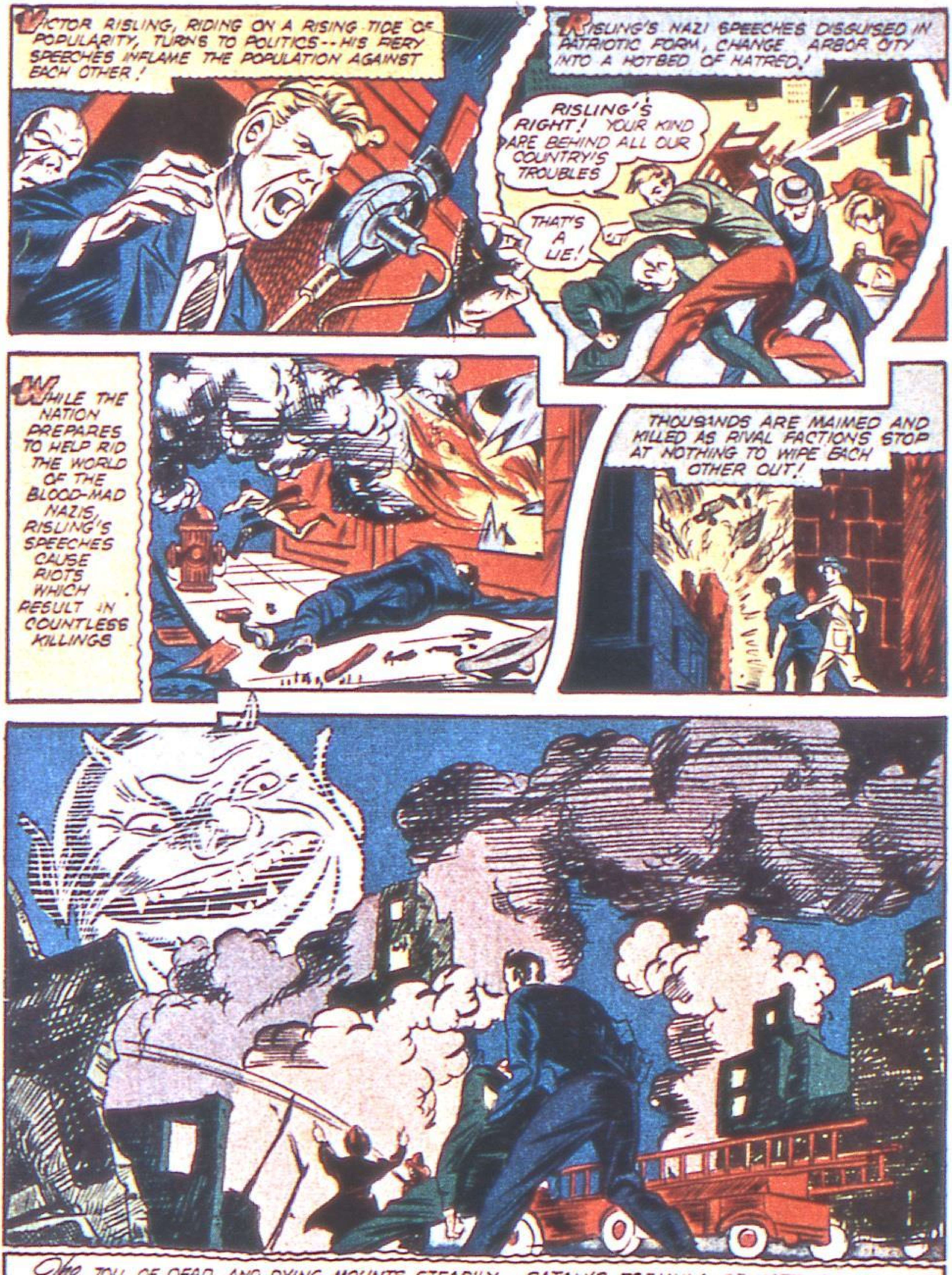

THE TWO LAW-BREAKERS WHIP OUT THEIR REVOLVERS!
IT'S DE SUB-MARINER, CHIEF! I SEEN HIM BEFORE! SHOOT TO KILL!!!
I'LL GIT 'IM, BUCK!
---AND NAMOR LEAPS!
OH, YEAH??? THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, WEASEL-PUSS!
AND LASHES OUT WITH A TERRIFIC RIGHT TO THE JAW OF THE FOX'S ACCOMPLICE!
BAM!
IMMEDIATELY, HE LIFTS THE UNCONSCIOUS CROOK HIGH OVER HIS HEAD!
LOOK OUT, LITTLE RAT---HERE COMES A PRESENT FOR YOU!!!
AND WITH A TREMENDOUS HEAVE, THROWS HIM BODILY AT THE FOX, WHO DUCKS---NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!
BAH! MISSED!
TOO BAD, FISH-FACE!
AGILE AS THE ANIMAL FOR WHOM HE WAS NAMED, THE FOX SPRINGS INTO THE OPEN COCKPIT OF HIS LITTLE SUBMARINE!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME NOW, SUB-MARINER!!!
AND BEFORE NAMOR HAS A CHANCE TO ACT, THE FOX SPINS HIS CRAFT ABOUT, AND MAKES FOR THE BROKEN DOOR!

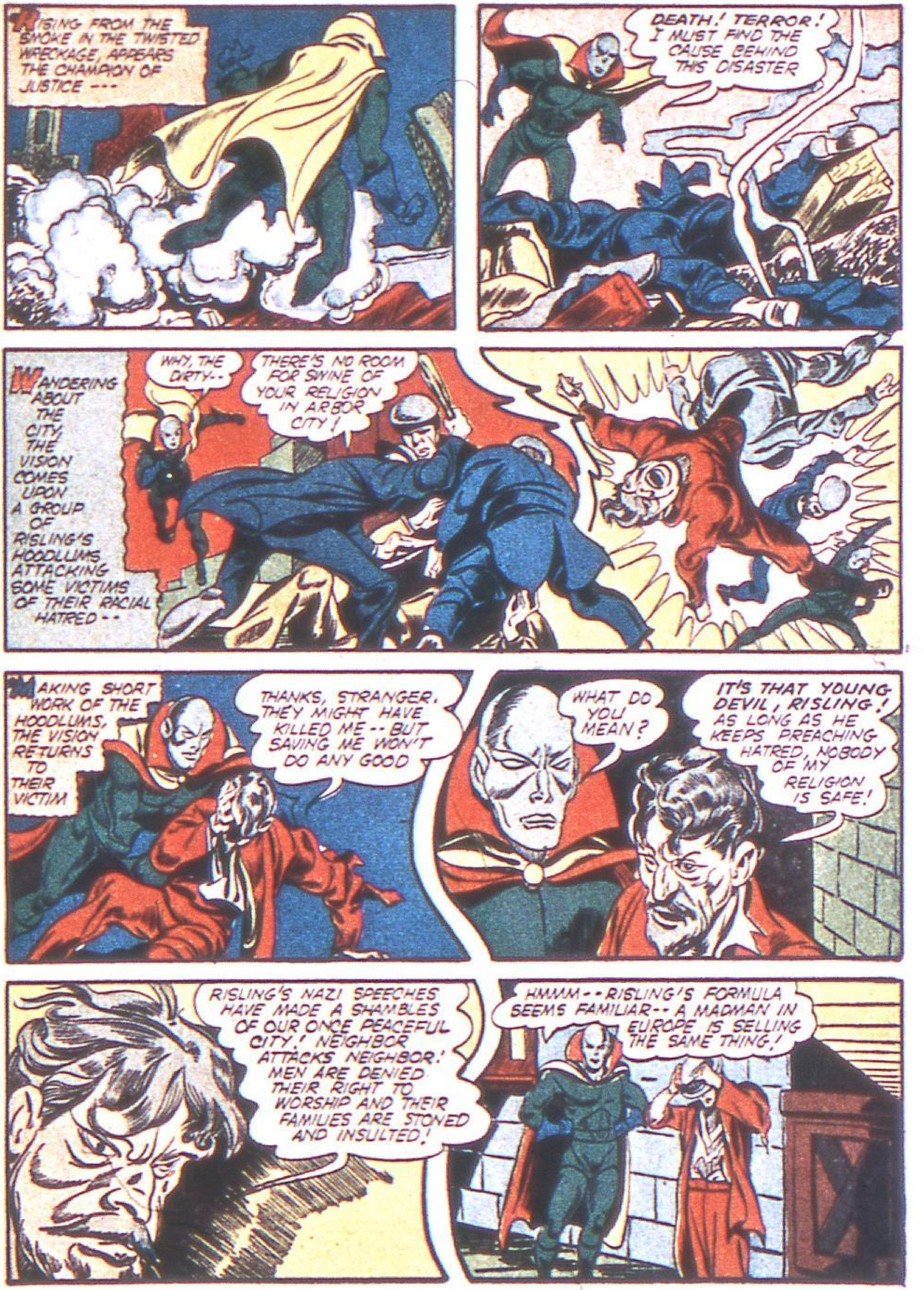

BUT NAMOR LOSES NO TIME IN DIVING IN AFTER HIM---
THE DANG DUMMY! HE CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME!
THE RACE IS ON! NAMOR TAGS BEHIND THE LITTLE SUBMARINE, WONDERING WHERE THE CHASE WILL END---
MILE AFTER MILE, THEY CHURN UP THE SUBTERRANEAN RIVER, UNTIL FINALLY THE FOX REACHES HIS FARM---HE DUCKS QUICKLY OUT OF THE SUB, AND DASHES TO THE CAVE EXIT----
BUT NAMOR STILL FOLLOWS, A SPLIT SECOND BEHIND!
AHA! SO THIS IS IT, EH?
RUN!!! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! HE AIN'T HUMAN!
WHAT--? WHO-?
THE GUARD TRIES TO INTERCEPT HIM, BUT NAMOR LASHES OUT WITH A DEATH-DEALING LEFT!
SO SORRY, PAL! FUN'S FUN, BUT—!
YEOW!
CRACK!
LEAVING THE GUARD PRONE, HE SOCKS A RIGHT TO RED'S JAW!
AND THAT FOR YOU, TOO, BRICK-TOP! COME BACK HERE, FOXY!
TEN MINUTES LATER, WITH THE BEATEN "FOX" IN HIS POWER, HE MAKES HIS CUSTOMARY PHONE CALL!
GET ME THE U.S. CUSTOMS HOUSE! --- HELLO? THIS IS THE SUB-MARINER - YES - I'VE CAUGHT YOUR FUR TAX EVADERS - COME AND GET 'EM!
FOR FORTY MORE PAGES OF SUB-MARINER SUPER-THRILLS, DON'T MISS THE BIG NEW SUB-MARINER #3 ON SALE ABOUT OCTOBER 1ST
ALSO 20 PAGES OF THE NEWEST THRILL-A-MINUTE "ANGEL" ADVENTURE IN THIS BIG BARGAIN BOOK!

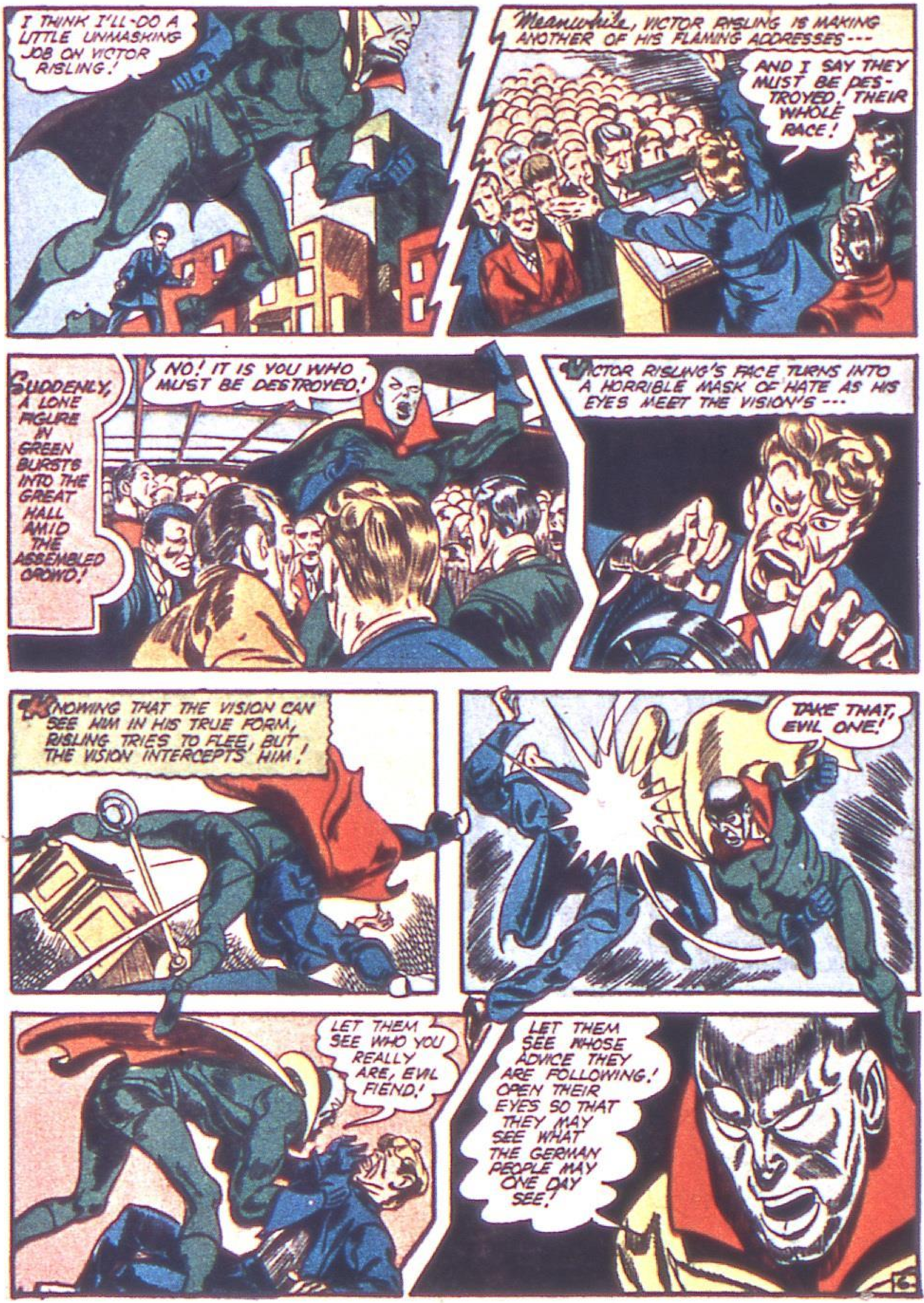

THE VISION
OUT OF THE WORLD OF SMOKE HE COMES, BRINGING JUSTICE AND RETRIBUTION WITH HIM! FOLLOW THE MIGHTY VISION AS HE DOES BATTLE WITH THE MINIONS OF SATAN HIMSELF, IN A THUNDEROUS TALE OF GOOD VS. EVIL!!

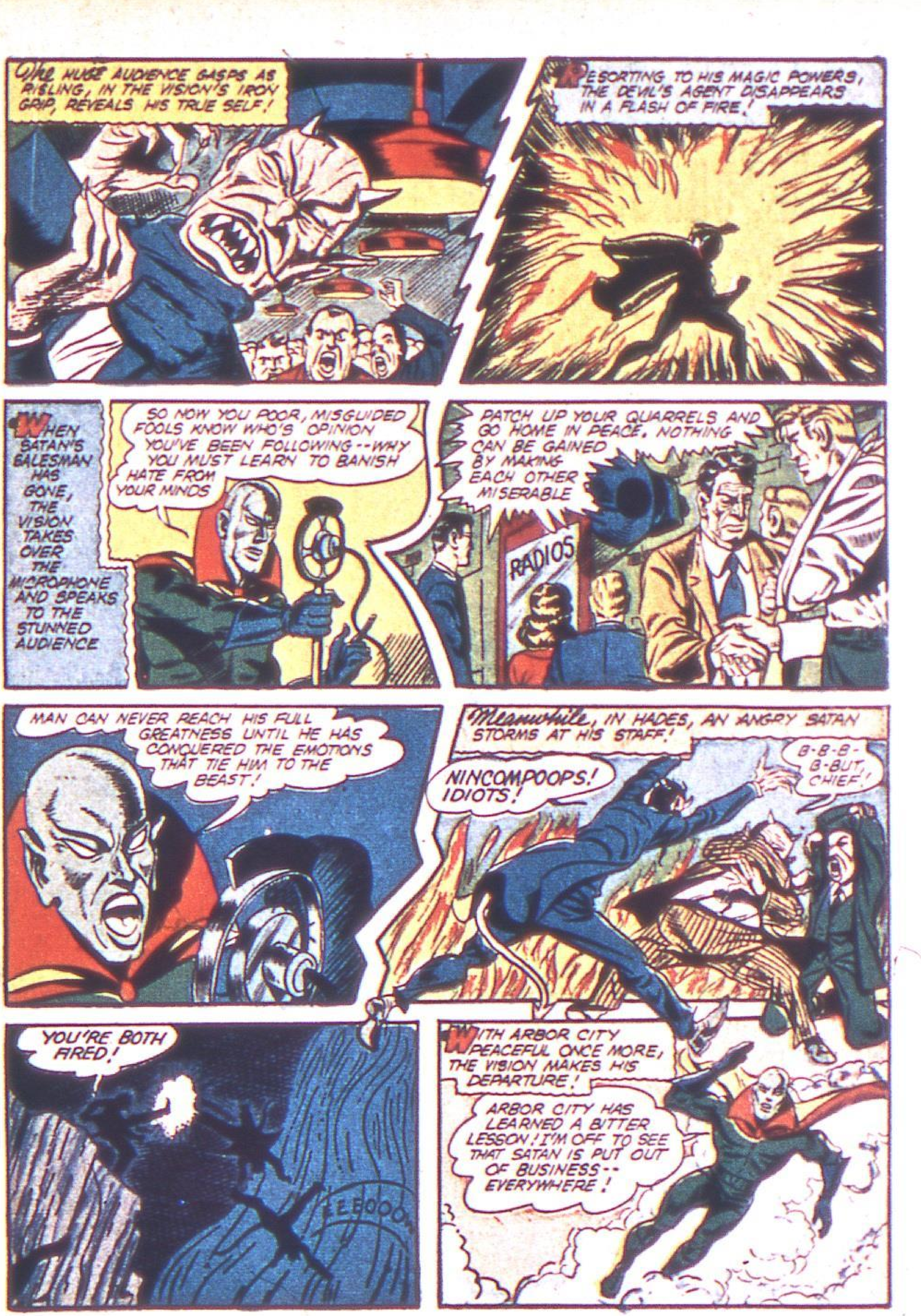

The YEAR 1941 FINDS HADES A VERY MODERN AND STREAM-LINED BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENT RUN BY SATAN HIMSELF-- --WHO IS STILL AT THE SAME OLD GAME-- --SELLING EVIL TO HUMAN BEINGS AND REAPING A HUGE PROFIT ON THEIR MISERY...
HADES INC.
LUCIFER SATAN
PRIVATE
TERROR DEPT.
NEW METHODS OF SLAUGHTER FOR DICTATORS
IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE, THE PRESIDENT OF THIS AGE-OLD, BUT NOT VERY POPULAR FIRM, SITS RAGING AT HIS DESK...
YOU HEARD ME! I SAID GET ME THE SALES MANAGER IN HERE AT ONCE!
HELLO, L.S.! DID YOU WANT TO SEE ME?
I CERTAINLY DID!
19
WHY WHAT'S WRONG, BOSS? BUSINESS IS BOOMING! WE'VE GOT HUMANITY IN AN AWFUL MESS THIS YEAR!
YOU MEAN ALMOST ALL HUMANITY!
MAP OF EARTH
I'VE RECEIVED REPORTS FROM MY AGENTS THAT THE TOWN OF ARBOR CITY IN AMERICA IS COMPLETELY FREE OF EVIL!
NOT A SINGLE CRIME OR DISTURBANCE HAS BEEN HEARD OF IN THAT TOWN IN YEARS! THOSE PEOPLE ARE HAPPY TO A DISGUSTING DEGREE!
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT, "L.S."! IT'S POSITIVELY SHAMEFUL!
SOMEBODY IN THIS ORGANIZATION IS FALLING DOWN ON THE JOB!
BUT CHIEF, I-I-


NOW GET TO WORK AND SELL THAT TOWN OUR BILL OF GOODS -- BUT EVERYTHING!
Y-YES, CHIEF!
IN HIS OWN OFFICE, SATAN'S SALES MANAGER PLANS HIS CAMPAIGN TO BRING EVIL TO ARBORVILLE
I'LL TEACH THOSE PEACE-LOVING MORTALS TO GET ME IN BAD WITH THE BOSS! I'LL TURN THAT BURG UPSIDE DOWN! HMMM -- LET ME SEE --- HA-A-A! I'VE GOT IT!
I WISH ADOLF HITLER WAS AVAILABLE FOR THIS JOB -- BUT HE'S STILL BUSY IN EUROPE! HE DESERVES A PROMOTION, THAT BOY! THERE'S NOBODY IN THIS DEPARTMENT THAT CAN TORMENT AND KILL THOSE HUMANS LIKE HE DOES!
A-A-A-A-H-HHHH! I'VE GOT JUST THE AGENT TO FILL THE BILL!
HADES, INC. WASTES NO TIME! FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS A NEW PUBLIC FIGURE ARISES IN ARBOR CITY -- A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN WHOSE DARING EXPLOITS CAPTURE THE PEOPLE'S ADMIRATION!
HOORAY FOR RISLING! HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!
'RAY! RISLING
WOW! ANOTHER RECORD FLIGHT!
VICTOR RISLING BASKS IN THE SPOTLIGHT OF FAME AND IS HAILED AS A DASHING HERO BY THE PEOPLE OF ARBOR CITY!


VICTOR RISLING, RIDING ON A RISING TIDE OF POPULARITY, TURNS TO POLITICS--HIS FIERY SPEECHES INFLAME THE POPULATION AGAINST EACH OTHER!
RISLING'S NAZI SPEECHES DISGUISED IN PATRIOTIC FORM, CHANGE ARBOR CITY INTO A HOTBED OF HATRED!
RISLING'S RIGHT! YOUR KIND ARE BEHIND ALL OUR COUNTRY'S TROUBLES
THAT'S A LIE!
WHILE THE NATION PREPARES TO HELP RID THE WORLD OF THE BLOOD-MAD NAZIS, RISLING'S SPEECHES CAUSE RIOTS WHICH RESULT IN COUNTLESS KILLINGS
THOUSANDS ARE MAIMED AND KILLED AS RIVAL FACTIONS STOP AT NOTHING TO WIPE EACH OTHER OUT!
THE TOLL OF DEAD AND DYING MOUNTS STEADILY. SATAN'S FORMULA OF HATE, BEING PEDDLED BY HIS SALESMAN, VICTOR RISLING, IS ATTAINING SUCCESS IN ONCE PEACE-LOVING ARBOR CITY... DEATH AND MISERY RUN RAMPANT EVERYWHERE---


RISING FROM THE SMOKE IN THE TWISTED WRECKAGE, APPEARS THE CHAMPION OF JUSTICE ---
DEATH! TERROR! I MUST FIND THE CAUSE BEHIND THIS DISASTER
WANDERING ABOUT THE CITY, THE VISION COMES UPON A GROUP OF RISLING'S HOODLUMS ATTACKING SOME VICTIMS OF THEIR RACIAL HATRED --
WHY, THE DIRTY--
THERE'S NO ROOM FOR SWINE OF YOUR RELIGION IN ARBOR CITY!
MAKING SHORT WORK OF THE HOODLUMS, THE VISION RETURNS TO THEIR VICTIM
THANKS, STRANGER. THEY MIGHT HAVE KILLED ME -- BUT SAVING ME WON'T DO ANY GOOD
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
IT'S THAT YOUNG DEVIL, RISLING! AS LONG AS HE KEEPS PREACHING HATRED, NOBODY OF MY RELIGION IS SAFE!
RISLING'S NAZI SPEECHES HAVE MADE A SHAMBLES OF OUR ONCE PEACEFUL CITY! NEIGHBOR ATTACKS NEIGHBOR! MEN ARE DENIED THEIR RIGHT TO WORSHIP AND THEIR FAMILIES ARE STONED AND INSULTED!
HMMM -- RISLING'S FORMULA SEEMS FAMILIAR -- A MADMAN IN EUROPE IS SELLING THE SAME THING!


I THINK I'LL-DO A LITTLE UNMASKING JOB ON VICTOR RISLING!
Meanwhile, VICTOR RISLING IS MAKING ANOTHER OF HIS FLAMING ADDRESSES---
AND I SAY THEY MUST BE DESTROYED! THEIR WHOLE RACE!
SUDDENLY, A LONE FIGURE IN GREEN BURSTS INTO THE GREAT HALL AMID THE ASSEMBLED CROWD!
NO! IT IS YOU WHO MUST BE DESTROYED!
VICTOR RISLING'S FACE TURNS INTO A HORRIBLE MASK OF HATE AS HIS EYES MEET THE VISION'S---
KNOWING THAT THE VISION CAN SEE HIM IN HIS TRUE FORM, RISLING TRIES TO FLEE, BUT THE VISION INTERCEPTS HIM!
TAKE THAT, EVIL ONE!
LET THEM SEE WHO YOU REALLY ARE, EVIL FIEND!
LET THEM SEE WHOSE ADVICE THEY ARE FOLLOWING! OPEN THEIR EYES SO THAT THEY MAY SEE WHAT THE GERMAN PEOPLE MAY ONE DAY SEE!
6


THE HUGE AUDIENCE GASPS AS RISLING, IN THE VISION'S IRON GRIP, REVEALS HIS TRUE SELF!
RESORTING TO HIS MAGIC POWERS, THE DEVIL'S AGENT DISAPPEARS IN A FLASH OF FIRE!
WHEN SATAN'S SALESMAN HAS GONE, THE VISION TAKES OVER THE MICROPHONE AND SPEAKS TO THE STUNNED AUDIENCE
SO NOW YOU POOR, MISGUIDED FOOLS KNOW WHO'S OPINION YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWING--WHY YOU MUST LEARN TO BANISH HATE FROM YOUR MINDS
PATCH UP YOUR QUARRELS AND GO HOME IN PEACE. NOTHING CAN BE GAINED BY MAKING EACH OTHER MISERABLE
RADIOS
MAN CAN NEVER REACH HIS FULL GREATNESS UNTIL HE HAS CONQUERED THE EMOTIONS THAT TIE HIM TO THE BEAST!
MEANWHILE, IN HADES, AN ANGRY SATAN STORMS AT HIS STAFF!
NINCOMPOOPS! IDIOTS!
B-B-B-B-BUT, CHIEF!
YOU'RE BOTH FIRED!
EEBOOOM
WITH ARBOR CITY PEACEFUL ONCE MORE, THE VISION MAKES HIS DEPARTURE!
ARBOR CITY HAS LEARNED A BITTER LESSON! I'M OFF TO SEE THAT SATAN IS PUT OUT OF BUSINESS--EVERYWHERE!

QUICK THINKING

DON'T READ THIS

Ed knew that the old man never took a newspaper. He knew that Old Tom couldn't read. He also knew that the gangsters were in the neighborhood.

The mailman put two and two together and got the right answer! ***DID YOU?***

— until you've read the story!

or How Good a Detective Are You?

OLD TOM MORIARITY was what might be called a hermit. He lived all alone on a little two by four farm in a ramshackle, sagging frame house, in the foot-hills of the Berkshires. His house was in a very secluded section of the landscape, far from the main roads. It took the mailman a good half hour to reach the place. Not that Old Tom ever got any mail, but Eddie Thompson, the husky young mailman dropped in to see Tom every day.

Tom had plenty to talk about. He had broken broncos out West, he had panned gold in the Klondike of Alaska, and had charged up San Juan Hill with the Rough Riders in the war with Spain. Not that Tom was very talkative, it was just that he liked to reminisce of the old days and because Eddie made such a good audience.

Once Eddie had asked the old man why he never saw any books around, Tom looked at him coldly and said, "Young feller, I been too busy all muh life to git any book-larnin' and I be plenty happy—considerin' what news yuh been tellin' me, without it! I can't even read!"

This had struck Eddie as fairly good reasoning. He thought to himself that in these troublesome times, ignorance of what was happening in the world was truly bliss.

The section around Tom's little farm was really "country" in every sense of the word. Quiet farmhouses and sprawling fields with mounds of hay stacked in regular lines. There were a few sleepy towns and villages nearby. That was about all. However, the county seat, Kenton, was a good-sized, busy city. Like all business centers it had a bank. The First National Bank of Kenton, which took in, and gave out a great deal of money on the busy Saturday market day.

One Saturday, when people were passing in and out of the bank, two cars suddenly pulled up. Hard faced young men hustled out of them. The drivers stayed behind the wheels and the motors were kept runing. The men quickly stepped into the bank and before any one knew, what had happened, stub nosed automatics appeared in their hands.

A thin lipped, pock-marked youth snapped out, "This is a hold up. Don't nobody move. A peep out of anybody will be his last!"

A young girl, waiting in line beside the teller's window, screamed. The thin lipped man whirled and his automatic spat lead. The girl went down with a gasp.

Henry Gordon, the bank guard, saw the callous murder.

His gun roared and the gang leader went down. The others fired at Henry and winged him in the shoulder. The gangsters retreated, shooting wildly! Outside, they raced for their cars just as two state troopers came up on the run. A brief, wild flurry of shots rang out.

The cars pulled away. Guns were still blazing when the cars hurtled around the corner and disappeared. A hasty pursuit was formed and the alarm was flashed to State Police headquarters. Road blocks were set up and it was obvious that the criminals could not make their getaway but had taken to the hills.

THAT WAS THE WAY MATTERS STOOD when Eddie Thompson, the mailman, paid his morning visit to Old Tom. This time *he* did the talking. He told the old man what had happened in Kenton.

"You had better be careful,Tom," the mailman warned solemnly, "those guys were heading for the hills . . . in *this* direction! You're an old man and all alone. You won't have a chance against them, if they happen up this way."

The old man stood up and drew himself to his full, gaunt height. With dignity he spoke, "Mister, you insult me. I reckon I kin hold muh own with any bunch of pasty-faced rats thet shoot down wimmen!"

"Sure! Sure, old timer, I didn't mean anything," said Ed. He saw that he really had hurt the older man. "I just meant for you to be on your toes and watch out for those crooks."

"Don't you fret, son. Ef'n them hombres head this way, they'll find thet Old Tom Moriarity still has a few tricks up his sleeve."

Old Tom watched him as he disappeared from view. Then the recluse walked back into his house. He opened a trunk and carefully drew out a gun belt. In each of the holsters was an old-fashioned Derringer six-shooter. Tom carried them to the porch, and sitting down on the top step, he carefully cleaned and oiled each of the guns.

It was almost dusk when he finished his task. Tom stood up and buckled the guns around his waist. They felt heavy against his legs.

"Good many years since I toted these here equalizers," Tom said aloud.

He yawned and stretched. It was dark now. Night sets in quickly in the hills. Tom heard a rustling in the bushes. He passed it off as some little animal scurrying along. Then he heard a cough. It was a very *human* cough.

Tom ducked low and his aged hands reached out for the long barrelled guns. Crawling cautiously forward,Tom called out:

"Who's thar?"

His answer came in a flash of flame and the whine of a bullet. It splattered against the rocks behind him. Old Tom snap-fired at the flash.

It kept up like that for a few minutes and then, suddenly, a cold voice behind Tom said, "Drop those guns and *reach!*"

Tom was an experienced gun fighter. He knew when he was licked. Obediently, the old man rose to his feet, dropped his guns and lifted his hands high overhead.

Three men came out of the bushes. Two others were behind him.

"March to the house," one of them barked.

When they got inside the house, and a kerosene lamp was lit, Tom got a good look at his captors. They were the gangsters all right. Tom had never seen a gangster, but the shifty-eyed men who stood before him looked as though they were capable of committing any crime.

"Got any grub?" snapped a flashily dressed gunman.

"Reckon I have," replied the old man. He was about to add,'But not for skunks!'—but thought better of it.

"Then get busy and start cooking it."

"Shor, boys!" Old Tom started bustling about the kitchen. In a while, heaping plates of ham and eggs were laid before the men, who ate ravenously.

After they had gulped down cups of hot coffee, the flashily dressed gangster leaned back in his chair. He eyed Old Tom with a piercing glance.

"Pop," he said, "I guess you know that we aren't boy scouts. We pulled that bank job in Kenton. A couple of people got hurt. Maybe they were hurt permanently, see? And we won't mind adding another fatal accident to the score. D'ya understand?"

"Reckon, I *do*."

"Well, we want a place to hole out until this blows over. We *like* it here. So were *takin' over*, see?"

"It's all right with me," parried Old Tom.

"You got no choice! Now you breathe one word about us to anybody and I'll let you have it. If not me, then one of the other boys."

"Seems to be settled," Tom smiled, "don't it?"

SOMEHOW THE NIGHT PASSED. The next morning, Old Tom was on tenterhooks. He knew that the mailman would be along for his daily visit. Tom was afraid that the gangsters might harm his young friend. He thought quickly.

"Mister," he said to the flashy gunman, "I got to tell you that the mailman'll be along with my daily paper. I won't tell him nuthin'. Don't hurt him none."

"Sure, Pop, sure," said the gangster generously. "You just keep your mouth shut about us, and we'll let the mailman go. One peep from you, though, and the two of you are *dead men!*"

The afternoon was waning when the mailman's flivver was heard rattling over the bumpy roads.

"It's the mailman," said Tom.

"Okay, Pop. We'll be inside. Meet him on the porch and no phoney moves, *mind . . .*"

Ed's car chugged to a stop outside the house. He leaped out.

"Hi, old timer . . ." he began.

"Hello, Ed," Tom's voice was loud. "Got my paper? I've been waiting for you all day. You're pretty late."

Ed paused for a moment, then he walked over to the car and brought out a newspaper.

"Here y'are friend, can't stay today—see you with your paper tomorrow!" Ed smiled, started the car, and drove away. Tom heaved a long sigh of relief.

The gangsters came out. "Nice work, Pop," said one, "guess we can trust *you* all right!"

It was late evening when there was a rush of feet outside. The door ripped off its hinges and State Troopers poured into the house. Revolvers were gripped in their hands.

The startled gangsters didn't have a chance. While they were being handcuffed, Ed Thompson stepped in. He had a big grin on his face.

"Well, old timer, I guess we did it."

"Yup!" Tom grinned.

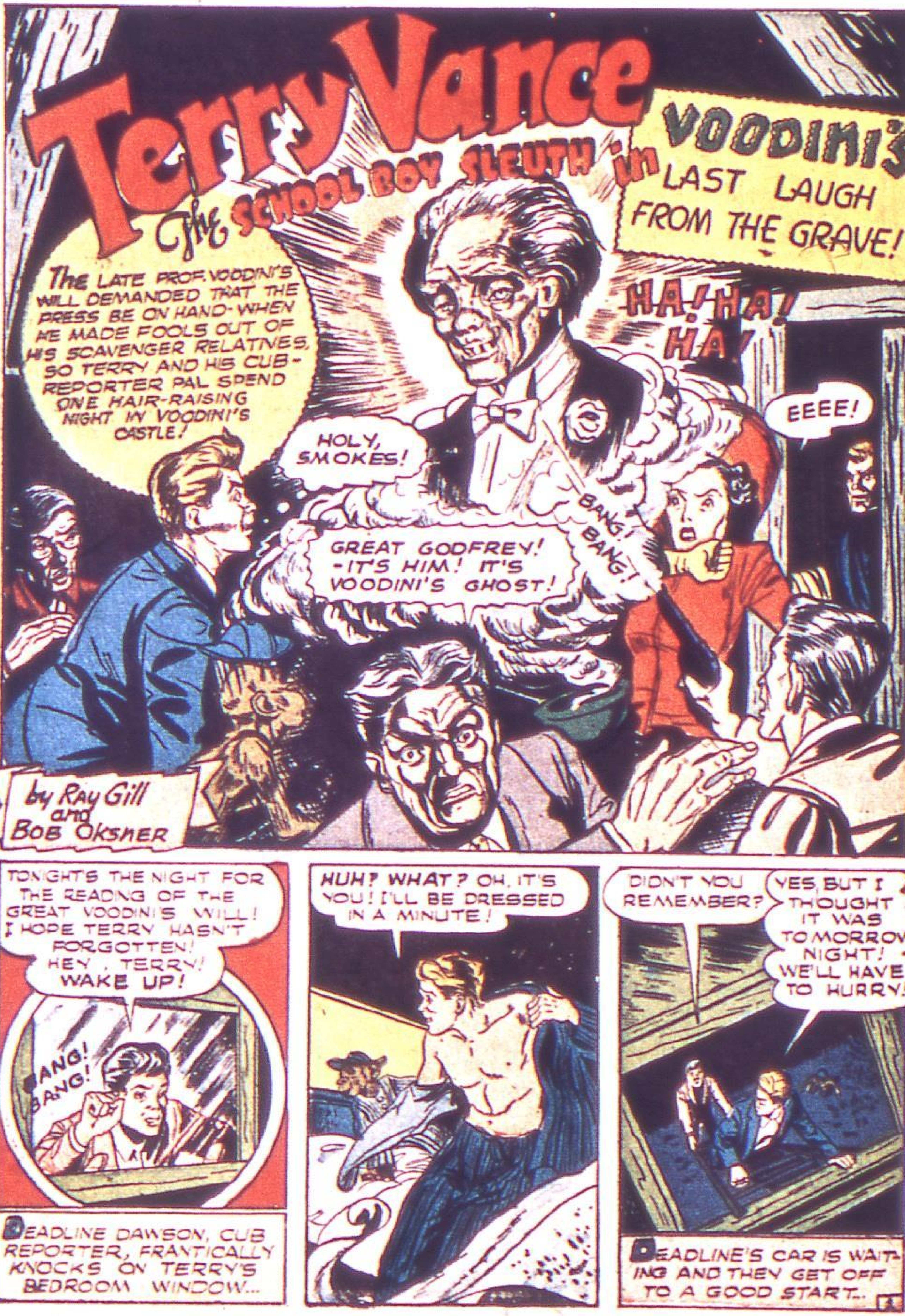
"How did you know that we were hiding here," asked the flashy gangster,"Nobody told you anything!"

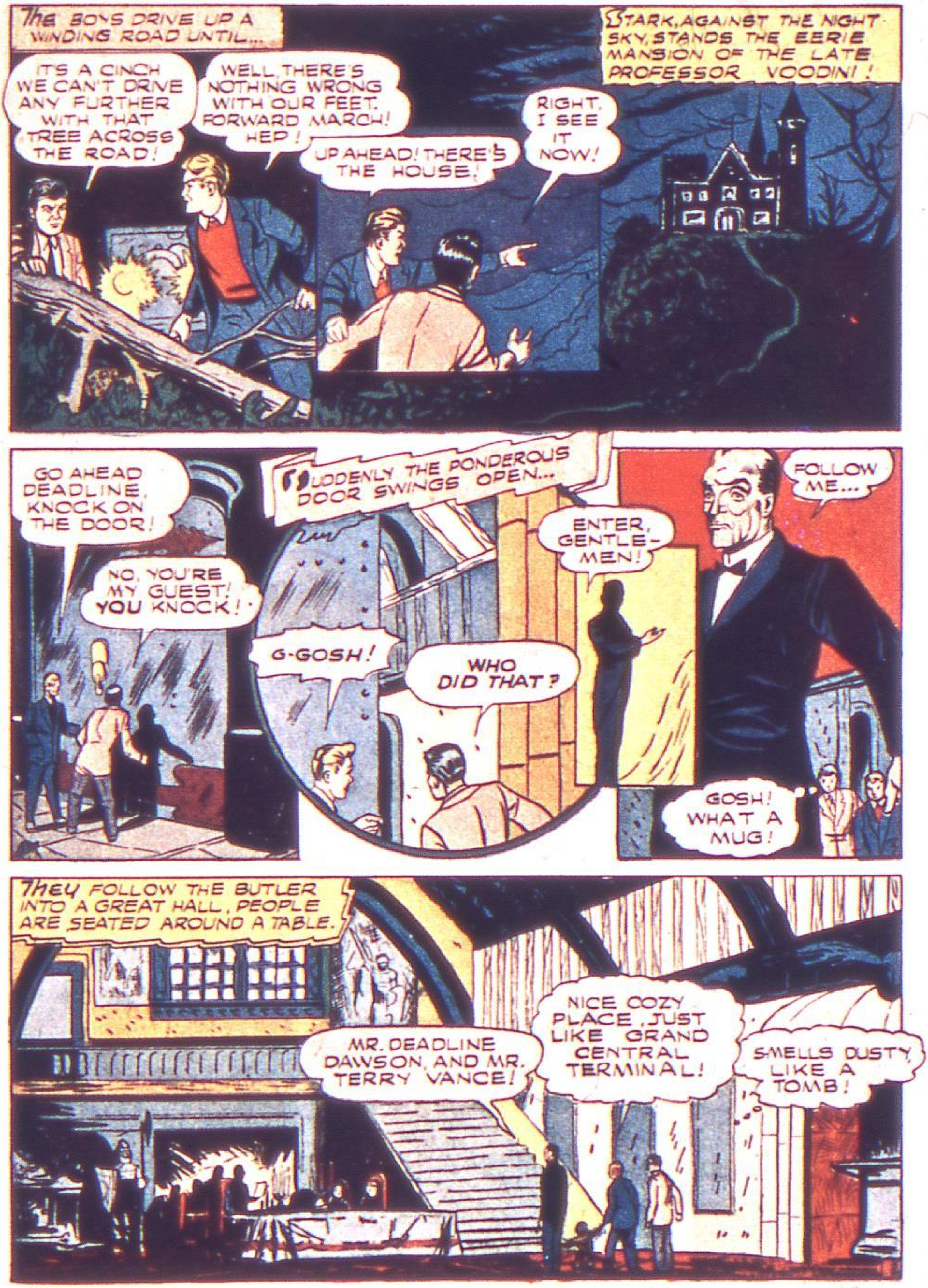
CAN YOU GUESS HOW ED KNEW THE GANGSTERS WERE THERE? ALL THE CLUES HAVE BEEN GIVEN!

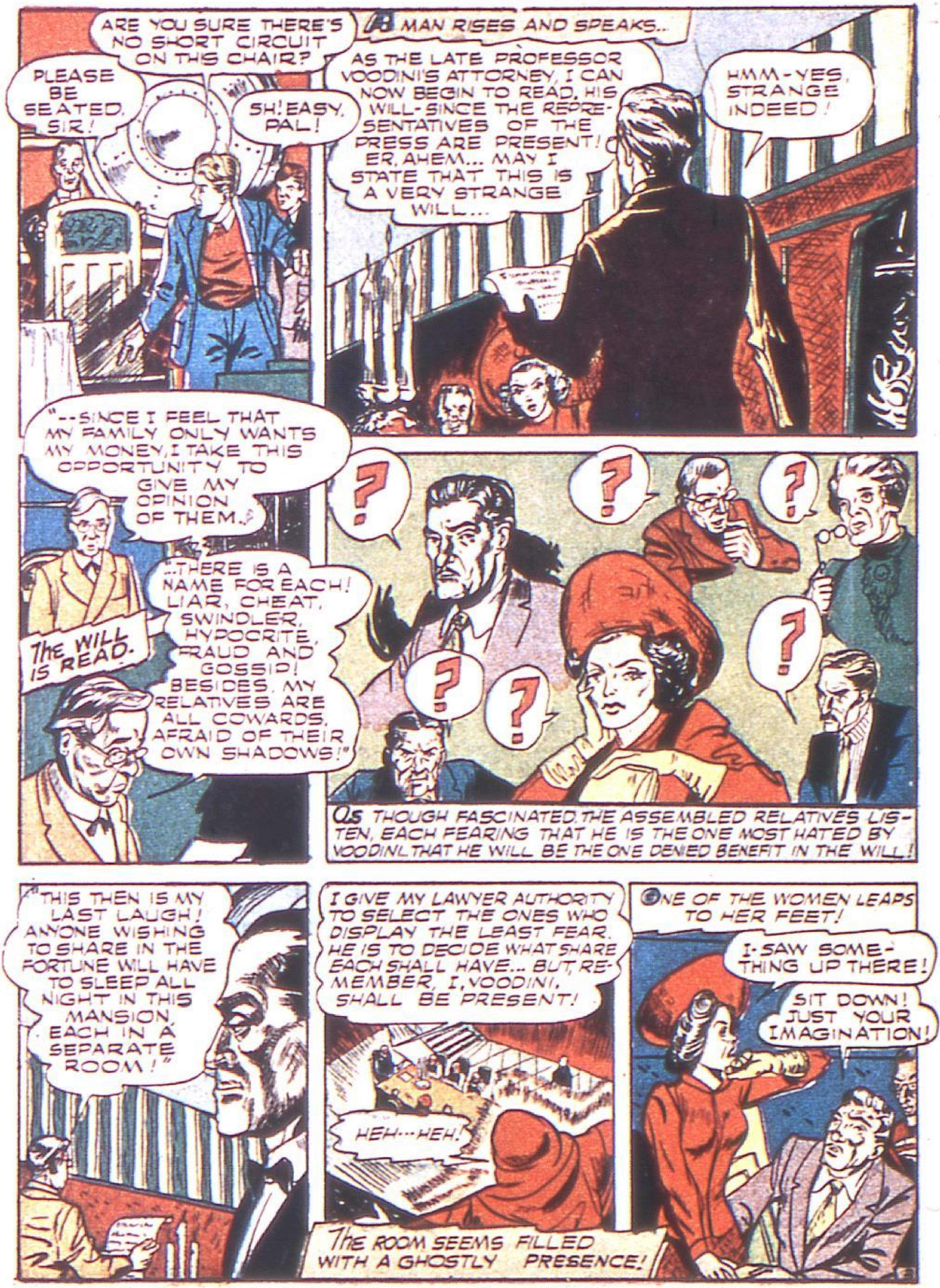
Check your answer with the truth in the upside down panel on the opposite page!

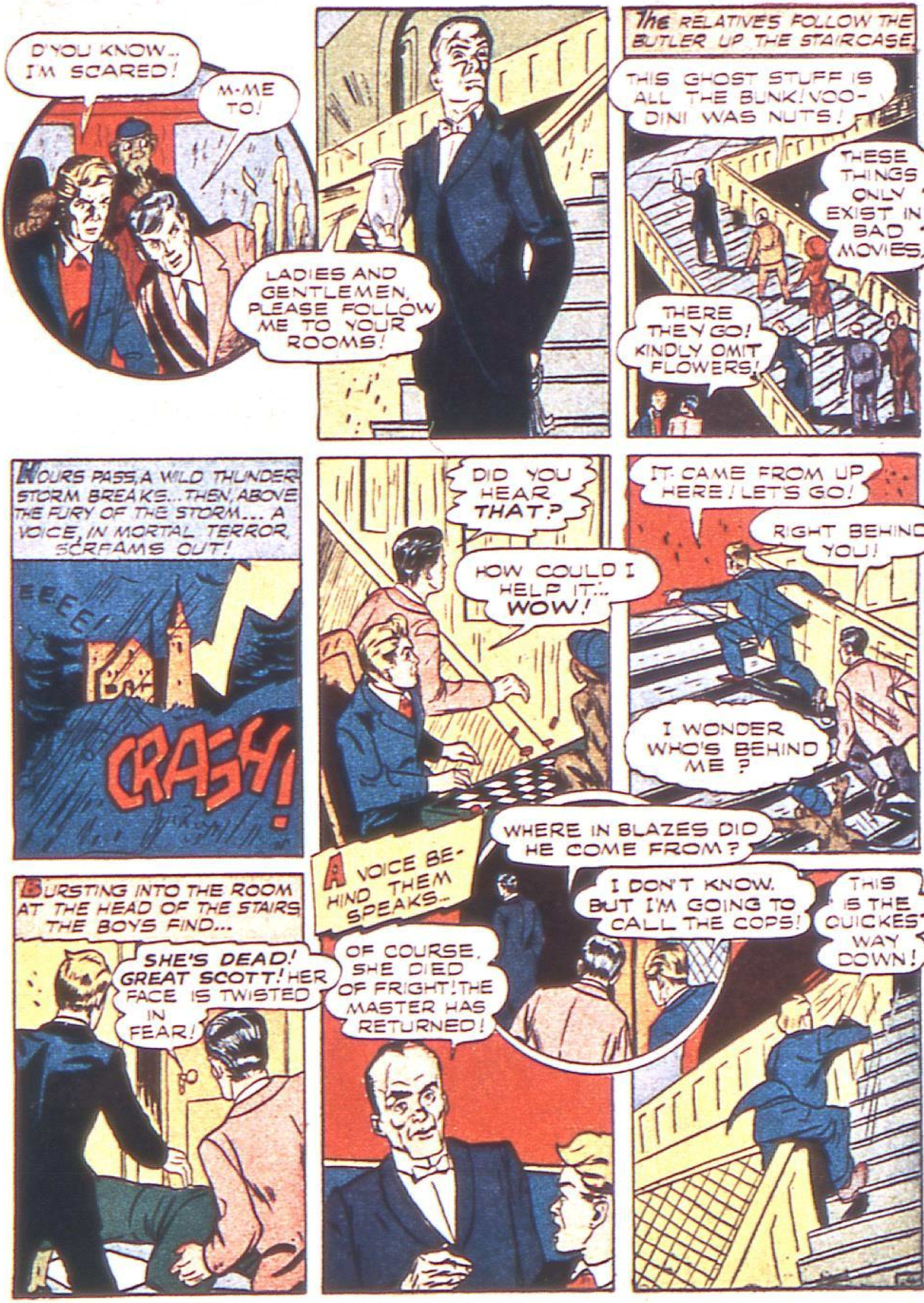
Terry Vance The School Boy Sleuth in VOODINI'S LAST LAUGH FROM THE GRAVE!

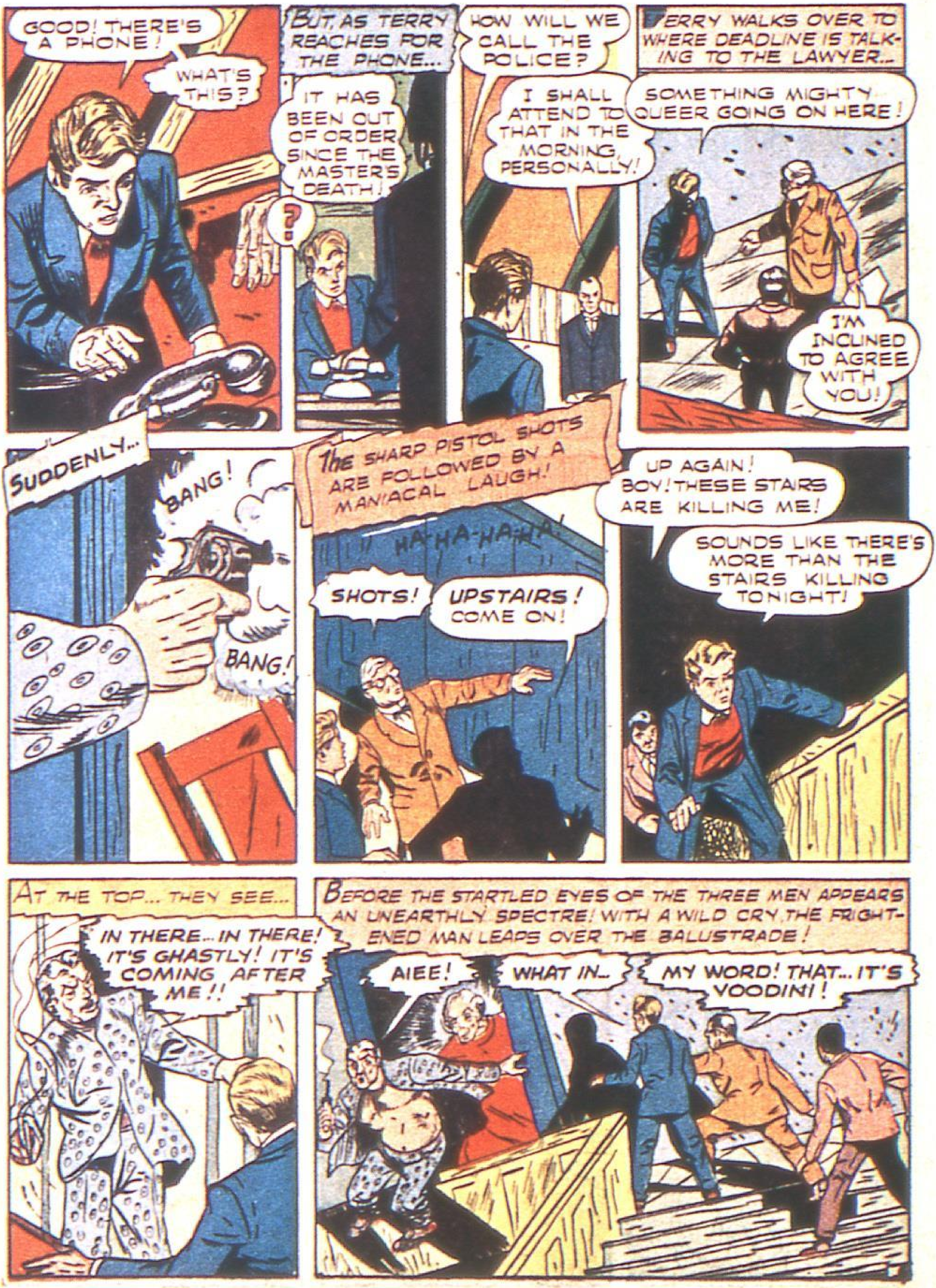
by Ray Gill and Bob Oksner

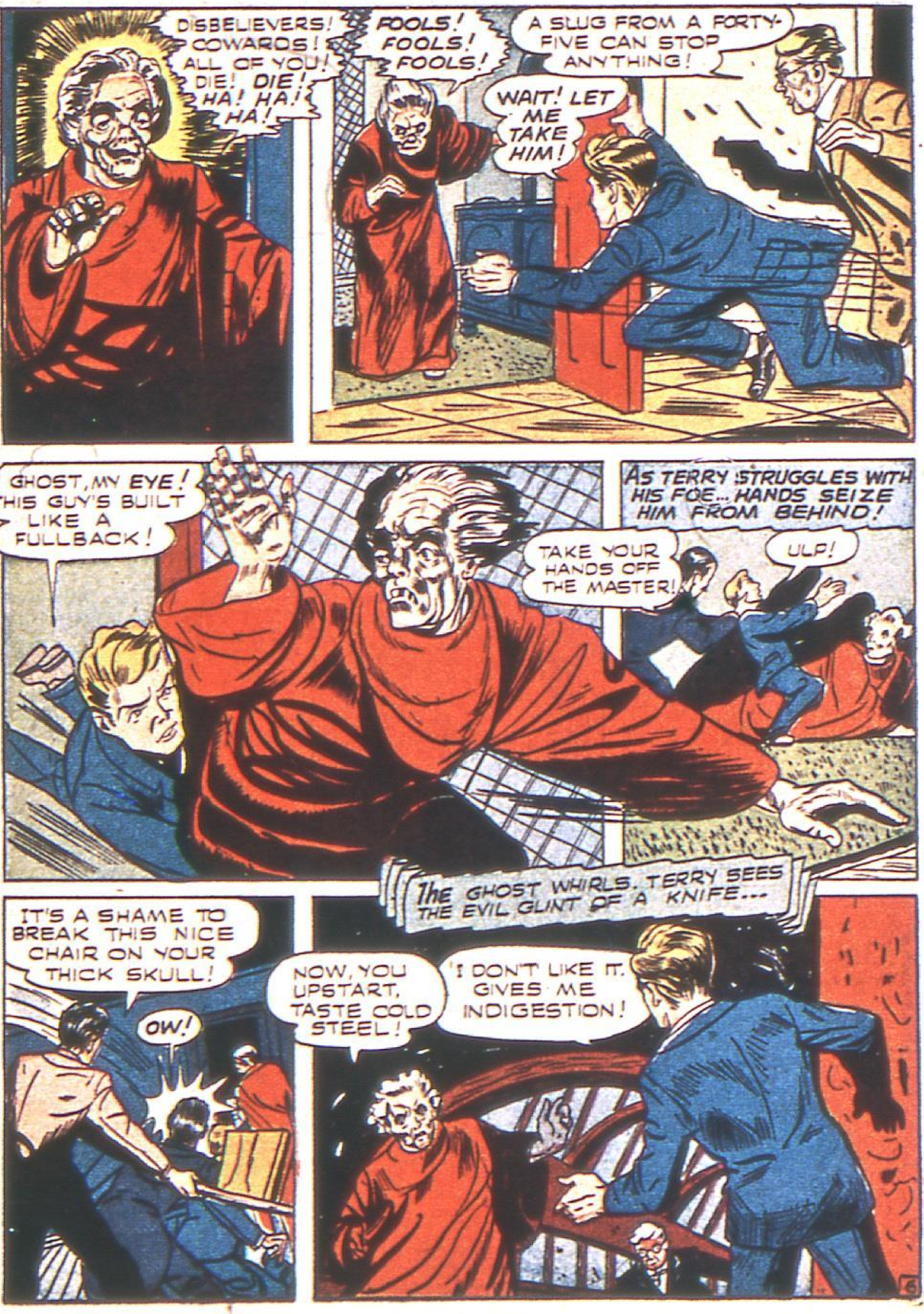

The LATE PROF. VOODINI'S WILL DEMANDED THAT THE PRESS BE ON HAND - WHEN HE MADE FOOLS OUT OF HIS SCAVENGER RELATIVES, SO TERRY AND HIS CUB-REPORTER PAL SPEND ONE HAIR-RAISING NIGHT IN VOODINI'S CASTLE!
HA! HA! HA!
EEEE!
HOLY, SMOKES!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
GREAT GODFREY! -IT'S HIM! IT'S VOODINI'S GHOST!
TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT FOR THE READING OF THE GREAT VOODINI'S WILL! I HOPE TERRY HASN'T FORGOTTEN! HEY, TERRY! WAKE UP!
BANG! BANG!
DEADLINE DAWSON, CUB REPORTER, FRANTICALLY KNOCKS ON TERRY'S BEDROOM WINDOW...
HUH? WHAT? OH, IT'S YOU! I'LL BE DRESSED IN A MINUTE!
DIDN'T YOU REMEMBER?
YES, BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS TOMORROW NIGHT! WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY!
DEADLINE'S CAR IS WAITING AND THEY GET OFF TO A GOOD START...

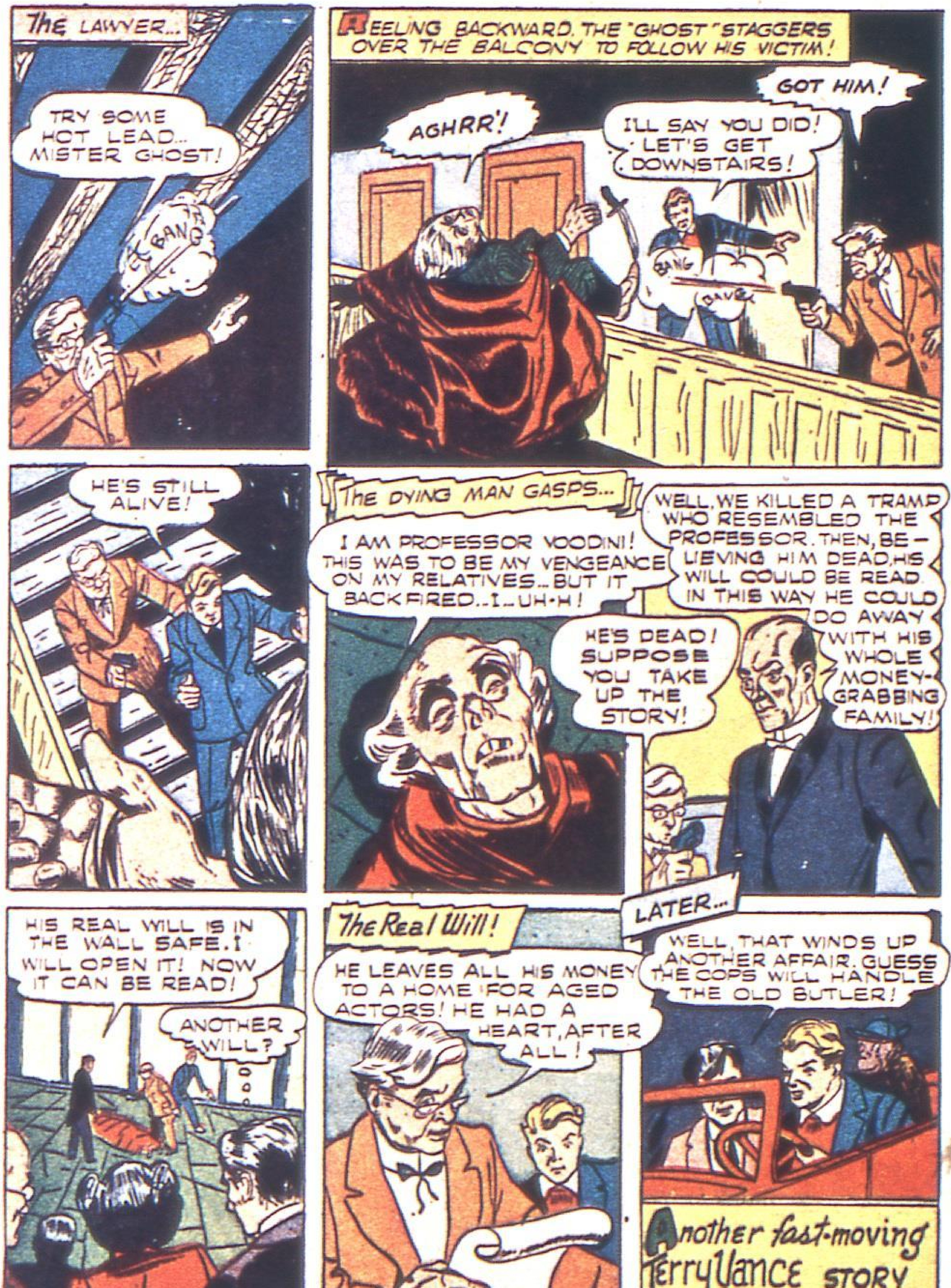

THE BOYS DRIVE UP A WINDING ROAD UNTIL...
IT'S A CINCH WE CAN'T DRIVE ANY FURTHER WITH THAT TREE ACROSS THE ROAD!
WELL, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH OUR FEET. FORWARD MARCH! HEP!
UP AHEAD! THERE'S THE HOUSE!
RIGHT, I SEE IT NOW!
STARK, AGAINST THE NIGHT SKY, STANDS THE EERIE MANSION OF THE LATE PROFESSOR VOODINI!
GO AHEAD DEADLINE, KNOCK ON THE DOOR!
NO, YOU'RE MY GUEST! YOU KNOCK!
SUDDENLY THE PONDEROUS DOOR SWINGS OPEN...
G-GOSH!
WHO DID THAT?
ENTER, GENTLEMEN!
FOLLOW ME...
GOSH! WHAT A MUG!
THEY FOLLOW THE BUTLER INTO A GREAT HALL, PEOPLE ARE SEATED AROUND A TABLE.
MR. DEADLINE DAWSON, AND MR. TERRY VANCE!
NICE COZY PLACE, JUST LIKE GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL!
SMELLS DUSTY LIKE A TOMB!

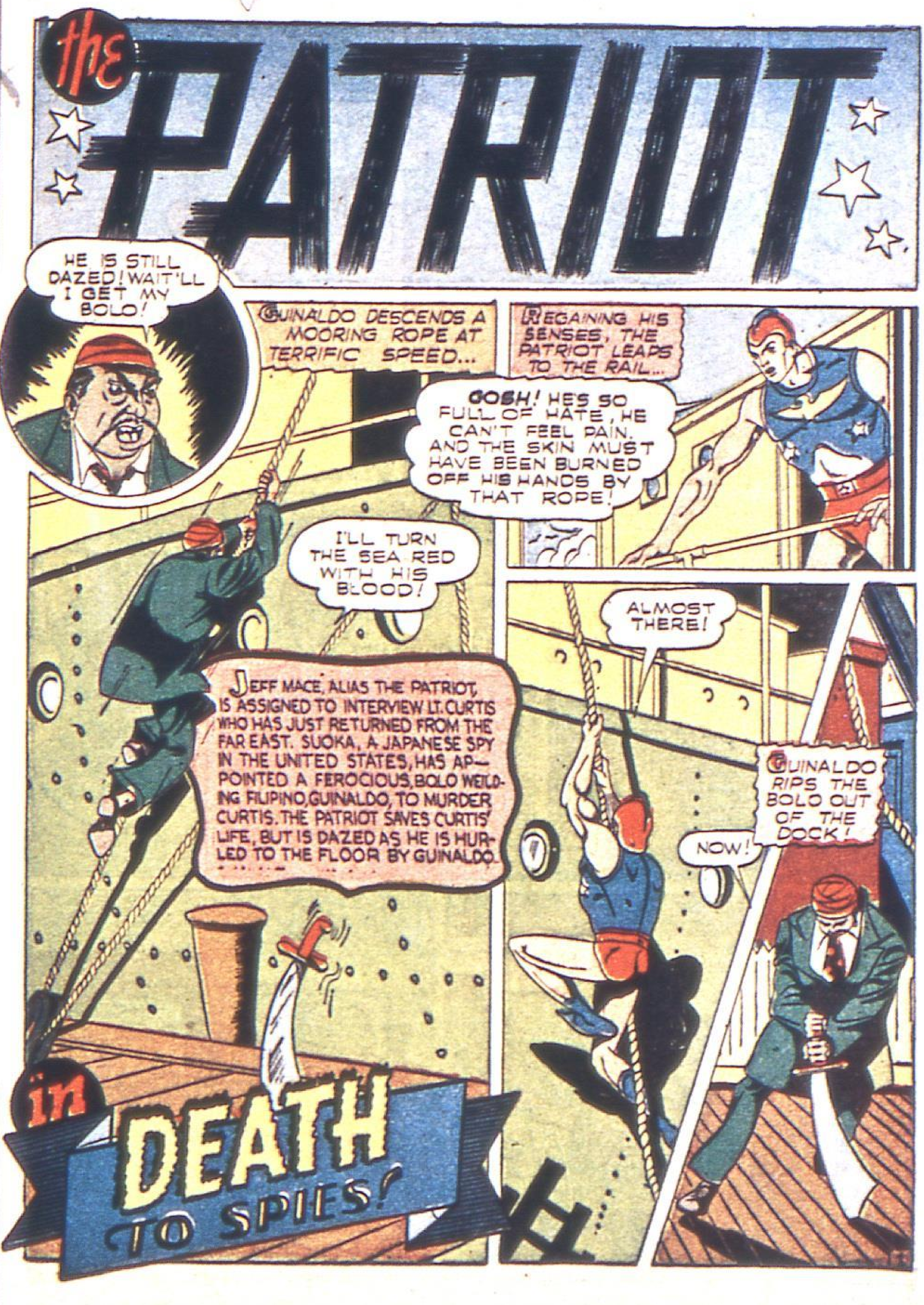

ARE YOU SURE THERE'S NO SHORT CIRCUIT ON THIS CHAIR?
PLEASE BE SEATED, SIR!
SH! EASY, PAL!
A MAN RISES AND SPEAKS..
AS THE LATE PROFESSOR VOODINI'S ATTORNEY, I CAN NOW BEGIN TO READ HIS WILL- SINCE THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESS ARE PRESENT! ER, AHEM... MAY I STATE THAT THIS IS A VERY STRANGE WILL...
HMM-YES, STRANGE INDEED!
"--SINCE I FEEL THAT MY FAMILY ONLY WANTS MY MONEY, I TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE MY OPINION OF THEM..
The WILL IS READ.
..THERE IS A NAME FOR EACH! LIAR, CHEAT, SWINDLER, HYPOCRITE, FRAUD AND GOSSIP! BESIDES, MY RELATIVES ARE ALL COWARDS, AFRAID OF THEIR OWN SHADOWS!"
?
?
?
?
?
?
AS THOUGH FASCINATED, THE ASSEMBLED RELATIVES LISTEN, EACH FEARING THAT HE IS THE ONE MOST HATED BY VOODINI, THAT HE WILL BE THE ONE DENIED BENEFIT IN THE WILL!
"THIS THEN IS MY LAST LAUGH! ANYONE WISHING TO SHARE IN THE FORTUNE WILL HAVE TO SLEEP ALL NIGHT IN THIS MANSION, EACH IN A SEPARATE ROOM!"
I GIVE MY LAWYER AUTHORITY TO SELECT THE ONES WHO DISPLAY THE LEAST FEAR. HE IS TO DECIDE WHAT SHARE EACH SHALL HAVE... BUT, REMEMBER, I, VOODINI, SHALL BE PRESENT!
HEH--HEH!
The ROOM SEEMS FILLED WITH A GHOSTLY PRESENCE!
ONE OF THE WOMEN LEAPS TO HER FEET!
I-SAW SOMETHING UP THERE!
SIT DOWN! JUST YOUR IMAGINATION!

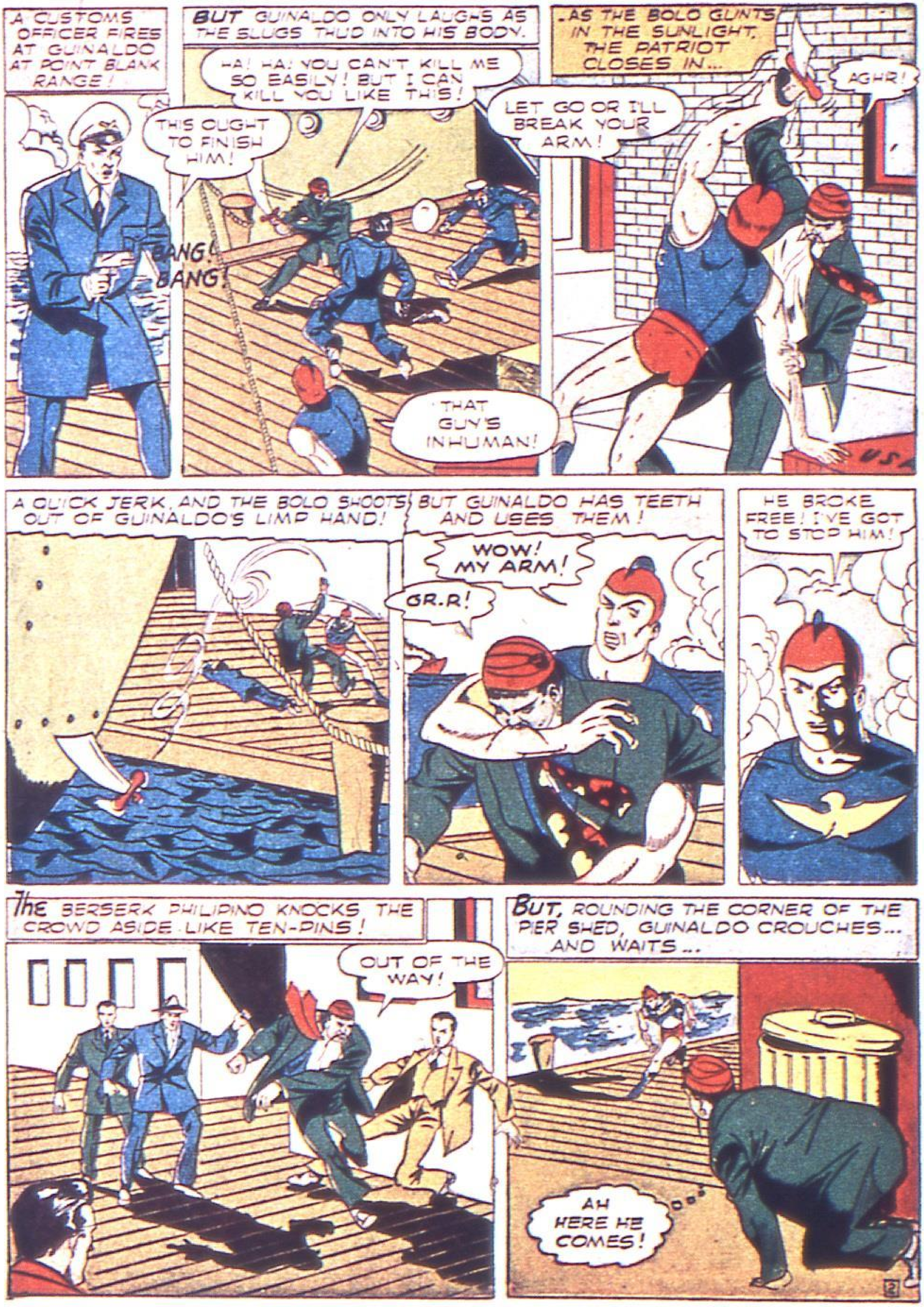

D'YOU KNOW.. I'M SCARED!
M-ME TO!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PLEASE FOLLOW ME TO YOUR ROOMS!
The RELATIVES FOLLOW THE BUTLER UP THE STAIRCASE.
THIS GHOST STUFF IS ALL THE BUNK! VOODINI WAS NUTS!
THESE THINGS ONLY EXIST IN BAD MOVIES!
THERE THEY GO! KINDLY OMIT FLOWERS!
HOURS PASS, A WILD THUNDERSTORM BREAKS...THEN, ABOVE THE FURY OF THE STORM... A VOICE, IN MORTAL TERROR, SCREAMS OUT!
EEEEE!
CRASH!
DID YOU HEAR THAT?
HOW COULD I HELP IT... WOW!
IT CAME FROM UP HERE! LET'S GO!
RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
I WONDER WHO'S BEHIND ME ?
BURSTING INTO THE ROOM AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS THE BOYS FIND...
SHE'S DEAD! GREAT SCOTT! HER FACE IS TWISTED IN FEAR!
A VOICE BEHIND THEM SPEAKS..
OF COURSE, SHE DIED OF FRIGHT! THE MASTER HAS RETURNED!
WHERE IN BLAZES DID HE COME FROM?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT I'M GOING TO CALL THE COPS!
THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY DOWN!

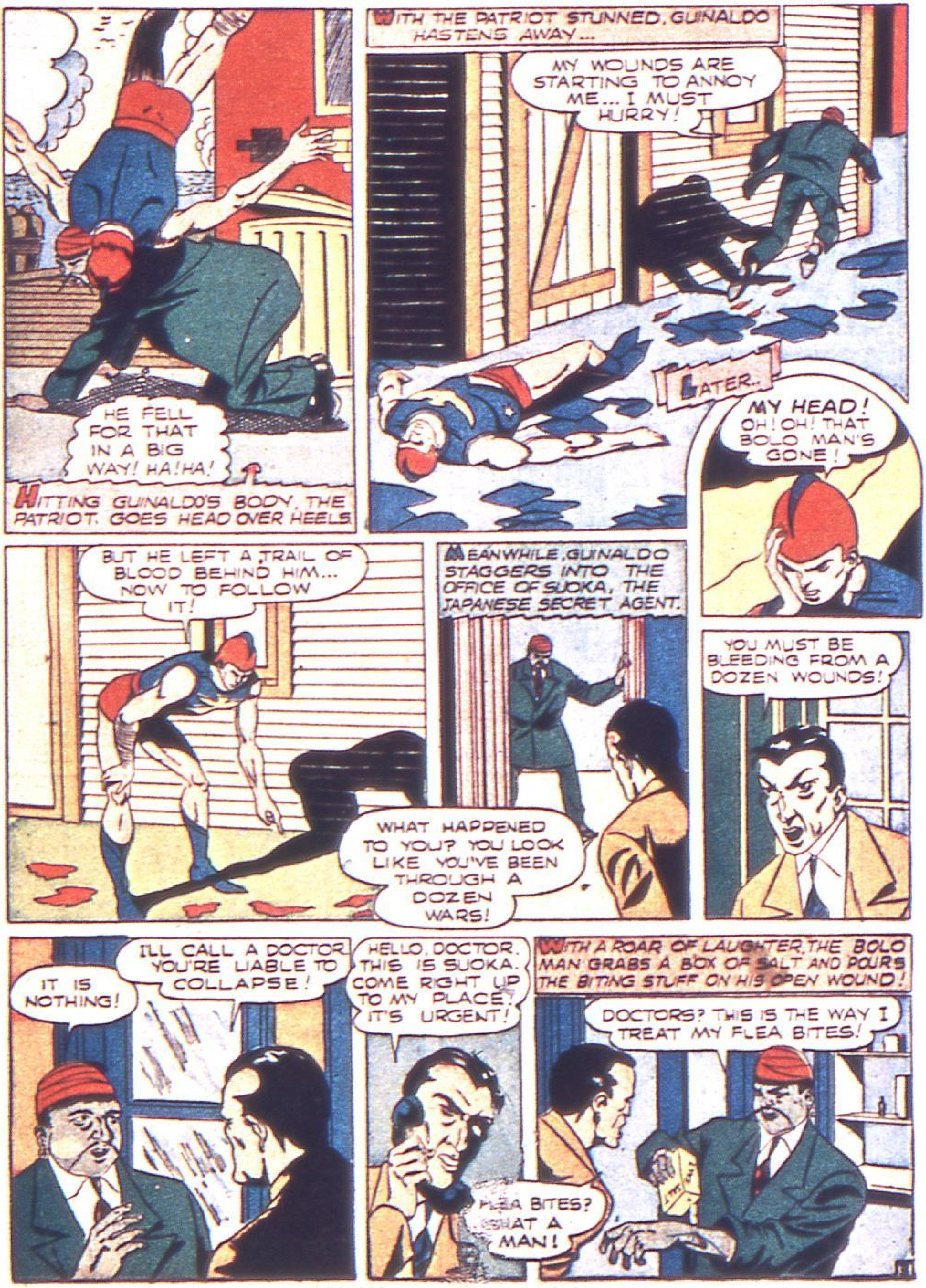

GOOD! THERE'S A PHONE!
WHAT'S THIS?
BUT, AS TERRY REACHES FOR THE PHONE...
IT HAS BEEN OUT OF ORDER SINCE THE MASTER'S DEATH!
?
HOW WILL WE CALL THE POLICE?
I SHALL ATTEND TO THAT IN THE MORNING, PERSONALLY!
TERRY WALKS OVER TO WHERE DEADLINE IS TALKING TO THE LAWYER...
SOMETHING MIGHTY QUEER GOING ON HERE!
I'M INCLINED TO AGREE WITH YOU!
SUDDENLY...
BANG!
BANG!
The SHARP PISTOL SHOTS ARE FOLLOWED BY A MANIACAL LAUGH!
HA-HA-HA-HA!
SHOTS!
UPSTAIRS! COME ON!
UP AGAIN! BOY! THESE STAIRS ARE KILLING ME!
SOUNDS LIKE THERE'S MORE THAN THE STAIRS KILLING TONIGHT!
AT THE TOP... THEY SEE...
IN THERE... IN THERE! IT'S GHASTLY! IT'S COMING AFTER ME!!
BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF THE THREE MEN APPEARS AN UNEARTHLY SPECTRE! WITH A WILD CRY, THE FRIGHTENED MAN LEAPS OVER THE BALUSTRADE!
AIEE!
WHAT IN...
MY WORD! THAT... IT'S VOODINI!

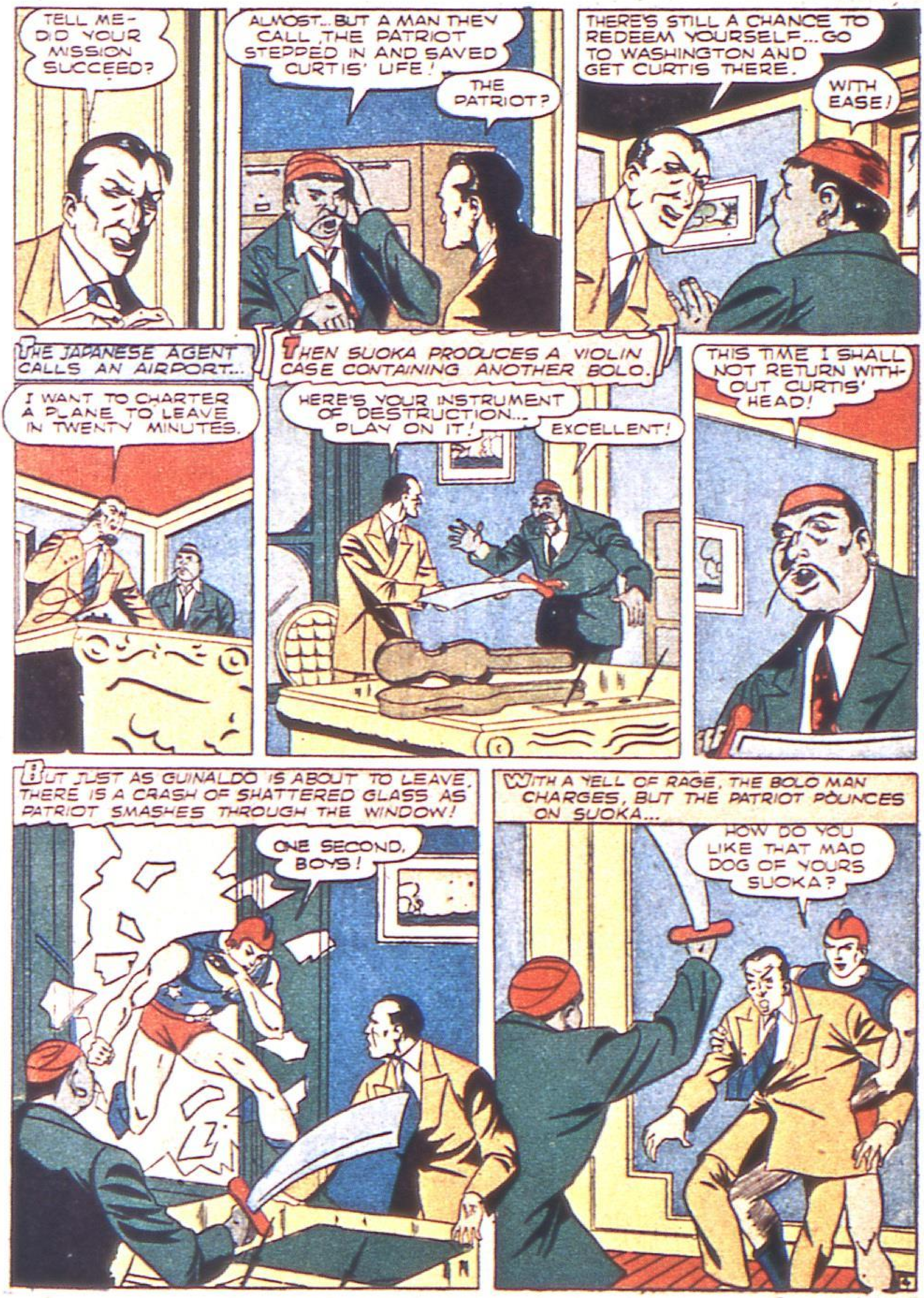

DISBELIEVERS! COWARDS! ALL OF YOU! DIE! DIE! HA! HA! HA!
FOOLS! FOOLS! FOOLS!
A SLUG FROM A FORTY-FIVE CAN STOP ANYTHING!
WAIT! LET ME TAKE HIM!
GHOST, MY EYE! THIS GUY'S BUILT LIKE A FULLBACK!
AS TERRY STRUGGLES WITH HIS FOE... HANDS SEIZE HIM FROM BEHIND!
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THE MASTER!
ULP!
The GHOST WHIRLS. TERRY SEES THE EVIL GLINT OF A KNIFE...
IT'S A SHAME TO BREAK THIS NICE CHAIR ON YOUR THICK SKULL!
OW!
NOW, YOU UPSTART, TASTE COLD STEEL!
I DON'T LIKE IT. GIVES ME INDIGESTION!

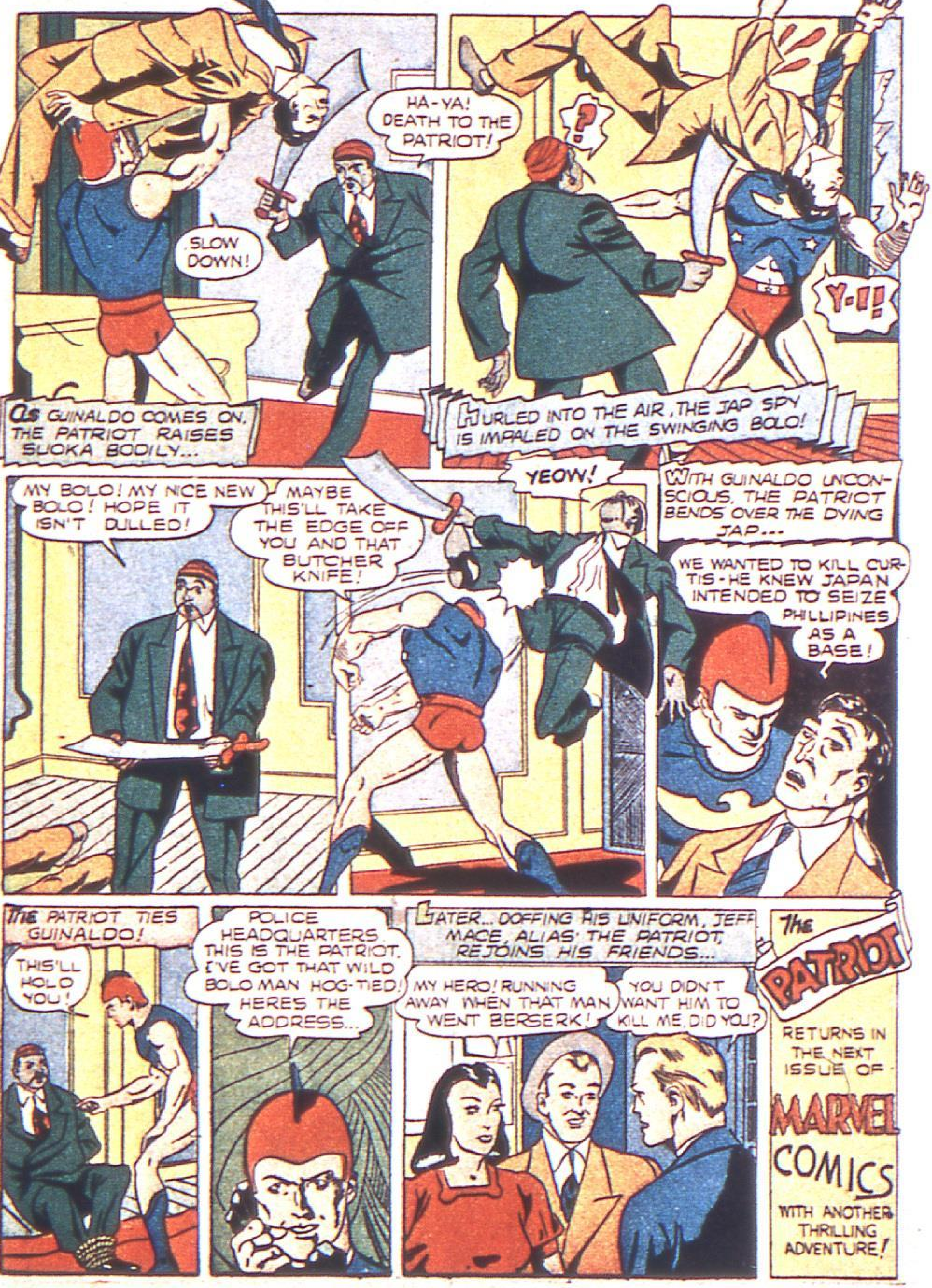

The LAWYER...
TRY SOME HOT LEAD... MISTER GHOST!
BANG
REELING BACKWARD, THE "GHOST" STAGGERS OVER THE BALCONY TO FOLLOW HIS VICTIM!
AGHRR'!
GOT HIM!
I'LL SAY YOU DID! LET'S GET DOWNSTAIRS!
BANG
BANG
HE'S STILL ALIVE!
The DYING MAN GASPS...
I AM PROFESSOR VOODINI! THIS WAS TO BE MY VENGEANCE ON MY RELATIVES... BUT IT BACKFIRED... I... UH-H!
WELL, WE KILLED A TRAMP WHO RESEMBLED THE PROFESSOR. THEN, BELIEVING HIM DEAD, HIS WILL COULD BE READ. IN THIS WAY HE COULD DO AWAY WITH HIS WHOLE MONEY-GRABBING FAMILY!
HE'S DEAD! SUPPOSE YOU TAKE UP THE STORY!
HIS REAL WILL IS IN THE WALL SAFE. I WILL OPEN IT! NOW IT CAN BE READ!
ANOTHER WILL?
The Real Will!
HE LEAVES ALL HIS MONEY TO A HOME FOR AGED ACTORS! HE HAD A HEART, AFTER ALL!
LATER...
WELL, THAT WINDS UP ANOTHER AFFAIR. GUESS THE COPS WILL HANDLE THE OLD BUTLER!
Another fast-moving Terry Vance STORY IN THE NEXT MARVEL!


the PATRIOT
HE IS STILL DAZED! WAIT'LL I GET MY BOLO!
GUINALDO DESCENDS A MOORING ROPE AT TERRIFIC SPEED...
REGAINING HIS SENSES, THE PATRIOT LEAPS TO THE RAIL...
GOSH! HE'S SO FULL OF HATE, HE CAN'T FEEL PAIN. AND THE SKIN MUST HAVE BEEN BURNED OFF HIS HANDS BY THAT ROPE!
I'LL TURN THE SEA RED WITH HIS BLOOD!
JEFF MACE, ALIAS THE PATRIOT, IS ASSIGNED TO INTERVIEW LT. CURTIS WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE FAR EAST. SUOKA, A JAPANESE SPY IN THE UNITED STATES, HAS APPOINTED A FEROCIOUS, BOLO WEILDING FILIPINO, GUINALDO, TO MURDER CURTIS. THE PATRIOT SAVES CURTIS' LIFE, BUT IS DAZED AS HE IS HURLED TO THE FLOOR BY GUINALDO.
ALMOST THERE!
GUINALDO RIPS THE BOLO OUT OF THE DOCK!
NOW!
in DEATH TO SPIES!


A CUSTOMS OFFICER FIRES AT GUINALDO AT POINT BLANK RANGE!
THIS OUGHT TO FINISH HIM!
BANG! BANG!
BUT GUINALDO ONLY LAUGHS AS THE SLUGS THUD INTO HIS BODY.
HA! HA! YOU CAN'T KILL ME SO EASILY! BUT I CAN KILL YOU LIKE THIS!
THAT GUY'S INHUMAN!
..AS THE BOLO GLINTS IN THE SUNLIGHT, THE PATRIOT CLOSES IN...
LET GO OR I'LL BREAK YOUR ARM!
AGHR!
U.S.
A QUICK JERK, AND THE BOLO SHOOTS OUT OF GUINALDO'S LIMP HAND!
BUT GUINALDO HAS TEETH AND USES THEM!
WOW! MY ARM!
GR.R!
HE BROKE FREE! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
THE BERSERK PHILIPINO KNOCKS THE CROWD ASIDE LIKE TEN-PINS!
OUT OF THE WAY!
BUT, ROUNDING THE CORNER OF THE PIER SHED, GUINALDO CROUCHES... AND WAITS...
AH HERE HE COMES!
2


HE FELL FOR THAT IN A BIG WAY! HA! HA!
HITTING GUINALDO'S BODY, THE PATRIOT GOES HEAD OVER HEELS
WITH THE PATRIOT STUNNED, GUINALDO HASTENS AWAY...
MY WOUNDS ARE STARTING TO ANNOY ME... I MUST HURRY!
LATER..
MY HEAD! OH! OH! THAT BOLO MAN'S GONE!
BUT HE LEFT A TRAIL OF BLOOD BEHIND HIM... NOW TO FOLLOW IT!
MEANWHILE, GUINALDO STAGGERS INTO THE OFFICE OF SUOKA, THE JAPANESE SECRET AGENT.
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A DOZEN WARS!
YOU MUST BE BLEEDING FROM A DOZEN WOUNDS!
IT IS NOTHING!
I'LL CALL A DOCTOR. YOU'RE LIABLE TO COLLAPSE!
HELLO, DOCTOR. THIS IS SUOKA. COME RIGHT UP TO MY PLACE. IT'S URGENT!
FLEA BITES? WHAT A MAN!
WITH A ROAR OF LAUGHTER, THE BOLO MAN GRABS A BOX OF SALT AND POURS THE BITING STUFF ON HIS OPEN WOUND!
DOCTORS? THIS IS THE WAY I TREAT MY FLEA BITES!


TELL ME- DID YOUR MISSION SUCCEED?
ALMOST... BUT A MAN THEY CALL ,THE PATRIOT STEPPED IN AND SAVED CURTIS' LIFE!
THE PATRIOT?
THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO REDEEM YOURSELF... GO TO WASHINGTON AND GET CURTIS THERE.
WITH EASE!
THE JAPANESE AGENT CALLS AN AIRPORT...
I WANT TO CHARTER A PLANE TO LEAVE IN TWENTY MINUTES.
THEN SUOKA PRODUCES A VIOLIN CASE CONTAINING ANOTHER BOLO.
HERE'S YOUR INSTRUMENT OF DESTRUCTION... PLAY ON IT!
EXCELLENT!
THIS TIME I SHALL NOT RETURN WITHOUT CURTIS' HEAD!
BUT JUST AS GUINALDO IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, THERE IS A CRASH OF SHATTERED GLASS AS PATRIOT SMASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW!
ONE SECOND, BOYS!
WITH A YELL OF RAGE, THE BOLO MAN CHARGES, BUT THE PATRIOT POUNCES ON SUOKA...
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT MAD DOG OF YOURS SUOKA?


HA-YA! DEATH TO THE PATRIOT!
SLOW DOWN!
AS GUINALDO COMES ON, THE PATRIOT RAISES SUOKA BODILY...
?
Y-II!
HURLED INTO THE AIR, THE JAP SPY IS IMPALED ON THE SWINGING BOLO!
MY BOLO! MY NICE NEW BOLO! HOPE IT ISN'T DULLED!
MAYBE THIS'LL TAKE THE EDGE OFF YOU AND THAT BUTCHER KNIFE!
YEOW!
WITH GUINALDO UNCONSCIOUS, THE PATRIOT BENDS OVER THE DYING JAP...
WE WANTED TO KILL CURTIS - HE KNEW JAPAN INTENDED TO SEIZE PHILLIPINES AS A BASE!
THE PATRIOT TIES GUINALDO!
THIS'LL HOLD YOU!
POLICE HEADQUARTERS. THIS IS THE PATRIOT. I'VE GOT THAT WILD BOLO MAN HOG-TIED! HERES THE ADDRESS...
LATER... DOFFING HIS UNIFORM, JEFF MACE, ALIAS THE PATRIOT, REJOINS HIS FRIENDS...
MY HERO! RUNNING AWAY WHEN THAT MAN WENT BERSERK!
YOU DIDN'T WANT HIM TO KILL ME, DID YOU?
The PATRIOT
RETURNS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
MARVEL COMICS
WITH ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE!

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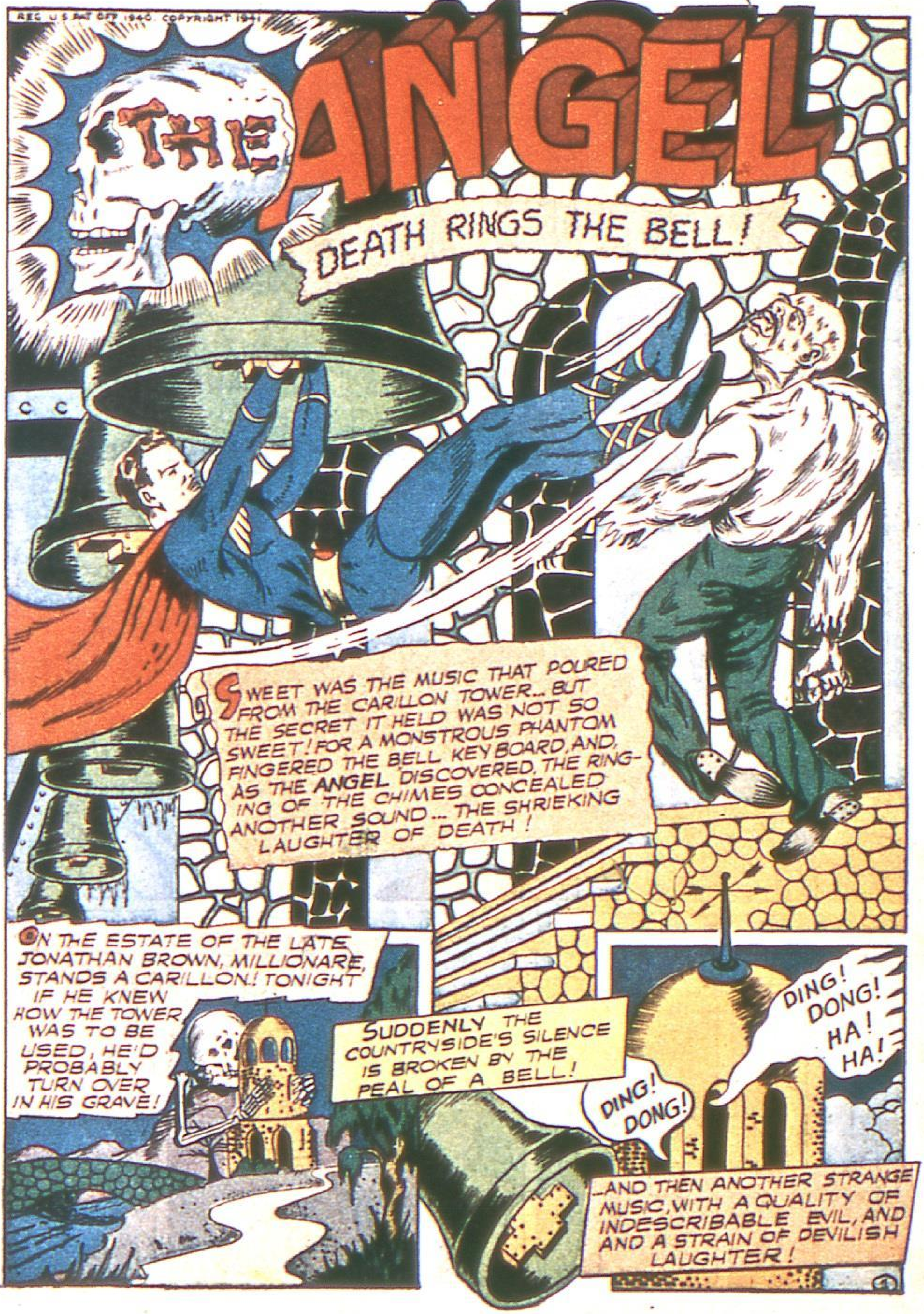
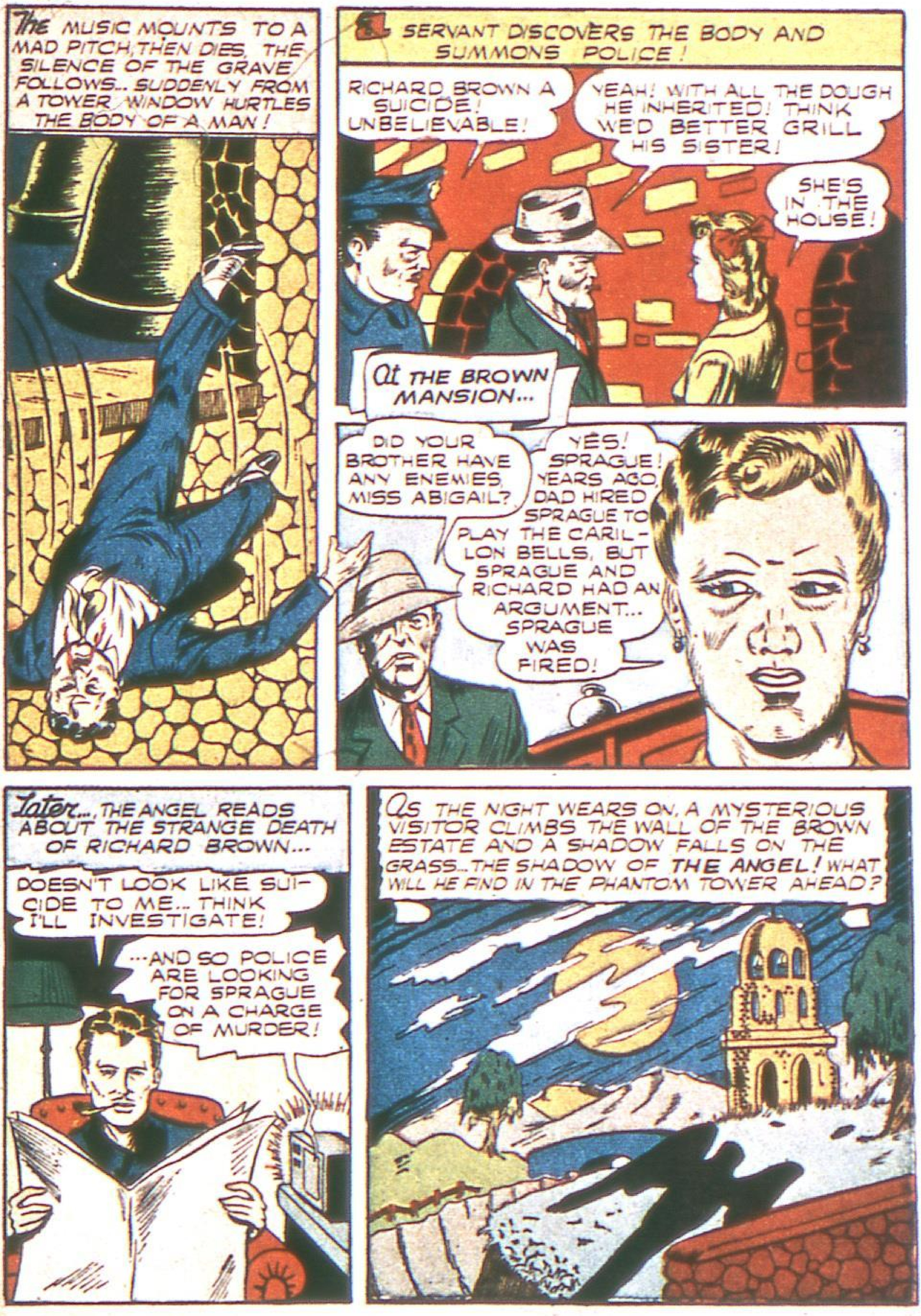
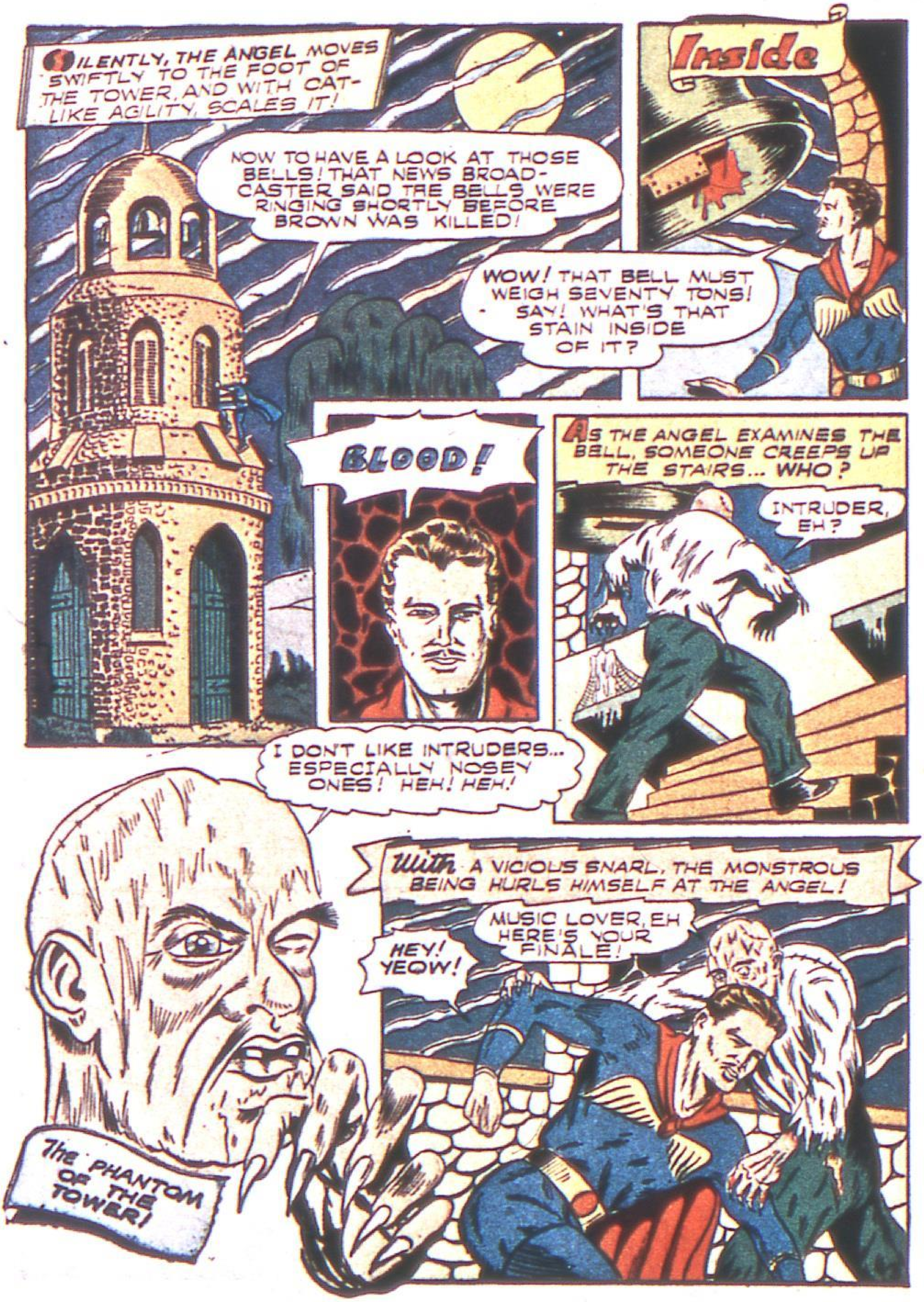
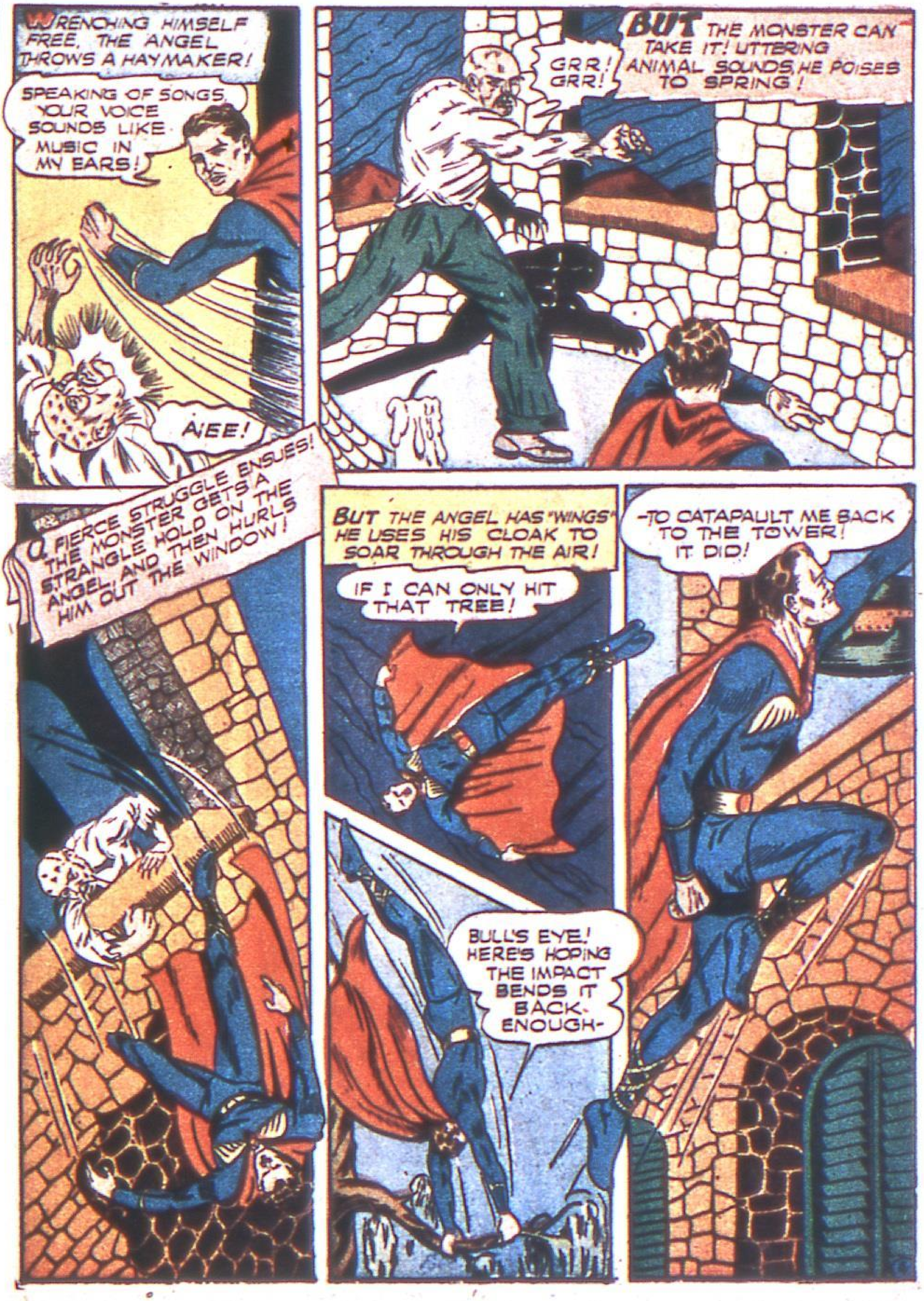
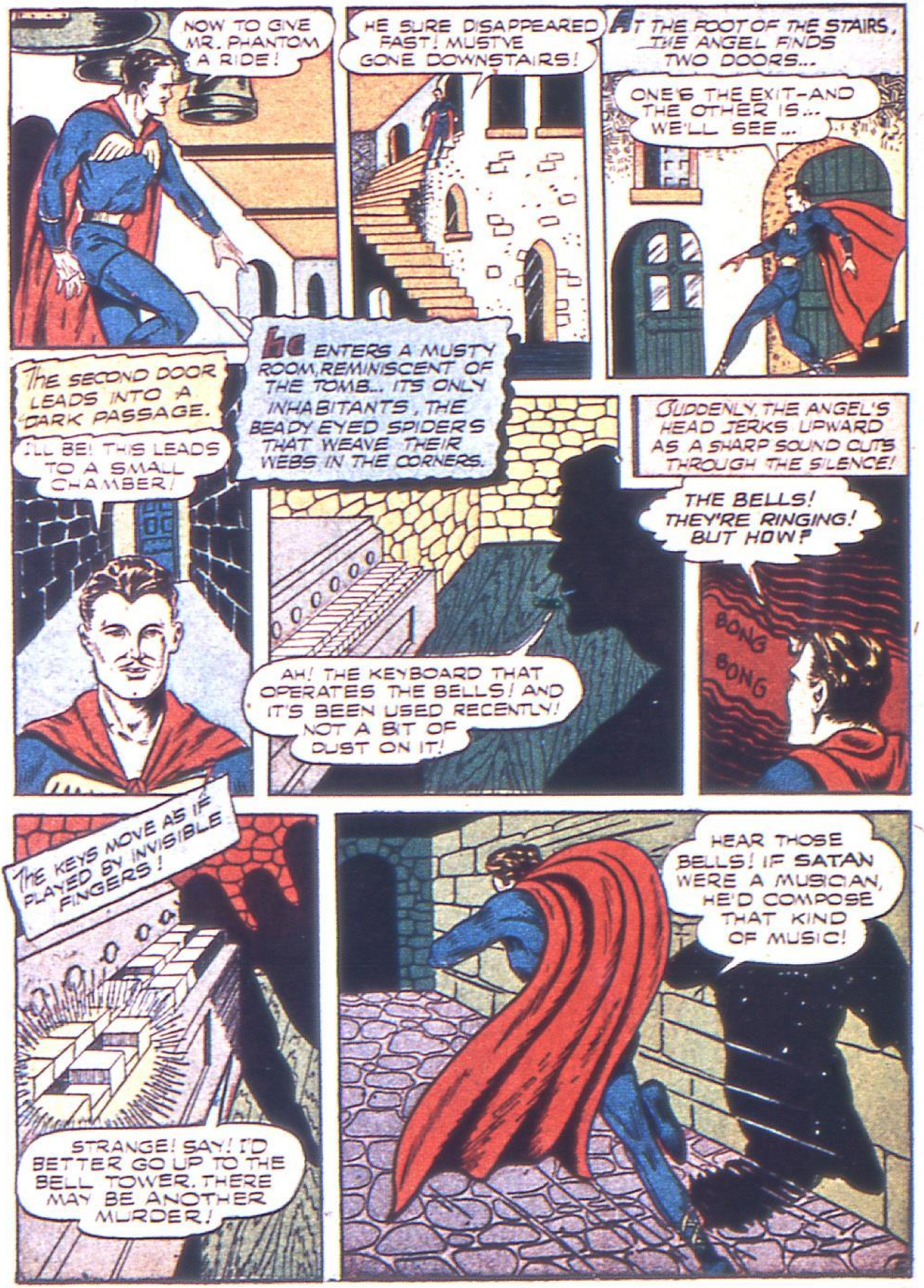
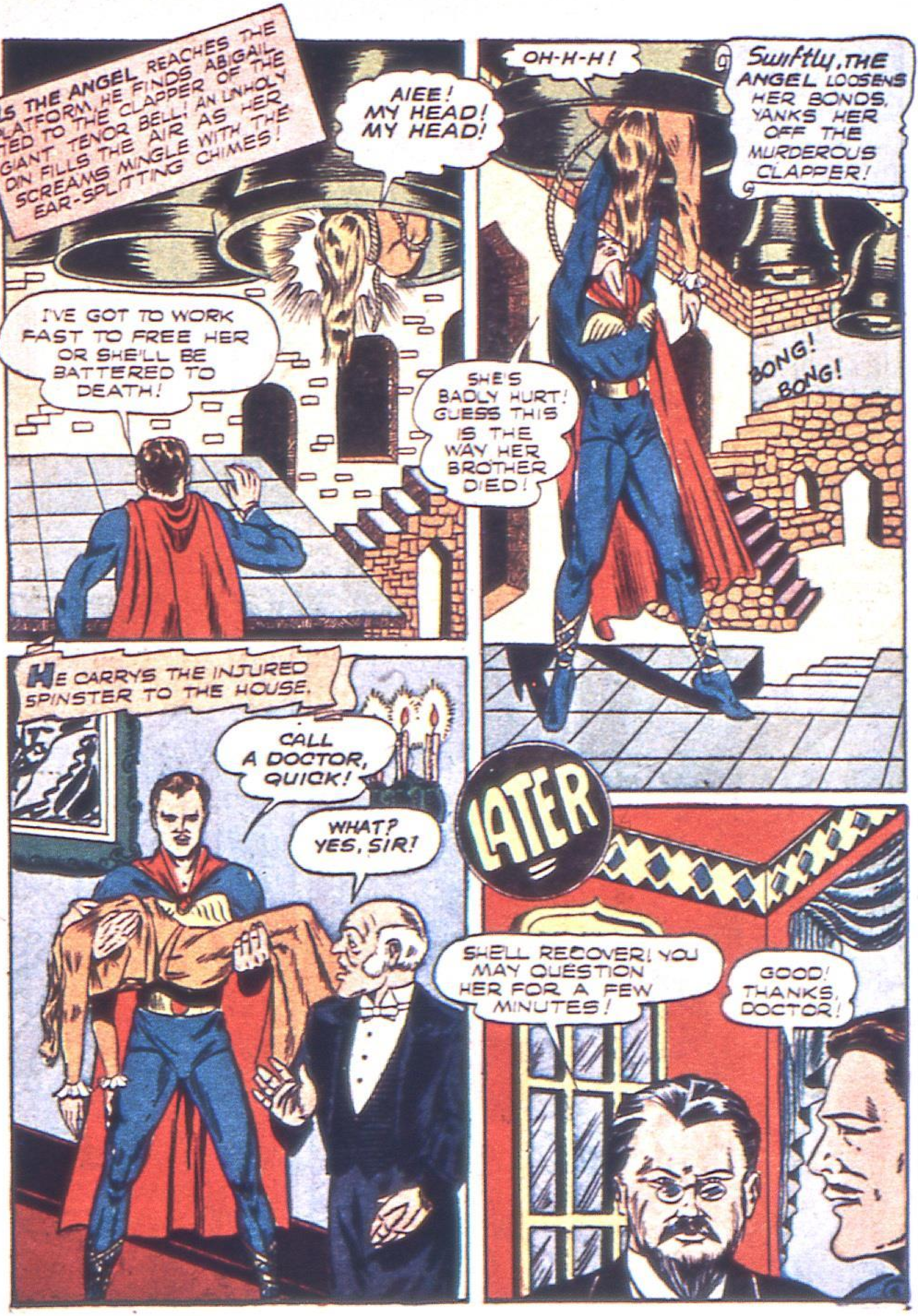

THE ANGEL
DEATH RINGS THE BELL!
SWEET WAS THE MUSIC THAT POURED FROM THE CARILLON TOWER... BUT THE SECRET IT HELD WAS NOT SO SWEET! FOR A MONSTROUS PHANTOM FINGERED THE BELL KEYBOARD, AND, AS THE ANGEL DISCOVERED, THE RINGING OF THE CHIMES CONCEALED ANOTHER SOUND... THE SHRIEKING LAUGHTER OF DEATH!
ON THE ESTATE OF THE LATE JONATHAN BROWN, MILLIONARE, STANDS A CARILLON! TONIGHT IF HE KNEW HOW THE TOWER WAS TO BE USED, HE'D PROBABLY TURN OVER IN HIS GRAVE!
SUDDENLY THE COUNTRYSIDE'S SILENCE IS BROKEN BY THE PEAL OF A BELL!
DING! DONG!
DING! DONG! HA! HA!
...AND THEN ANOTHER STRANGE MUSIC, WITH A QUALITY OF INDESCRIBABLE EVIL, AND AND A STRAIN OF DEVILISH LAUGHTER!

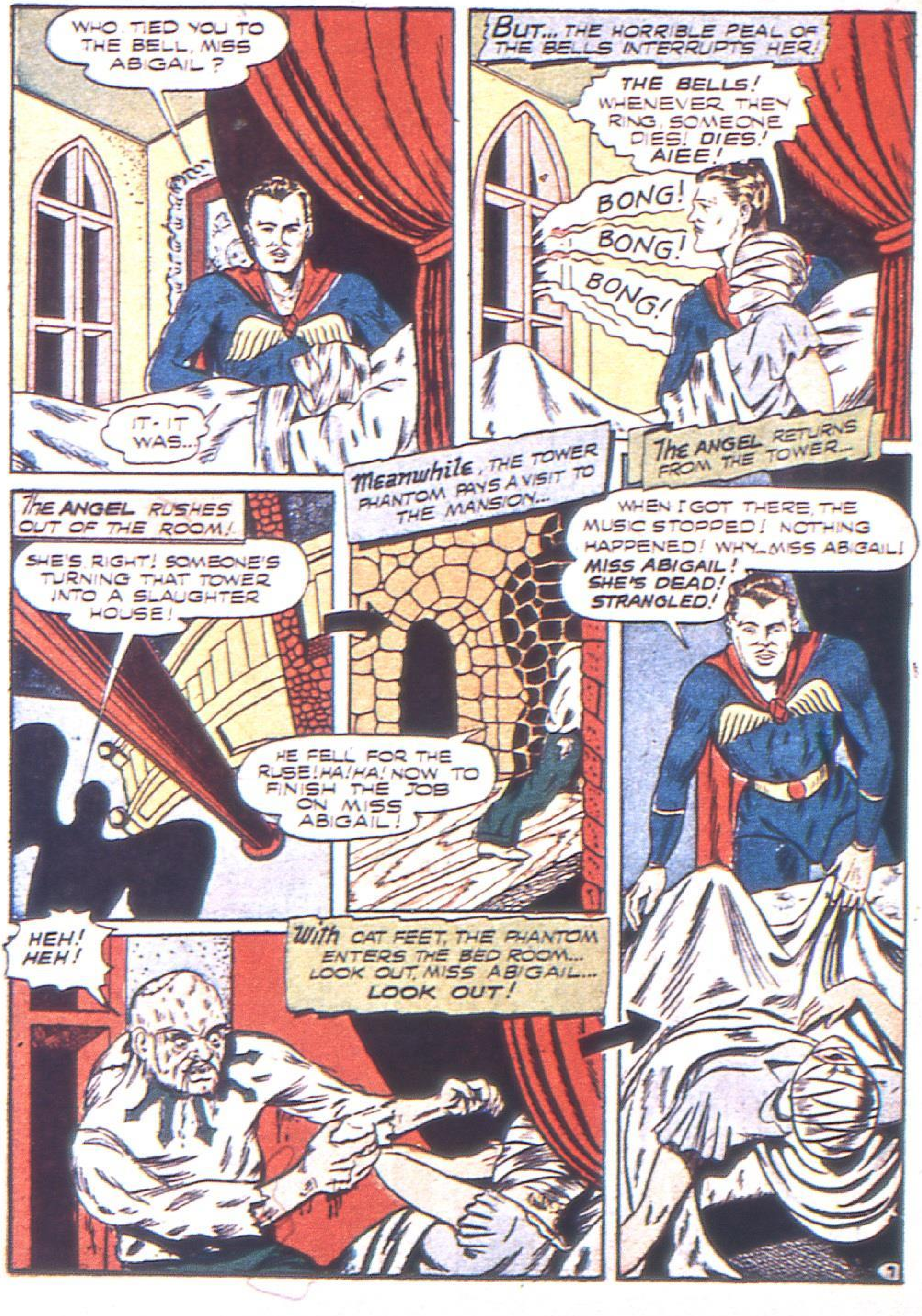

The MUSIC MOUNTS TO A MAD PITCH, THEN DIES. THE SILENCE OF THE GRAVE FOLLOWS.. SUDDENLY FROM A TOWER WINDOW HURTLES THE BODY OF A MAN!
A SERVANT DISCOVERS THE BODY AND SUMMONS POLICE!
RICHARD BROWN A SUICIDE! UNBELIEVABLE!
YEAH! WITH ALL THE DOUGH HE INHERITED! THINK WE'D BETTER GRILL HIS SISTER!
SHE'S IN THE HOUSE!
At THE BROWN MANSION...
DID YOUR BROTHER HAVE ANY ENEMIES, MISS ABIGAIL?
YES! SPRAGUE! YEARS AGO, DAD HIRED SPRAGUE TO PLAY THE CARILLON BELLS, BUT SPRAGUE AND RICHARD HAD AN ARGUMENT... SPRAGUE WAS FIRED!
Later..., THE ANGEL READS ABOUT THE STRANGE DEATH OF RICHARD BROWN...
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE SUICIDE TO ME... THINK I'LL INVESTIGATE!
...AND SO POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR SPRAGUE ON A CHARGE OF MURDER!
As THE NIGHT WEARS ON, A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR CLIMBS THE WALL OF THE BROWN ESTATE AND A SHADOW FALLS ON THE GRASS...THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL! WHAT WILL HE FIND IN THE PHANTOM TOWER AHEAD?

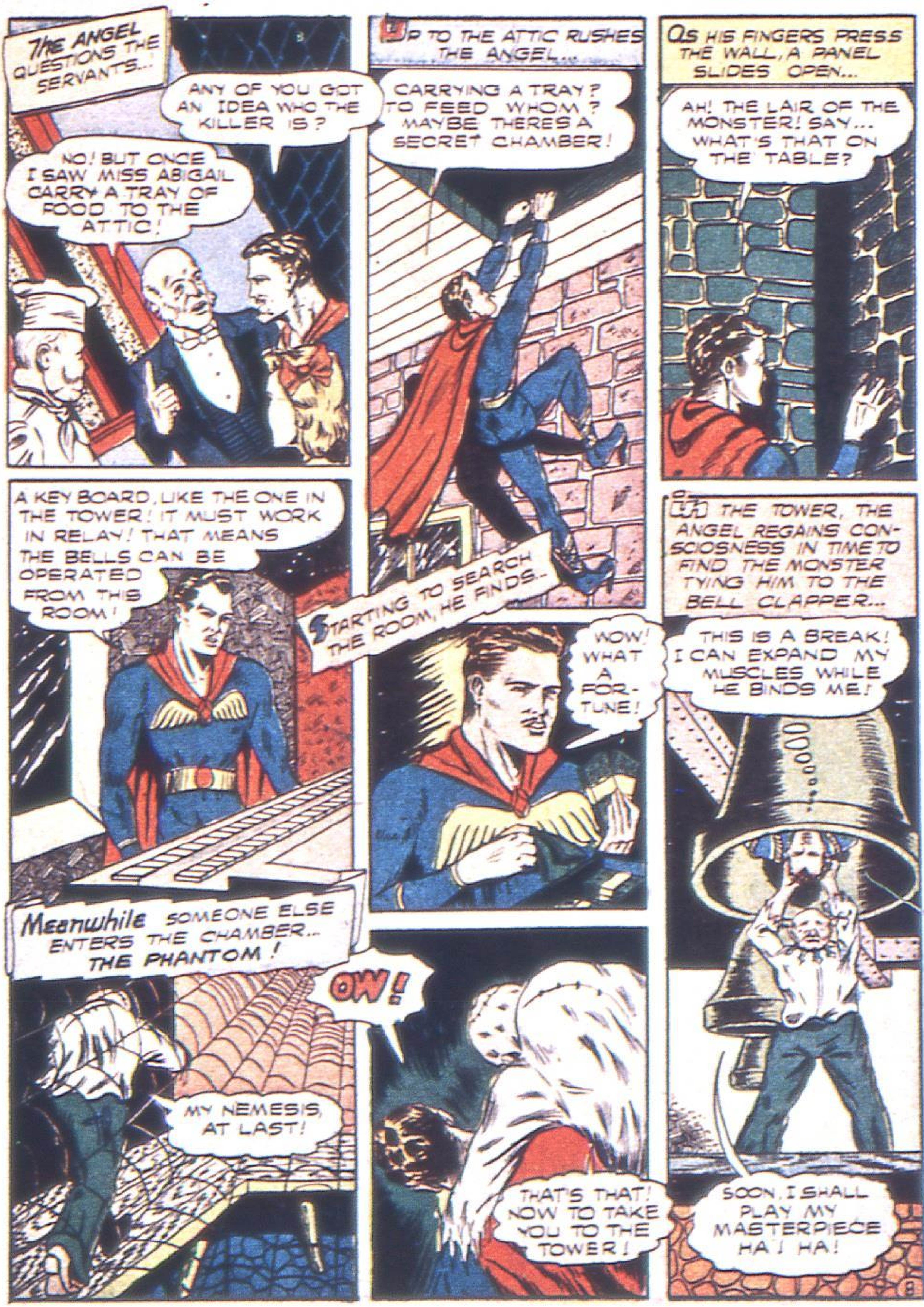

SILENTLY, THE ANGEL MOVES SWIFTLY TO THE FOOT OF THE TOWER, AND WITH CAT-LIKE AGILITY, SCALES IT!
NOW TO HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE BELLS! THAT NEWS BROADCASTER SAID THE BELLS WERE RINGING SHORTLY BEFORE BROWN WAS KILLED!
Inside
WOW! THAT BELL MUST WEIGH SEVENTY TONS! SAY! WHAT'S THAT STAIN INSIDE OF IT?
BLOOD!
AS THE ANGEL EXAMINES THE BELL, SOMEONE CREEPS UP THE STAIRS... WHO?
INTRUDER, EH?
I DON'T LIKE INTRUDERS... ESPECIALLY NOSEY ONES! HEH! HEH!
The PHANTOM OF THE TOWER!
With A VICIOUS SNARL, THE MONSTROUS BEING HURLS HIMSELF AT THE ANGEL!
HEY! YEOW!
MUSIC LOVER, EH HERE'S YOUR FINALE!

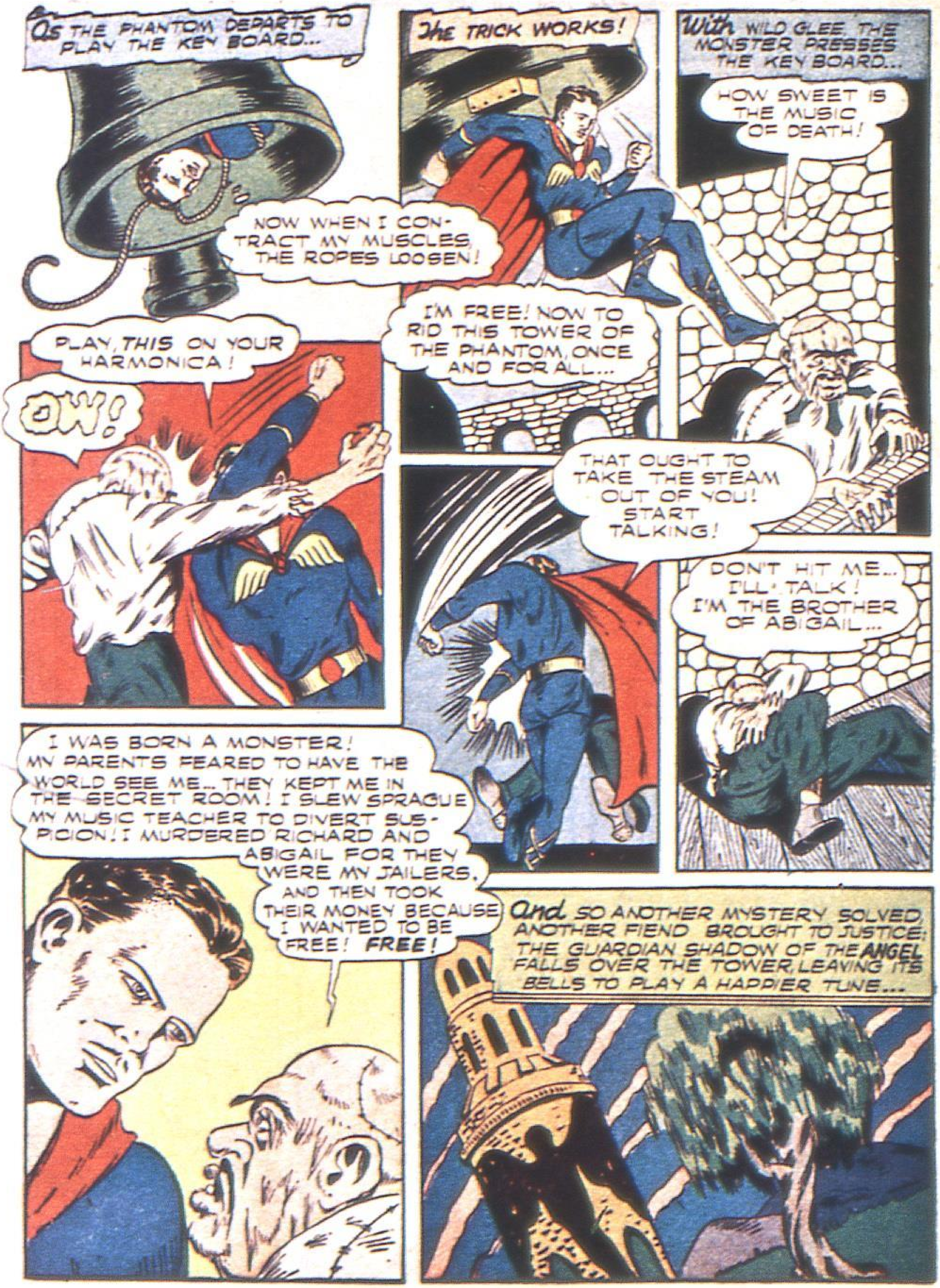

WRENCHING HIMSELF FREE, THE ANGEL THROWS A HAYMAKER!
SPEAKING OF SONGS, YOUR VOICE SOUNDS LIKE MUSIC IN MY EARS!
AIEE!
BUT THE MONSTER CAN TAKE IT! UTTERING ANIMAL SOUNDS, HE POISES TO SPRING!
GRR! GRR!
A FIERCE STRUGGLE ENSUES! THE MONSTER GETS A STRANGLE HOLD ON THE ANGEL, AND THEN HURLS HIM OUT THE WINDOW!
BUT THE ANGEL HAS "WINGS" HE USES HIS CLOAK TO SOAR THROUGH THE AIR!
IF I CAN ONLY HIT THAT TREE!
BULL'S EYE! HERE'S HOPING THE IMPACT BENDS IT BACK ENOUGH-
-TO CATAPAULT ME BACK TO THE TOWER! IT DID!

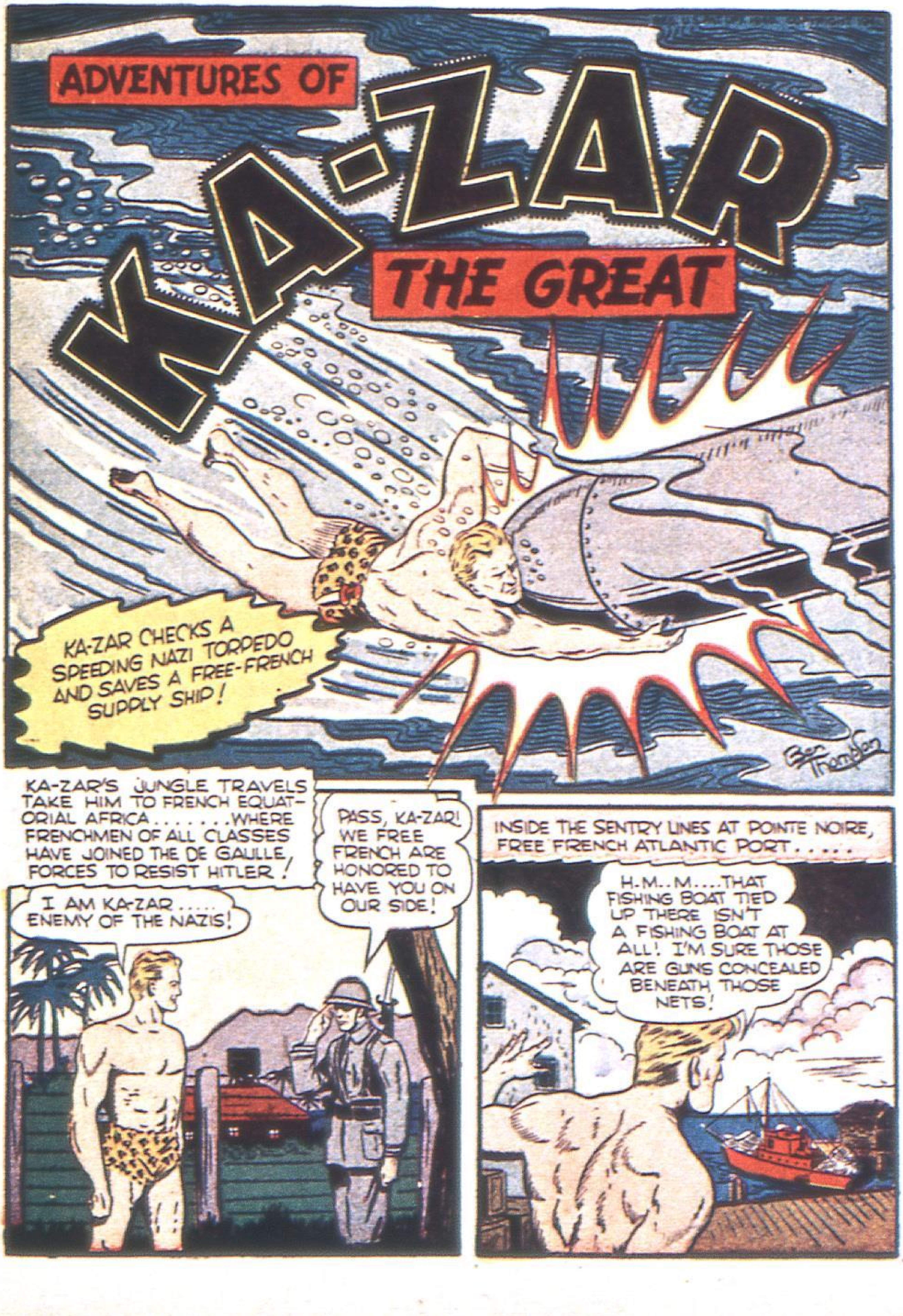

NOW TO GIVE MR. PHANTOM A RIDE!
HE SURE DISAPPEARED FAST! MUST'VE GONE DOWNSTAIRS!
AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS, THE ANGEL FINDS TWO DOORS...
ONE'S THE EXIT—AND THE OTHER IS... WE'LL SEE...
THE SECOND DOOR LEADS INTO A DARK PASSAGE.
I'LL BE! THIS LEADS TO A SMALL CHAMBER!
HE ENTERS A MUSTY ROOM, REMINISCENT OF THE TOMB... ITS ONLY INHABITANTS, THE BEADY EYED SPIDERS THAT WEAVE THEIR WEBS IN THE CORNERS.
AH! THE KEYBOARD THAT OPERATES THE BELLS! AND IT'S BEEN USED RECENTLY! NOT A BIT OF DUST ON IT!
SUDDENLY, THE ANGEL'S HEAD JERKS UPWARD AS A SHARP SOUND CUTS THROUGH THE SILENCE!
THE BELLS! THEY'RE RINGING! BUT HOW?
BONG
BONG
BONG
THE KEYS MOVE AS IF PLAYED BY INVISIBLE FINGERS!
STRANGE! SAY! I'D BETTER GO UP TO THE BELL TOWER. THERE MAY BE ANOTHER MURDER!
HEAR THOSE BELLS! IF SATAN WERE A MUSICIAN, HE'D COMPOSE THAT KIND OF MUSIC!

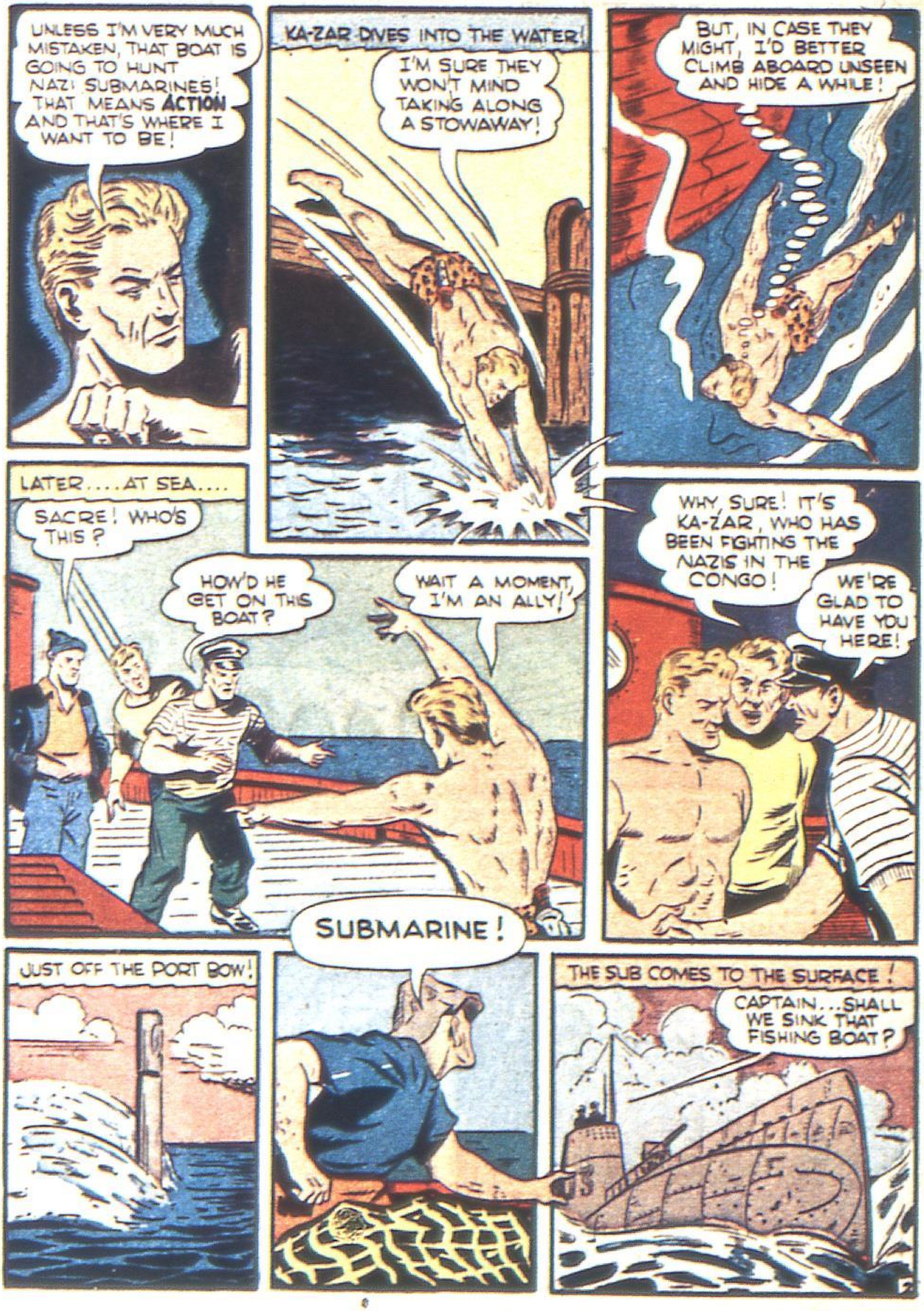

AS THE ANGEL REACHES THE PLATFORM, HE FINDS ABIGAIL TIED TO THE CLAPPER OF THE GIANT TENOR BELL! AN UNHOLY DIN FILLS THE AIR AS HER SCREAMS MINGLE WITH THE EAR-SPLITTING CHIMES!
AIEE! MY HEAD! MY HEAD!
I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST TO FREE HER OR SHE'LL BE BATTERED TO DEATH!
OH-H-H!
Swiftly, THE ANGEL LOOSENS HER BONDS, YANKS HER OFF THE MURDEROUS CLAPPER!
SHE'S BADLY HURT! GUESS THIS IS THE WAY HER BROTHER DIED!
BONG! BONG!
HE CARRYS THE INJURED SPINSTER TO THE HOUSE.
CALL A DOCTOR, QUICK!
WHAT? YES, SIR!
LATER
SHELL RECOVER! YOU MAY QUESTION HER FOR A FEW MINUTES!
GOOD! THANKS, DOCTOR!

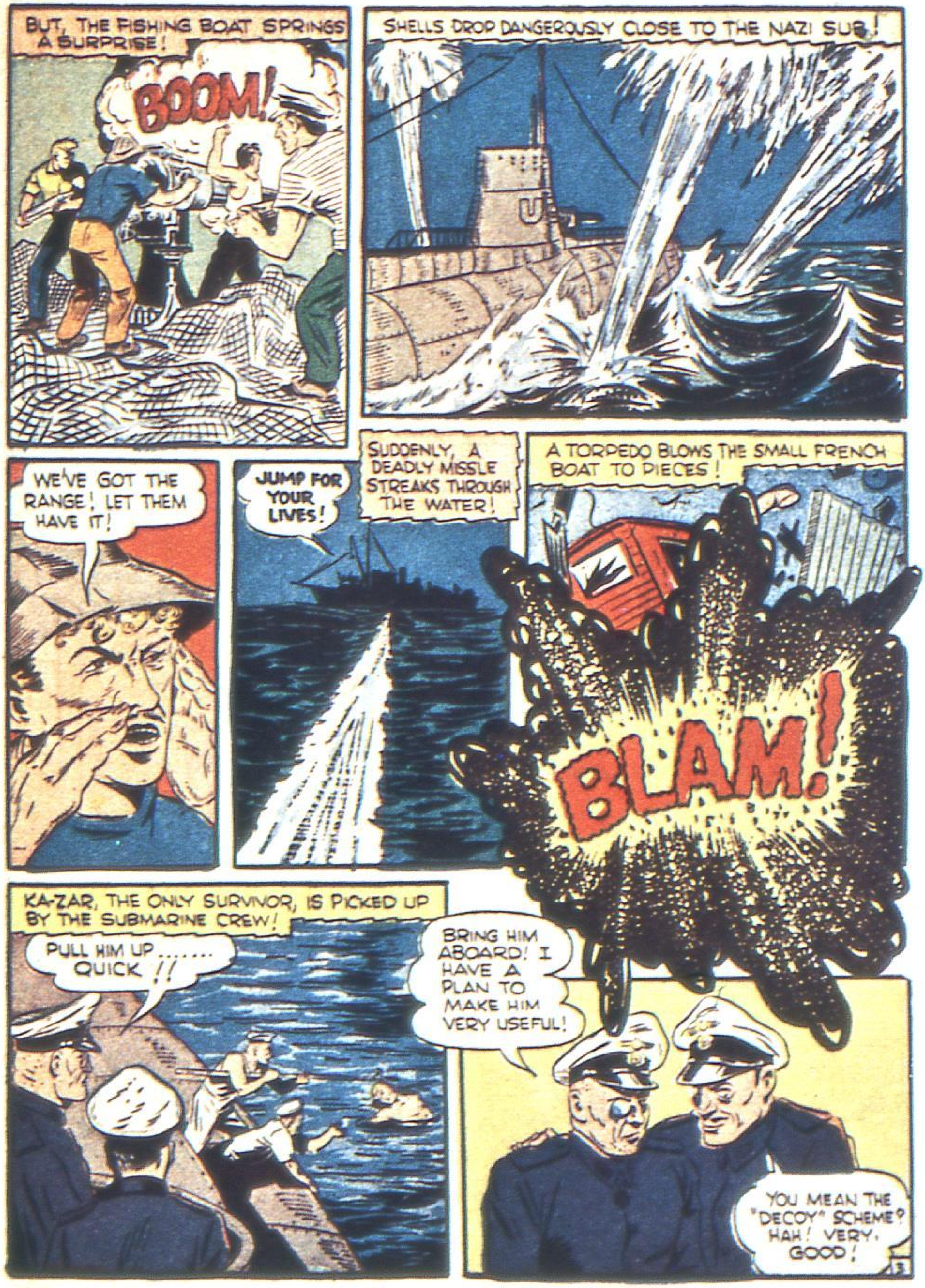

WHO TIED YOU TO THE BELL, MISS ABIGAIL?
IT-IT WAS...
BUT... THE HORRIBLE PEAL OF THE BELLS INTERRUPTS HER!
THE BELLS! WHENEVER THEY RING, SOMEONE DIES! DIES! AIEE!
BONG! BONG! BONG!
THE ANGEL RUSHES OUT OF THE ROOM!
SHE'S RIGHT! SOMEONE'S TURNING THAT TOWER INTO A SLAUGHTER HOUSE!
MEANWHILE, THE TOWER PHANTOM PAYS A VISIT TO THE MANSION...
HE FELL FOR THE RUSE! HA! HA! NOW TO FINISH THE JOB ON MISS ABIGAIL!
HEH! HEH!
WITH CAT FEET, THE PHANTOM ENTERS THE BED ROOM... LOOK OUT, MISS ABIGAIL... LOOK OUT!
THE ANGEL RETURNS FROM THE TOWER...
WHEN I GOT THERE, THE MUSIC STOPPED! NOTHING HAPPENED! WHY..MISS ABIGAIL! MISS ABIGAIL! SHE'S DEAD! STRANGLED!
7

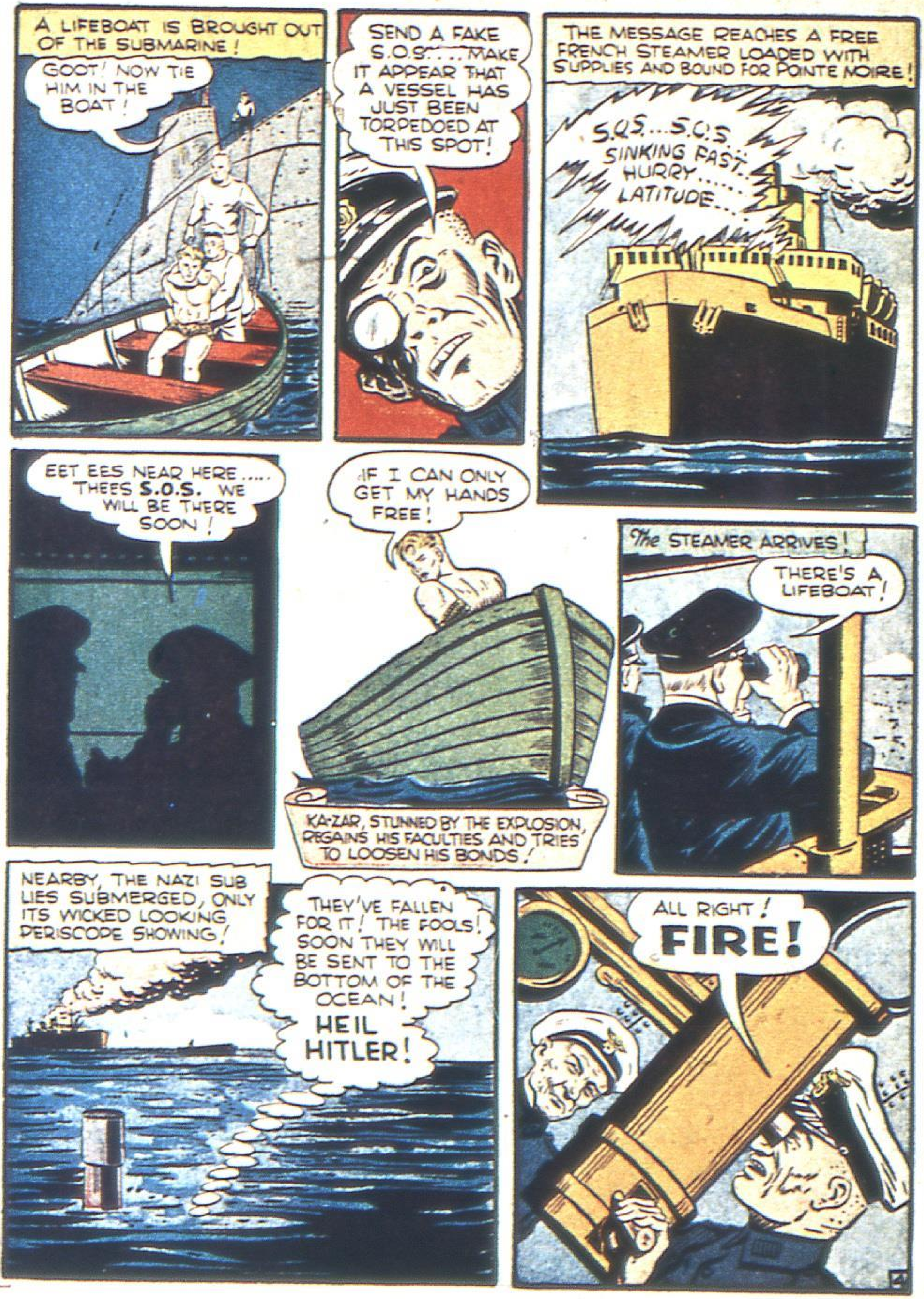

The ANGEL QUESTIONS THE SERVANTS...
ANY OF YOU GOT AN IDEA WHO THE KILLER IS?
NO! BUT ONCE I SAW MISS ABIGAIL CARRY A TRAY OF FOOD TO THE ATTIC!
UP TO THE ATTIC RUSHES THE ANGEL...
CARRYING A TRAY? TO FEED WHOM? MAYBE THERE'S A SECRET CHAMBER!
AS HIS FINGERS PRESS THE WALL, A PANEL SLIDES OPEN...
AH! THE LAIR OF THE MONSTER! SAY... WHAT'S THAT ON THE TABLE?
A KEY BOARD, LIKE THE ONE IN THE TOWER! IT MUST WORK IN RELAY! THAT MEANS THE BELLS CAN BE OPERATED FROM THIS ROOM!
STARTING TO SEARCH THE ROOM, HE FINDS..
WOW! WHAT A FORTUNE!
IN THE TOWER, THE ANGEL REGAINS CONSCIOSNESS IN TIME TO FIND THE MONSTER TYING HIM TO THE BELL CLAPPER...
THIS IS A BREAK! I CAN EXPAND MY MUSCLES WHILE HE BINDS ME!
Meanwhile SOMEONE ELSE ENTERS THE CHAMBER.. THE PHANTOM!
MY NEMESIS, AT LAST!
OW!
THAT'S THAT! NOW TO TAKE YOU TO THE TOWER!
SOON, I SHALL PLAY MY MASTERPIECE HA! HA!

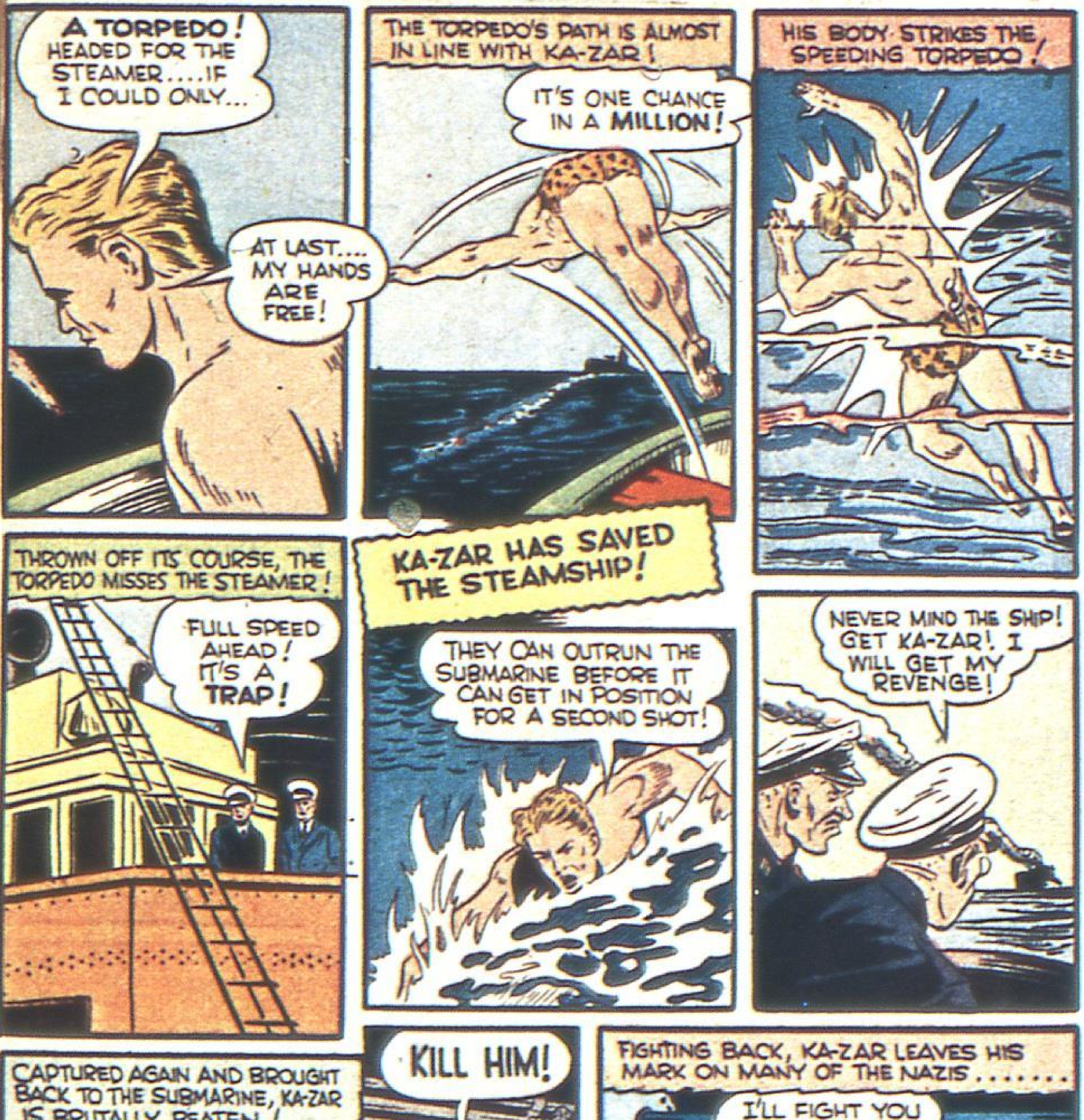

As THE PHANTOM DEPARTS TO PLAY THE KEY BOARD...
NOW WHEN I CONTRACT MY MUSCLES, THE ROPES LOOSEN!
The TRICK WORKS!
I'M FREE! NOW TO RID THIS TOWER OF THE PHANTOM, ONCE AND FOR ALL...
With WILD GLEE, THE MONSTER PRESSES THE KEY BOARD...
HOW SWEET IS THE MUSIC OF DEATH!
PLAY, THIS ON YOUR HARMONICA!
OW!
THAT OUGHT TO TAKE THE STEAM OUT OF YOU! START TALKING!
DON'T HIT ME... I'LL TALK! I'M THE BROTHER OF ABIGAIL...
I WAS BORN A MONSTER! MY PARENTS FEARED TO HAVE THE WORLD SEE ME... THEY KEPT ME IN THE SECRET ROOM! I SLEW SPRAGUE MY MUSIC TEACHER TO DIVERT SUSPICION! I MURDERED RICHARD AND ABIGAIL FOR THEY WERE MY JAILERS, AND THEN TOOK THEIR MONEY BECAUSE I WANTED TO BE FREE! FREE!
And SO ANOTHER MYSTERY SOLVED, ANOTHER FIEND BROUGHT TO JUSTICE! THE GUARDIAN SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS OVER THE TOWER, LEAVING ITS BELLS TO PLAY A HAPPIER TUNE...

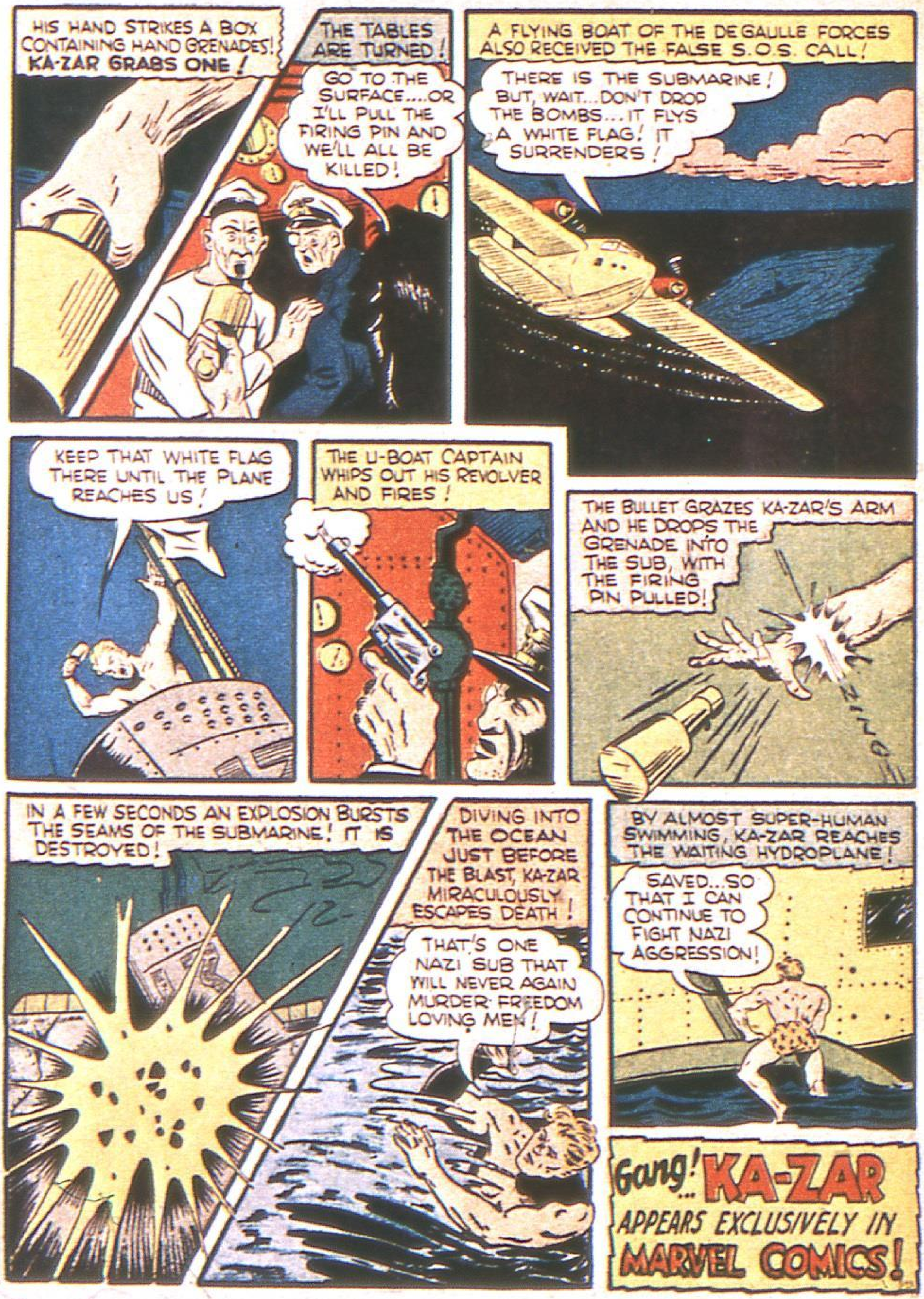

ADVENTURES OF
KA-ZAR
THE GREAT
KA-ZAR CHECKS A SPEEDING NAZI TORPEDO AND SAVES A FREE-FRENCH SUPPLY SHIP!
Ben Thompson
KA-ZAR'S JUNGLE TRAVELS TAKE HIM TO FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA.......WHERE FRENCHMEN OF ALL CLASSES HAVE JOINED THE DE GAULLE FORCES TO RESIST HITLER!
I AM KA-ZAR..... ENEMY OF THE NAZIS!
PASS, KA-ZAR! WE FREE FRENCH ARE HONORED TO HAVE YOU ON OUR SIDE!
INSIDE THE SENTRY LINES AT POINTE NOIRE, FREE FRENCH ATLANTIC PORT....
H.M..M....THAT FISHING BOAT TIED UP THERE ISN'T A FISHING BOAT AT ALL! I'M SURE THOSE ARE GUNS CONCEALED BENEATH THOSE NETS!


UNLESS I'M VERY MUCH MISTAKEN, THAT BOAT IS GOING TO HUNT NAZI SUBMARINES! THAT MEANS **ACTION** AND THAT'S WHERE I WANT TO BE!
KA-ZAR DIVES INTO THE WATER!
I'M SURE THEY WON'T MIND TAKING ALONG A STOWAWAY!
BUT, IN CASE THEY MIGHT, I'D BETTER CLIMB ABOARD UNSEEN AND HIDE A WHILE!
LATER....AT SEA....
SACRE! WHO'S THIS?
HOW'D HE GET ON THIS BOAT?
WAIT A MOMENT, I'M AN ALLY!
WHY, SURE! IT'S KA-ZAR, WHO HAS BEEN FIGHTING THE NAZIS IN THE CONGO!
WE'RE GLAD TO HAVE YOU HERE!
SUBMARINE!
JUST OFF THE PORT BOW!
THE SUB COMES TO THE SURFACE!
CAPTAIN...SHALL WE SINK THAT FISHING BOAT?


BUT, THE FISHING BOAT SPRINGS A SURPRISE!
BOOM!
SHELLS DROP DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE NAZI SUB!
U
WE'VE GOT THE RANGE! LET THEM HAVE IT!
JUMP FOR YOUR LIVES!
SUDDENLY, A DEADLY MISSLE STREAKS THROUGH THE WATER!
A TORPEDO BLOWS THE SMALL FRENCH BOAT TO PIECES!
BLAM!
KA-ZAR, THE ONLY SURVIVOR, IS PICKED UP BY THE SUBMARINE CREW!
PULL HIM UP........ QUICK !!
BRING HIM ABOARD! I HAVE A PLAN TO MAKE HIM VERY USEFUL!
YOU MEAN THE "DECOY" SCHEME? HAH! VERY GOOD!

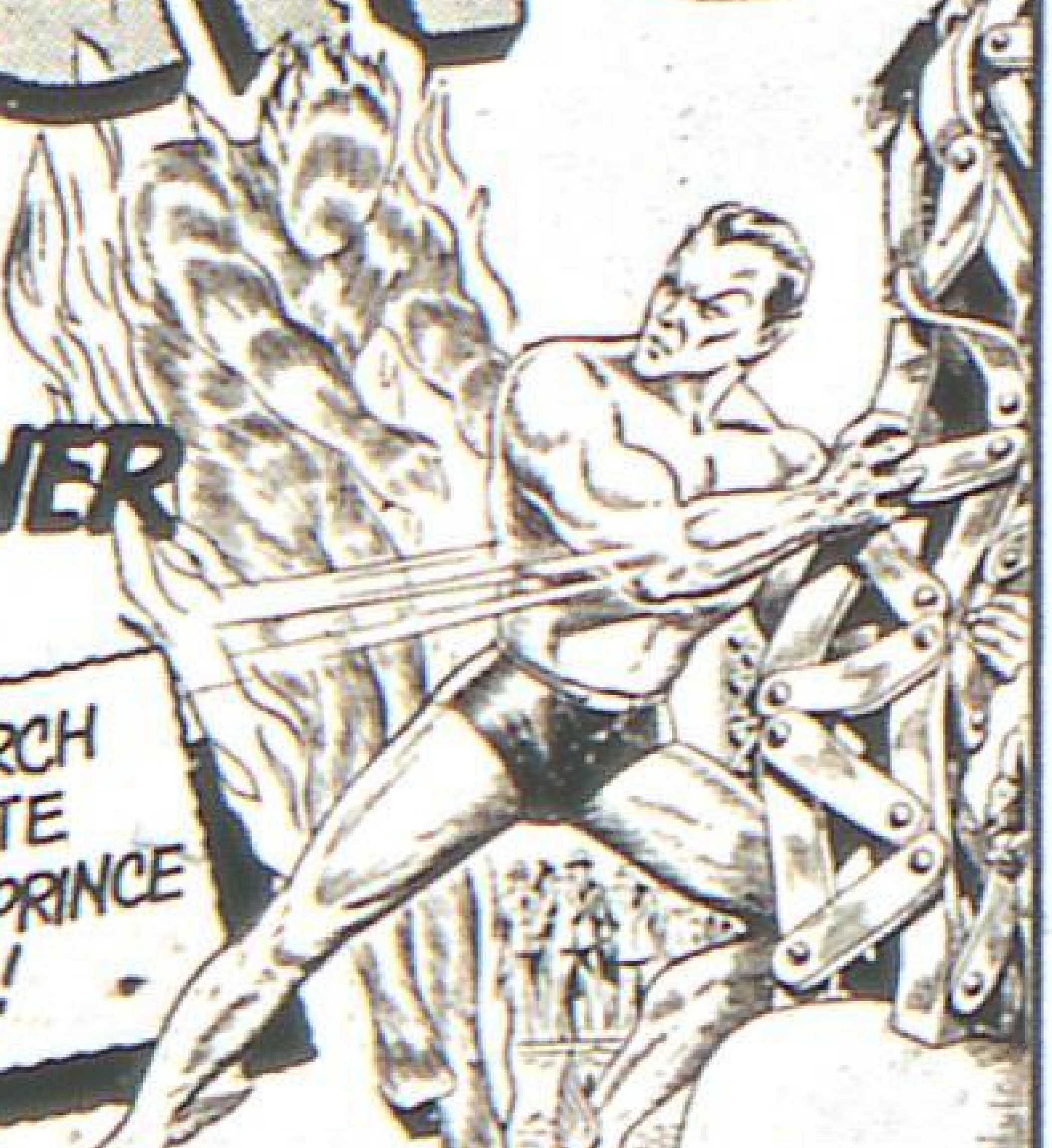

A LIFEBOAT IS BROUGHT OUT OF THE SUBMARINE!
GOOT! NOW TIE HIM IN THE BOAT!
SEND A FAKE S.O.S. ...MAKE IT APPEAR THAT A VESSEL HAS JUST BEEN TORPEDOED AT THIS SPOT!
THE MESSAGE REACHES A FREE FRENCH STEAMER LOADED WITH SUPPLIES AND BOUND FOR POINTE NOIRE!
S.O.S....S.O.S. SINKING FAST HURRY...... LATITUDE...
EET EES NEAR HERE..... THEES S.O.S. WE WILL BE THERE SOON!
IF I CAN ONLY GET MY HANDS FREE!
KA-ZAR, STUNNED BY THE EXPLOSION, REGAINS HIS FACULTIES AND TRIES TO LOOSEN HIS BONDS!
The STEAMER ARRIVES!
THERE'S A LIFEBOAT!
NEARBY, THE NAZI SUB LIES SUBMERGED, ONLY ITS WICKED LOOKING PERISCOPE SHOWING!
THEY'VE FALLEN FOR IT! THE FOOLS! SOON THEY WILL BE SENT TO THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN! HEIL HITLER!
ALL RIGHT! FIRE!


A TORPEDO! HEADED FOR THE STEAMER....IF I COULD ONLY...
AT LAST.... MY HANDS ARE FREE!
THE TORPEDO'S PATH IS ALMOST IN LINE WITH KA-ZAR!
IT'S ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION!
HIS BODY STRIKES THE SPEEDING TORPEDO!
THROWN OFF ITS COURSE, THE TORPEDO MISSES THE STEAMER!
FULL SPEED AHEAD! IT'S A TRAP!
KA-ZAR HAS SAVED THE STEAMSHIP!
THEY CAN OUTRUN THE SUBMARINE BEFORE IT CAN GET IN POSITION FOR A SECOND SHOT!
NEVER MIND THE SHIP! GET KA-ZAR!. I WILL GET MY REVENGE!
CAPTURED AGAIN AND BROUGHT BACK TO THE SUBMARINE, KA-ZAR IS BRUTALLY BEATEN!
KILL HIM!
FIGHTING BACK, KA-ZAR LEAVES HIS MARK ON MANY OF THE NAZIS.......
I'LL FIGHT YOU TO THE END!


HIS HAND STRIKES A BOX CONTAINING HAND GRENADES! KA-ZAR GRABS ONE!
THE TABLES ARE TURNED!
GO TO THE SURFACE....OR I'LL PULL THE FIRING PIN AND WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!
A FLYING BOAT OF THE DE GAULLE FORCES ALSO RECEIVED THE FALSE S.O.S. CALL!
THERE IS THE SUBMARINE! BUT, WAIT...DON'T DROP THE BOMBS...IT FLYS A WHITE FLAG! IT SURRENDERS!
KEEP THAT WHITE FLAG THERE UNTIL THE PLANE REACHES US!
THE U-BOAT CAPTAIN WHIPS OUT HIS REVOLVER AND FIRES!
THE BULLET GRAZES KA-ZAR'S ARM AND HE DROPS THE GRENADE INTO THE SUB, WITH THE FIRING PIN PULLED!
ZING
IN A FEW SECONDS AN EXPLOSION BURSTS THE SEAMS OF THE SUBMARINE! IT IS DESTROYED!
DIVING INTO THE OCEAN JUST BEFORE THE BLAST, KA-ZAR MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPES DEATH!
THAT'S ONE NAZI SUB THAT WILL NEVER AGAIN MURDER FREEDOM LOVING MEN!
BY ALMOST SUPER-HUMAN SWIMMING, KA-ZAR REACHES THE WAITING HYDROPLANE!
SAVED...SO THAT I CAN CONTINUE TO FIGHT NAZI AGGRESSION!
Gang! ...KA-ZAR APPEARS EXCLUSIVELY IN MARVEL COMICS!

Battle of the GIANTS!

THE HUMAN TORCH No 5



BATTLES THE SUB-MARINER

IN A FIGHT TO THE FINISH!!!

IN A WORLD GONE MAD, THE SUB-MARINER RUNS AMOK AND TRIES TO DESTROY ALL MANKIND!

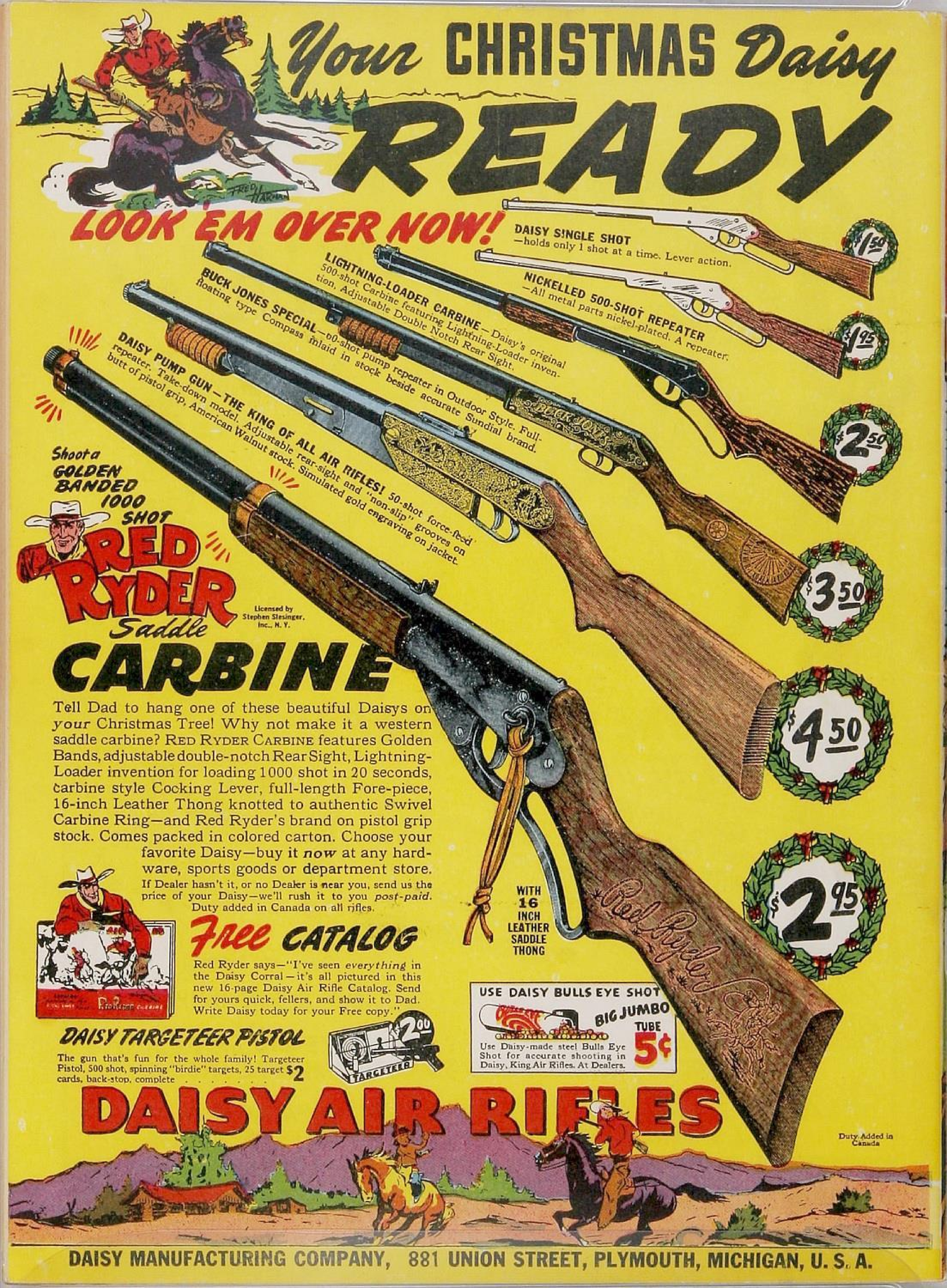
BUT THE HUMAN TORCH VOWS THE ULTIMATE DESTRUCTION OF PRINCE NAMOR HIMSELF!

Thrill TO UNDERSEA BATTLES THAT WILL TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY!

Thrill TO THE HUMAN TORCH FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE AND THE EXISTENCE OF DEMOCRACY AGAINST THE SUB-MARINER'S MACHINE OF DOOM!

Thrill TO A FULL 60 PAGES OF SPINE-TINGLING ADVENTURES IN THIS NEW, FAST-MOVING STORY OF TWO MIGHTY MIRACLES OF ACTION!

DON'T MISS THIS BATTLE OF THE CENTURY!!!



Your CHRISTMAS *Daisy* READY

LOOK 'EM OVER NOW!

DAISY SINGLE SHOT —holds only 1 shot at a time. Lever action.

NICKELLED 500-SHOT REPEATER —All metal parts nickel-plated. A repeater.

LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE—Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention. Adjustable Double Notch Rear Sight.

BUCK JONES SPECIAL—60-shot pump repeater in Outdoor Style. Full-floating type Compass inlaid in stock beside accurate Sundial brand.

DAISY PUMP GUN—THE KING OF ALL AIR RIFLES! 50-shot force-feed repeater. Take-down model. Adjustable rear-sight and "non-slip" grooves on butt of pistol grip, American Walnut stock. Simulated gold engraving on jacket.

Shoot a GOLDEN BANDED 1000 SHOT

RED RYDER *Saddle* CARBINE

Licensed by Stephen Slesinger, Inc., N. Y.

Tell Dad to hang one of these beautiful Daisys on *your* Christmas Tree! Why not make it a western saddle carbine? RED RYDER CARBINE features Golden Bands, adjustable double-notch Rear Sight, Lightning-Loader invention for loading 1000 shot in 20 seconds, carbine style Cocking Lever, full-length Fore-piece, 16-inch Leather Thong knotted to authentic Swivel Carbine Ring—and Red Ryder's brand on pistol grip stock. Comes packed in colored carton. Choose your favorite Daisy—buy it *now* at any hardware, sports goods or department store. If Dealer hasn't it, or no Dealer is near you, send us the price of your Daisy—we'll rush it to you *post-paid.* Duty added in Canada on all rifles.

WITH 16 INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG

Free CATALOG

Red Ryder says—"I've seen *everything* in the Daisy Corral—it's all pictured in this new 16-page Daisy Air Rifle Catalog. Send for yours quick, fellers, and show it to Dad. Write Daisy today for your Free copy."

DAISY TARGETEER PISTOL

The gun that's fun for the whole family! Targeteer Pistol, 500 shot, spinning "birdie" targets, 25 target cards, back-stop, complete $2

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT

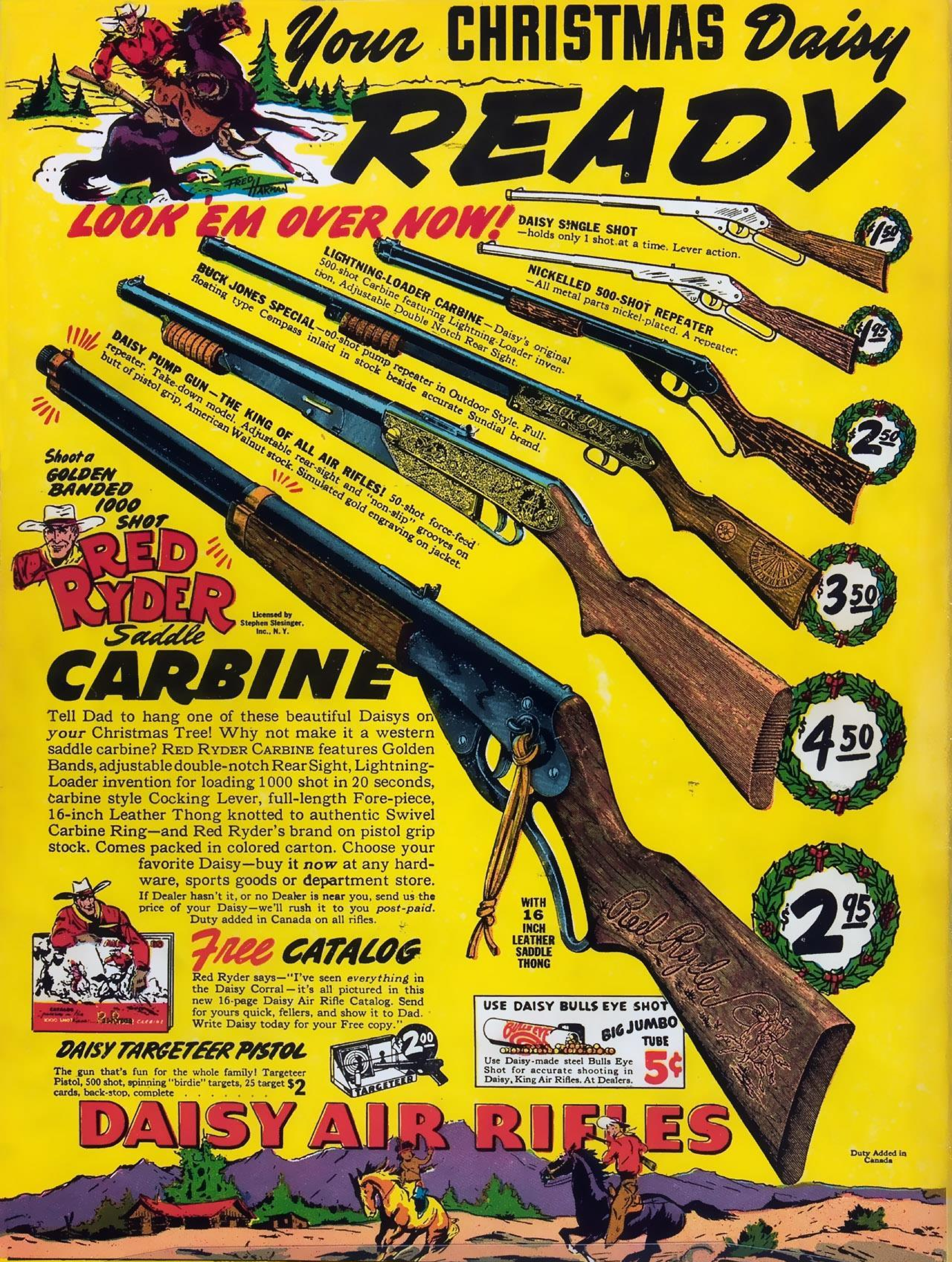
BIG JUMBO TUBE 5¢

Use Daisy-made steel Bulls Eye Shot for accurate shooting in Daisy, King Air Rifles. At Dealers.

DAISY AIR RIFLES

Duty Added in Canada

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 881 UNION STREET, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.



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NICKELLED 500-SHOT REPEATER —All metal parts nickel-plated. A repeater. $1.95

LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE—Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention, Adjustable Double Notch Rear Sight. $2.50

BUCK JONES SPECIAL—60-shot pump repeater in Outdoor Style. Full-floating type Compass inlaid in stock beside accurate Sundial brand. $3.50

DAISY PUMP GUN—THE KING OF ALL AIR RIFLES! 50-shot force-feed repeater. Take-down model. Adjustable rear-sight and "non-slip" grooves on butt of pistol grip, American Walnut stock. Simulated gold engraving on jacket. $4.50

Shoot a GOLDEN BANDED 1000 SHOT

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